

THE
W O R K S
OF
HORATIO WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

VOL. IV.

THE

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OF

HORATIO WALPOLE

EARL OF ORFORD

NO. IV

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THE
WORKS
OF
HORATIO WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
AND J. EDWARDS, PALL-MALL.

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W O R K S

HORATIO WALLACE

POETRY

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. IV



LONDON

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

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A

CATALOGUE

OF

ENGRAVERS.

WHEN the monarchs of Egypt erected those stupendous masses, the pyramids, for no other use but to record their names, and by which their purpose was not answered; they little suspected that a weed growing by the Nile would one day be converted into more durable registers of fame than quarries of marble and granite. Yet when paper had been invented, what ages rolled away before it was destined to its best service! It is equally amusing to observe what obvious arts escape our touch, and how quickly various channels are deduced from a source when once opened. This was the case of the press: printing was not discovered till about the year 1430: in thirty years more it was applied to the multiplication of drawings. Authors had scarce seen that facility of dispersing their works before painters received an almost equal * advantage. To each was endless fame in a manner ensured, if they had merit to challenge it. With regard to prints, the new discovery associated the professors in some degree with the great masters whose works they copied. This intimate connexion between painters and engravers makes some account of the latter a kind of

* Want of colouring is the capital deficiency the feasibility. His discovery was neglected, as of prints; yet even this seems attainable. Mon- the revival of encaustic painting has been lately; sieur le Blon, who will be mentioned hereafter, though the advantages of each art are so ob- vious and so desirable.

necessary supplement to the history of the former. But if this country has not produced many men of genius in the nobler branch, it has been still more deficient in excellent engravers. Mr. Vertue had been alike industrious in hunting after monuments of the latter profession; he was of it himself; but as the artists were less illustrious, his labour was by far more unsuccessful. Till the arrival of Hollar the art of engraving was in England almost confined to portraits. Vertue thought what was produced here before the reign of king James of so little consequence, that in a sketch which he had made for a beginning, he professedly dates his account from the year 1600. If I take it up earlier, it is merely to give a complete history, which will be comprehended in few lines, and the materials for which I have chiefly gathered from his papers, and from the Typographical Antiquities of Mr. Ames*.

Mr. Evelyn says † the art of engraving, and working off from ‡ plates of copper, did not appear till about the year 1490. That is, it was not brought to perfection from the hints gathered from typography: yet it is certain that in 1460 Maso Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, by an accident that might have given birth to the rolling-press, without the antecedent discovery of printing, did actually light upon the method of taking off stamps from an engraved plate. Casting a piece of such plate into melted brimstone, he observed that the exact impression of the engraving was left upon the surface of the cold brimstone, marked by lines of black. He repeated the experi-

* Joseph Ames, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, was originally a ship-chandler in Wapping. Late in his life he took to the study of antiquities; and besides his quarto volume, containing accounts of our earliest printers and their works, he published a list in duodecimo of English heads, engraved and mezzotinto, and drew up the Parentalia from Mr. Wren's papers. He died in 1759. His library and prints were sold by auction in the following year.

† Sculptura, p. 35.

‡ I have said, and for two reasons shall say little of wooden cuts: that art never was executed in any perfection in England: engraving on metal was a signal improvement of the art, and supplied the defects of cuttings in wood.

The ancient wooden cuts were certainly carried to a great height, but that was the merit of the masters, not of the method. Whoever desires to know more of cutting in wood should consult a very laborious work, lately published in France in two vols. octavo, called *Traité historique & pratique de la graveure en bois*, par Papillon, Paris 1766. The author will not probably, as he wishes, persuade the world to return to wooden cuts; but he gives examples of vignettes to books in that manner, which ought to make editors ashamed of the slovenly stamps that are now used for the fairest editions. There is a curious account of missals, &c. adorned with wooden cuts, in Mr. Gough's *Brit. Topogr.* 2d. edit. in the articles of Wiltshire, from p. 319 to p. 362, vol. ii.

ment on moistened paper, rolling it gently with a roller. It succeeded. He communicated the discovery to Baccio Baldini, of his own profession and city. The latter pursued the invention with success, and engraved several plates from drawings of Sandro Boticello; which being seen by Andrea Mantegna, he not only assisted Baldini with designs, but cultivated the new art himself. It had not long been in vogue before Hugo da Carpi tried the same experiment with wood, and even added a variety of tints by using different stamps for the gradations of lights and shades; a method revived here some years ago with much success by Kirkall, and since at Venice by Jackson; though very imperfectly.

From Italy engraving soon travelled into Flanders, where it was first practised by one Martin of Antwerp. He was followed by Albert Durer, who carried the art to a great height, considering how bad the taste was of the age and country in which he lived. His fidelity to what he saw was at once his fame and misfortune; he was happy in copying nature, but it was nature disguised and hid under ungraceful forms. With neither choice of subjects or beauty, his industry gave merit even to ugliness and absurdity. Confining his labours almost wholly to religious and legendary histories, he turned the Testament into the history of a Flemish village; the habits of Herod, Pilate, Joseph, &c. their dwellings, their utensils, and their customs, were all Gothic and European; his virgin Mary was the heroine of a Kermis. Lucas of Leyden imitated him in all his faults, and was still more burlesque in his representations. It was not till Raphael had formed Marc Antonio, that engraving placed itself with dignity by the side of painting.

When the art reached England does not appear. It is a notorious blunder in Chambers*, to say it was first brought from Antwerp by Speed in the reign of James I. In some degree we had it almost as soon as printing; the printers themselves using small plates for their devices and rebuses: Caxton's Golden Legend has in the beginning a groupe of saints, and many other cuts dispersed through the body of the work. It was printed in 1483. The second edition of his Game at Chess had cuts too. So has his Le Morte Arthur. Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor, prefixed to his edition of the Statutes in the sixth year of Henry VII. a plate with the king's arms, crests, &c. a copy of

* Dictionary. Edit. of 1728. Art. Printing.

† Ames, p. 35.

which is given in the life of Wynkyn, by Mr. Ames in his *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 79. The same printer exhibited several books adorned with cuts, some of which are particularly described by his biographer, in pages 87, 88, 89, & sequentibus.

The subsequent printers continued to ornament their books with wooden cuts. One considerable work, published by John Rastell, was distinguished by prints of uncommon merit for that age. It was called *The Pastyme of the People*, and by bishop Nicholson in his *Historical Library*, *Rastell's Chronicle*. This scarce book, of a very large size, I saw at the auction of Mr. Ames's library; it had many cuts, eighteen of which were in great folio, representing the kings of England, so well designed and boldly executed as to be attributed to Holbein, though I think they were not of his hand. I shall mention but one more book with wooden cuts (though several are recorded by Ames). It is Grafton's *Chronicle**, printed in 1569, and containing many heads, as of William the Conqueror, Henry VIII. and queen Elizabeth, &c. Yet though even portraits were used in books, I find no trace of single prints being wrought off in that age. Those which I have mentioned formerly † as composing part of the collection of Henry VIII. were probably the productions of foreign artists. The first book that appeared with cuts from copper-plates, at least the first that so industrious an enquirer as Mr. Ames ‡ had observed, was, "The Birth of Mankind, otherwyse called The Woman's Book," dedicated to the queen Catherine, and published by Thomas Raynalde in 1540, with many small copper cuts, but to these no name was affixed. The earliest engraver that occurs was

THOMAS GEMINUS, OR GEMINIE,

1545 } as he calls himself in a title-page which I shall mention presently.
 } The little that is known of him is collected from his works. Of these was

Thomæ Gemini Lyfienfis Compendiosa totius anatomæ delineatio, ære exarata, folio, 1545. "These plates," says Ames §, "are some of the first rolling-press printing in England." This was a new edition of Vesalius's

* Ames, p. 204.

† P. 219.

‡ Anecdotes of Painting, chap. iv.

§ P. 218.

Anatomy, which was first published at Padua in 1542 with large wooden cuts, which cuts Geminus imitated on copper-plates; though, says Vertue, "I question whether more than the title-page, to which he has put his name, was the work of Geminus; the most and best part of the graved figures were probably copied from the wooden cuts in Vesalius by a better hand." The first edition was dedicated to Henry VIII. Geminus afterwards published a translation by Nicholas Udal of the same work in 1552, and dedicated it to Edward VI. The translator in his preface says, "Accepte therefore, jentill reader, this Tractise of Anatomie, thankfully interpreting the labours of Thomas Gemini, the workman. He, that with his great charge, watch and travayle hath set out these figures in pourtrature, will most willingly be amended, or better perfected of his own workmanship, if admonished." Vertue, having quoted this passage, owns, that the writing to all these plates was surely graved by Geminie, and probably some parts or members of the bodies. We do not contend for the excellence of Geminie's performances. It is sufficient that we have ascertained so early an engraver in England. Vertue adds, that Geminie published another small work, with copper cuts, relating to midwifery, two years before. I do not know whether he means two years before the first or the second of his editions of Vesalius. It is certain that Ames does not specify such a work, though in page 304 he acknowledges that there are books printed by Geminie of an earlier date than any he had seen: for Geminie was not only an engraver but a printer; and dwelled in Blackfriars. Thence he published a Prognostication, &c. relating to the weather, the phenomena of the heavens, &c. with a number of cuts. *Imprinted by Thomas Geminie*, quarto, and another edition of his Anatomy in 1559, dedicated to queen Elizabeth.

So congenial an art as engraving, when once discovered, could not fail to spread in an age of literature. That accomplished prelate, archbishop Parker, who thought that whatever tended to enlighten and civilize the human mind was within his province, seems to have been the most conspicuous patron of the arts in the reign of Elizabeth. I have mentioned before * that he employed in his palace at Lambeth a painter and two or three engravers. Of these the chief † was.

* Anecdotes of Painting, chap. vii. p. 139.

† Another was Richard Lyne, of whom see

an account in Mr. Gough's Brit. Topogr. 2d edit. vol. i. p. 208.

REMIGIUS.

REMIGIUS HOGENBERGH,

of whom I can give the reader no farther information, than what he has received already, that Hogenbergh twice engraved the archbishop's head, which Vertue thought was the first portrait engraved in England; and a genealogy of the kings of England. Remigius had a brother, who either was in England or worked for Englishmen, his name

FRANCIS HOGENBERGH.

1555 } By his hand is extant a print of queen Mary I. dated 1555. If this was executed in her reign, it was antecedent to that of Parker: but it might not be done here, or might be performed after her death, and allude only to her æra. Under it is written, Veritas Temporis Filia. In the set of Saxton's maps he engraved those of Gaul and Belgium. Of his works abroad Vertue had seen views in * Bruin's Civitates Orbis Terrarum, printed at Cologn in 1572, in conjunction with Simon Novellani and George Hoefnagle; and others in Abraham Ortelius's Theatrum Orbis Terrarum, in which he was assisted by Ferdinand and Ambrose Arsen, Antwerpæ 1570. The map of England in this collection was the work of Humphry Lhuyd of Denbighshire, as that of Spain was of Thomas Geminus, whom I have already mentioned. Engraving was on no contemptible foot in England when we had professors † worthy of being employed to adorn Flemish editions; Flanders was at that time a capital theatre of arts and learning.

DR. WILLIAM CUNYNGHAM,

1559 } a physician of Norwich, was also an author and engraver. In his Cosmographical Glass, a fine copy of which is described by Ames ‡,

* This expensive work consists of two very large and thick folios; the first containing 178 plans and views of towns, the second 135. They are drawn and engraved by Francis and Abraham Hogenbergh, Hoefnagle, and others, particularly Henry Stenwick: the author styles himself both Bruin and Braun. It is a work of uncommon labour, but without method; and some of the cities are repeated. In this collection is the curious print of Nonsuch; and in the last plate but two of the first volume is a view of the

lake Averno; Ortelius and G. Hoefnagle are standing by the lake, and from seeing birds swimming on it, hunc locum non esse Aornon advertentes.

† Ortelius himself commends the English engravers; and, besides those I have specified, he names Antony Jenkenon, who flourished in 1562, and Robert Leeth, a man skillful in taking the plot of a country. See Ames, p. 540.

‡ Ib. p. 237.

are

are many cuts and a large map of Norwich, some of the plates engraved by the doctor's own hand. It was printed in folio in 1559, and dedicated to the lord Robert Dudley, afterwards the well-known earl of Leicester.

RALPH AGGAS

1578 } was a surveyor, and related to Edward Aggas a printer *. Ralph published what I should have concluded a book, as he called it *Celeberrimæ Oxoniensis Academiæ, &c. elegans simul & accurata descriptio*; but Ames, who is not very explicit, seems to speak of it as a map, saying it was three feet by four; and he adds that Cambridge was *done* about the same time, that is, in 1578. Aggas made a map of Dunwich in 1589, which I have mentioned †, and a large plan and view of London, which was re-engraved by Vertue, and of which in one of his MSS. he gives the following account:

“A plan and view of London, with the river Thames and adjacent parts, being the most ancient prospect in print. This was reported to have been done in Henry VIII, or king Edward VIth's time; but from several circumstances it appears to be done early in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, about 1560; being cut in several blocks of wood. The prints thereof being now of the greatest scarcity, no copies perhaps preserved, being put up against walls in houses, therefore in length of time all decayed or lost. *Civitas Londinum*. Probably this was published by Ralph Aggas, as he himself mentions in that plan of Oxford, done after this was begun. But it must be observed that this very impression is a second publication, with the date 1618, and that there are several alterations from the first in this; and particularly, instead of the arms as queen Elizabeth bore them, those of king James I. (England, France and Scotland) are put in the place of them. And in the first have been explanations of the remarkable places in the city and suburbs, as may be observed in many places by letters of reference. The length of this printed plan, 6 feet 3 inches, by 2 feet 4 inches, contained in six sheets and two half sheets, I believe the full extent in length; but I apprehend the notes of explanation were at bottom, printed on slips of paper to be added.” Vertue then specifies buildings or absence of buildings which affix this plan

* Ames, p. 389.

† Anecdotes of Painting, chap. vii. p. 134.

to the æra in which he concludes it printed originally; as the water-gate at the palace of Westminster, called the *Queen's-bridge*; Northumberland-house wanting, which was not erected in 1560, but was before 1618. Paget-place, so called in 1563, &c. Vertue had taken much pains to ascertain the ancient extent of London, and the site of its several larger edifices at various periods. Among his papers I find many traces relating to this matter. Such a subject, extended by historic illustrations, would be very amusing. Les Anecdotes des rues de Paris is a pattern for a work of that kind; but not the last edition; for the author, conducted by the clue of his materials into the ancient histories of France and England, grew so interested in those obsolete quarrels, that he tacked to an antiquarian discussion a ridiculous invective against the English and their historians. After authenticating whatever has passed of memorable in each street of Paris, he labours to overturn all that happened at Poitiers and Cressy. Historian of gnats, he quarrels with camels.

HUMPHRY COLE,

1572 } a goldsmith, and probably brother of Peter Cole, a painter mentioned by Meres in his Wit's Commonwealth, and in The Anecdotes of Painting*. I conclude so; as Humphry engraved a map to a folio bible, which he set forth in 1572, and a frontispiece, with queen Elizabeth, the earl of Leicester as Joshua, and lord Burleigh as David. Humphry Cole, as he says himself †, was born in the north of England, and *pertayned to the Mint in the Tower* 1572. I suppose he was one of the engravers that *pertayned* to archbishop Parker, for this edition was called Matthew Parker's Bible. I hope the flattery to the favourites was the incense of the engraver!

JOHN BETTES,

brother of Thomas Bettes, the painter ‡, was himself both painter and engraver. Meres, in the passage above quoted, is my authority for the first: Fox in his Ecclesiastical History tells us the second, naming John Bettes as the performer of a pedigree and some vineats (vignettes) for Hall's Chronicle, and speaking of Bettes in 1576 as then dead §. In the same place is mentioned one Tyrral, of whom I find no other account, nor of Cure, recorded by Meres;

* Page 135.

† Ames, 255.

‡ See Anecdotes of Painting, p. 135.

§ Ames, p. 197, in the note.

CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS. 9

nor of his Christopher Switzer *, but that he used to execute wooden cuts for books about the time of archbishop Parker.

WILLIAM ROGERS

is another engraver in Meres's Recapitulation of English artists. He engraved a title-page to Linschoten's Voyages to the East Indies; and probably the cuts to Hugh Broughton's Consent of Scriptures, which have this mark **WR**, and which Vertue says have been reckoned the first graved plates done in England. But this is a mistake; for Broughton's book was not printed till 1600 †. He also did heads of queen Elizabeth, of the earls of Essex and Cumberland, of sir John Harrington in the title-plate of his Orlando Furioso, of John Gerrard, surgeon, and a frontispiece with four small heads. One Cure is also mentioned by Meres as an excellent engraver; but I find no other account of him, nor ever met with any of his works. Laurence Johnson engraved several heads in The Turkish history, in folio, 1603.

CHRISTOPHER SAXTON,

1580 } to whom we are obliged for the first maps of counties, lived at Tingley
} near Leeds in Yorkshire, and was servant to Thomas Sekeford † esq. master of requests, and master of the court of wards. By the encouragement and at the expence of this gentleman Saxton undertook and published a complete set of maps of the counties of England and Wales, many of which he engraved himself, and was assisted in others by Remigius Hogenbergh, whom I have mentioned, by Nicholas Reynold, by some foreigners, and by Augustine Ryther §, who made some of the maps of The Spanish invasion, and who kept a shop near Leaden-hall, and procured a translation of Petruccio

* In the Harleian library was a set of wooden cuts representing the broad seals of England from the conquest to James I. inclusive, neatly executed. Vertue says this was the sole impression he had seen, and believed that they were cut by Christopher Switzer, and that these plates were copied by Hollar for Sandford. Switzer also cut the coins and seals in Speed's History of Great Britain 1614, from the originals in the Cottonian collection. Speed calls him *the most*

exquisite and curious hand of that age. He probably engraved the botanic figures for Lobel's Observations, and the plates for Parkinson's Paradisus Terrestris, 1629. Christopher Switzer's works have been sometimes confounded with his son's, who was of both his names.

† Vide Ames, p. 429.

‡ His portrait may be seen in Vertue's print of The Court of Wards.

§ Ames, p. 541, note.

Ubal dini's Discourse, which he dedicated to the lord admiral Howard in 1590. The county maps, dedicated to the queen, and adorned with the royal arms, and those of the promoter, master Sekeford, were published by Saxton in 1579; the dates on different plates * showing that the labour of six years, that is from 1574 to 1579, both included, had been bestowed on them. Saxton is commended by Camden and Thoresby, the latter of whom † calls his map of Yorkshire *the best that ever was made of that county*. This rare map was three feet wide: at one corner was a view of York; at another, of Hull. Augustine Ryther had the chief hand in engraving it.

GEORGE HOEFNAGLE,

of Antwerp, was probably in England, mention being made ‡ of a map of Bristol by him; and he certainly engraved a large plate of Nonfuch. He was one of the engravers employed by Ortelius. Vertue says that Mr. Green showed to the society of antiquaries a quarto containing about fifty copper-plates, engraved in 1592 by James Hoefnagle of Francfort, aged then seventeen, from drawings by his father George, of beasts, birds, flowers, insects, &c. §

THEODORE DE BRIE

1587 } was, as he informs us on his plates to Boissard's Roman antiquities, a native of Liege and a citizen of Francfort. He engraved the plates for the first four volumes of that work, the last of which was completed in 1601 and 1602, after his death, by his sons Theodore and Israel, whom he brought up to his own business. His own head and Boissard's he has prefixed to some of the volumes. The first English work that I find with his name was The funeral procession of sir Philip Sidney, of which I have given an account before ||, and which was expressly engraved in London. The next was ¶ a title-page with the arms of the lord-keeper Hatton at large, to Wagenaar's Mariner's Mirrour, the second part, published by Antony Ashley in 1588. The last does great honour to De Brie: he cut the curious plates,

* See the particulars in Ames, pp. 541, 542. He has also given at length the patent obtained by Mr. Sekeford,

† Ducat. Leod. p. 165, 195.

‡ Ames, p. 538.

§ One Cock, a Dutchman, graved an oval per-

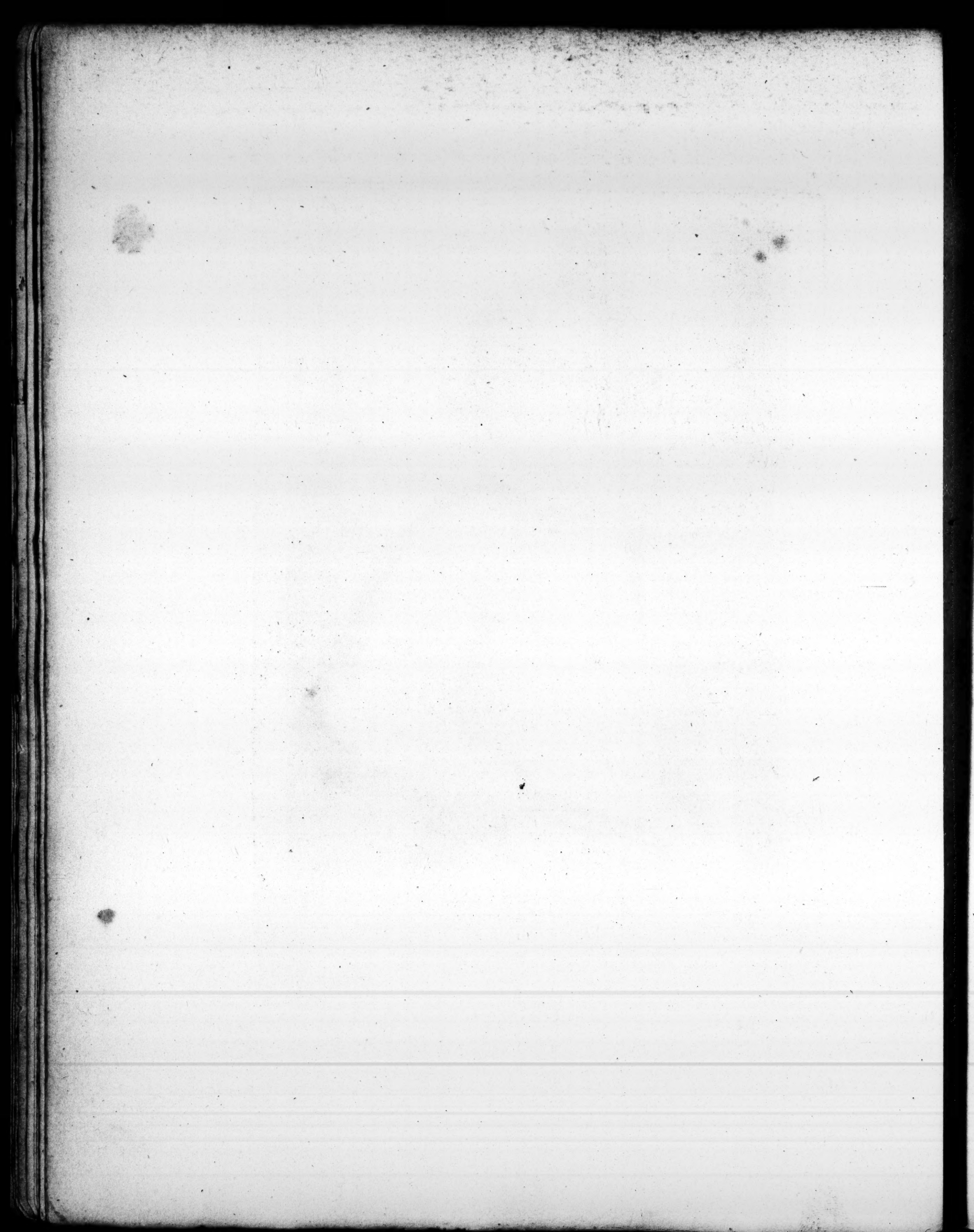
trait of the queen of Scots in 1559, and from a genuine picture; but it is not clear that he ever was in England.

|| Anecdotes of Painting, vol. i. p. 282.

¶ I find this in Vertue's MSS.



HOEFNAGLE.



CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS. II

describing the manners and fashions of the Virginians, in The brief and true report of the Newfoundland of Virginia, published by Thomas Hariot *, servant of sir Walter Raleigh, and employed by him in the discovery. This work was printed at Francfort by J. Wechelius in 1590. The cuts were done at De Brie's own expence from drawings of J. White, who was sent thither for that purpose. Picart has copied them in his Religious Ceremonies of all Nations; as Speed from drawings of the same person borrowed the frontispiece of his folio edition in 1611.† Theodore the father engraved the plates to the Latin Narrative of the Cruelties of the Spaniards in America, published in 1598. About the same time appeared De Brie's great work, entitled Descriptio Indiæ Orientalis & Occidentalis, 19 parts, 5 vol. folio. This is done much in the same manner with Hariot's Account of Virginia. Theodore the younger engraved the heads for Boissard's Collection of eminent persons.

ROBERT ADAMS,

besides the plates which I have mentioned in the former part of this Work, p. 137, drew and engraved representations of the several actions while the Spanish Armada was on the British coasts. These charts were published by Augustine Ryther 1589.

I have now cleared my way to the era from whence Vertue intended to date his account of our engravers; that is, from the last years of Elizabeth. Yet so unable had he been to amass materials sufficient to be moulded into a history, that I find only brief notes till we approach to modern times. The satisfaction therefore that I cannot give to the antiquary, must be a little compensated by assisting collectors. In default of anecdotes, I shall form some, however imperfect, lists of the works performed by the elder masters. These will be chiefly supplied from my own collection and from Ames's printed catalogue of English heads ‡, and may be increased hereafter by curious persons, who will be assisted by this sketch to compile a more extensive and complete history of the art in England.

* Hariot was afterwards a dependent of the earl of Northumberland, and one of the supposed magi who kept him company in the Tower.

† Ames; p. 563.

‡ As they are fully described there, and may

be found alphabetically, I shall refer the reader thither for many of those prints of which I give no account, that I may not swell this list unnecessarily.

***REGINALD ELSTRACKE,**

whose works are more scarce than valuable, flourished under Elizabeth and her successor, in whose reign he probably died. His first print, according to the date, is the portrait of

Sir Philip Sidney, done probably soon after his death.

Queen Elizabeth, done after her death.

The Black Prince, in an oval, as are most of the following.

Richard Whittington, lord mayor; and his cat.

Gervase Babington bishop of Worcester, æt. suæ 59, with four Latin verses, and this motto, Virtus Dei in infirmitate.

Sir Julius Cæsar, knight, master of the rolls.

Henry V. titles in Latin.

Sir Thomas More; over his head, Disce mori mundo, vivere disce Deo.

Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charter-house; done after his death, 1611, which shows that Elstracke was then living.

Edmund lord Sheffield, president of the North.

Thomas Howard, earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer of England.

Robert earl of Essex.

Anne Boleyn.

John Harrington baron of Exton.

William Perkins.

Lord Darnley and queen Mary, whose lengths on one plate.

Padesha Shaffallem, the Great Mogul.

* He generally wrote his name, Renold.

Philip III.

Christian IV.

Sigismund Battori.

The archduke Albert and Isabella, two plates.

William Knollis viscount Wallingford.

Cardinal Wolsey.

Henry prince of Wales.

Antonio de Dominis.

Ladislaus king of Poland; in Fowler's Troubles of Sweden.

John Oden Barnevelt lord of Barkley.

Title-plate to Basilologia.

Another to Milles's Catalogue of Honour.

Time's Storehouse, 1619.

Edward IV. king of England, with devices, &c. and are to be sold by Thomas Geele at the Dagger in Lombard-street. As there is no date to this print, it is uncertain in what year it was done. Vertue in one of his MSS. says, that Thomas Hinde, in 1537, was the first printfeller in London; in another place he assigns that rank to George Humble; he no where mentions Geele. It is certain that the name of George Humble is frequently found on prints of the time of Elizabeth, in conjunction with John Sudbury; they lived in Pope's-head-alley: but Hinde and Geele were most probably their predecessors.

Toby Matthews archbishop of York, eight Latin verses, R. E. sculps. He. Holland excudit. are to be sold by George Humble in Pope's-head-alley.

Mary queen of Scots. Jacobi Magnæ Britann. regis mater. She is abundantly dressed, and has the crown, sceptre, globe and arms. Sold by Compton Holland, who is sometimes the vender of prints; sometimes takes them

them off, excudit*; and once at least engraved himself. I have a laboured print by him of Robert earl of Essex, with his arms, crest and titles. The print of Mary is much superior to many of the preceding.

Henry Holland, who published the † *Heroologia Anglicana*, was eldest son of Philemon Holland, and I suppose brother of this Compton Holland. In 1613 he travelled into the Palatinate with John lord Harrington. Besides the *Heroologia*, he published *Monumenta sepulcralia Ecclesiae Sti Pauli Lond.* quarto; and a volume containing the heads of the kings of England from the conquest to the year 1618. These plates, says Vertue, are the same with those in Martin's Chronicle, except the title-page, and the print of William I.

FRANCIS DELARAM

worked at the same time with Elstracke, and in the same manner, but better and neater; and seems to have survived him. His plates are,

William Somers, king Heneryes jester (8th.) from Holbein, are to be sold by Thomas Jenner ‡ at the whitbeare in Cornewell. A whole length. Long

* G. Humble was also a painter. Among Ames's heads, p. 145, is one of Speed—D. Georgius Humble p. G. Savery &c.

† The engraver of those prints has not set his name to them. As they are in a more masterly and free style than cuts done in England at that time, it is probable that Holland carried over the drawings with him, and had them executed abroad; and this will be confirmed by a circumstance I shall mention in the article of Crispin Pass.

‡ Jenner attempted the art himself with no bad success. I have a small print by him of sir William Wadd (or Waad) lieutenant of the Tower. Sir William was son of sir Armigel Wadd of Yorkshire, clerk of the council to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and author of a book of travels. The son was clerk of the council to Elizabeth, who dispatched him to Spain to excuse her sending away their minister Mendoza, who had been dealing in treasons

against her. Sir William behaved with great spirit there, and with as much cleverness afterwards in piecing together a treasonable paper, torn and thrown into the sea by one Chrieston. Wadd was successively ambassador to the emperor Rodolph, to Henry IV. and to Mary queen of Scots, inspector of the Irish forces, of the privy council to king James, and lieutenant of the Tower, from which post (to his honour) he was removed in 1613 by Robert Carr earl of Somerset, sir William being a man of too much integrity to be employed in the dark purposes then in agitation. He died at his manor of Battiles Waade (where he built the mansion still standing) in 1623, aged 77. He married Anne daughter of sir John Hyron. His father sir Armigel, who lies buried at Hamstead, was the first Englishman that made discoveries in America. See Camden, The English Worthies, Ant. Wood, and Hist. and Antiq. of Essex.

tunic,

tunic, H. K. on his breast a chain, and a horn in his hand. Behind him buildings, and boys playing. Eight English verses.

Henry VIII.

Queen Mary I. in an oval frame.

Sir Thomas Gresham, ditto, with gloves in his hand, large purse to his girdle. Francisco Delaram sculpsit. are to be sold by Jo. Sudbu. and G. Humble.

Queen Elizabeth, after her death, with a long inscription. Vid. Ames, p. 62.

James I.

Henry prince of Wales, son of James I. in the robes of the garter, with a truncheon.

James Mountagu, bishop of Winchester, 1617—are to be sold by P. Stent.

Arthurus Severus O'Toole Nonesuch, ætatis 80, 1618. An old man with a large beard, a sceptre in his hand with eleven crowns upon it. Eight English burlesque verses. Seems to be the effigies of some adventurer.

Henry Percy earl of Northumberland; almost bald, and with very thick beard. Eight English verses, 1619. Are to be sold by G. Humble in Pope's-head-alley.

Another, younger, but with a long beard and hat on.

Small neat half-length of W. Burton of Falde, in an oval, with devices, 1622.

Sir Henry Montagu, chief justice of the King's-bench, with six Latin verses, &c.

Sir William Segar, garter principal king at arms.

John Abbot, bishop of Salisbury, with six Latin verses. Abra. Car. compos.

John bishop of Lincoln, with purse-bearer, mace-bearer, six boy-angels playing on musical instruments, and six Latin verses. A very neat and curious print.

Frederick elector Palatine.

Elizabeth, his wife.

Frederick Henry, their eldest son.

Charles prince of Wales.

John King bishop of London.

Mathias de Lobel, physician.

Sir Horatio Vere; on either side a soldier completely armed at bottom; trophies, &c. at top.

George Withers, the poet, with eight English verses, and this motto,

Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo, 1622.

Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox, covered with jewels, a large veil behind. Constantia coronat. 1623.

Frontispiece to Nero Cæsar, folio, 1624. This is the latest date to which I find Delaram's name. The four next were a family of artists, and the best performers in the laboured finical manner of that age.

CRISPIN PASS,

of Utrecht, was a man of letters, and not only industrious to perfect himself in his art, but fond of promoting and encouraging it. This appears particularly by his being at the expence of setting forth Holland's Heroologia, which is expressly said to be published Impensis Crispini Pass; and his not mentioning himself as having any share in engraving the plates makes me conclude that he recommended the best sculptors among the Flemish. Indeed the prints have merit in themselves, besides being memorials of so many remarkable personages. Crispin frequented and studied the best masters, and was sent by prince Maurice to teach drawing in an academy at Paris. At what time he came to England is not clear; none of his works done here are dated; says Vertue, later than 1635; yet he certainly lived some years longer, as in 1643, being then probably very old, he published his book at Amsterdam, Della Luce del dipingere, & disegname, in Italian, French, High and Low Dutch, folio.

folio. In the preface he relates these circumstances of his life: "Dès ma jeune age je me suis adonné à plusieurs et divers exercices; mais je me suis particulièrement attaché à estudier avec les plus fameux maîtres, le sieur Freminent, peintre de sa majesté très-chretienne, le renommé peintre & *architecte* sieur Petro Paul Rubens, Abr. Bloemart, Paulo Morelson, peintre et architecte de Utrecht—mais plus particulièrement le très-noble seigneur Vander Burg, avec lequel je visitay l'academie, où estoient les plus celebres hommes du siecle. L'illustre prince Maurice de heureuse memoire m'envoya à Paris pour enseigner le dessein à l'academie du sieur Pluvinel, premier ecuyer du roy." He begins with a little geometry, gives directions for the proportions of the human body, for figures in perspective, for drawing in the academy by lamp-light, describes the use of the manekin or layman for disposing draperies, and goes through the proportions of horses, lions, bears, leopards, elephants, sheep, cats, and other quadrupeds, birds and fishes. His human figures are taken chiefly from Rubens, as is but too evident in the corpulency of his women. Some plates are after Lanfranc, and most of the animals from Roland Savery. The first division contains thirty plates, the second seven, and the third eleven, of perspective. Among these are three cuts by his son, William, cum privileg. du roy très-chretien. Bleau published a second edition of this work, and, to swell the volume, added a great number of old plates that belonged to other books. Some of the plates have these designations: Robert de Vorst inv. R. de Vorst incidit. R. Vandervorst. Except the list of his works, I have nothing more to add to Crispin's article, but that Peacham, in his Compleat Gentleman, styles him "my most honest loving friend."

His next work is indeed very beautiful, being a large set of plates for a folio, entitled, *Instruction du roy en l'exercice de monter à cheval*, par Messire Antoine de Pluvinel, the person mentioned in the preface to his drawing-book. The work, which is in dialogues, and foolish enough, is in French and Dutch, adorned with many cuts admirably designed and executed. The young king Lewis XIII. Pluvinel, the duc de Bellegarde, grand ecuyer, and others of the court, appear in almost every print; and towards the conclusion are some plates exhibiting tilts at the barriers; in which are given portraits of all the great persons of the court at that time, delivered, though very small, with great exactitude. This valuable book is little known, though not very scarce.

Queen Elizabeth, a most sumptuous whole length, with crown, sceptre, globe, farthingale, royal arms, bible and sword on a table, carpet and curtain, and twelve Latin verses. Isaac Olivier effigiebat, Crispin vande Passe incidebat, procurante Joanne Waldnelto. This last circumstance, and the paucity of English heads engraved by Crispin, make me doubt whether he ever was in England himself. Perhaps drawings were sent to him, as they have been of late to Houbraken for The illustrious heads.

A head of the same queen, oval. Among her titles is that of Virginia.

James I. in hat and ruff, oval within a square frame; lion and grifon supporting it. Six Latin lines. Crispin de Pafs excudit Colonia. Joannes Meyffens excudit Antwerpia. As Pafs executed this abroad, it is not extraordinary that he should have continued queen Elizabeth's grifon, not knowing that James on his accession had assumed the Scottish supporter. This print is well done, though inferior to the preceding whole length.

Anne of Denmark, a curious print; she is drawn in her hair, young, and with a very broad square sprigged ruff. Six Latin verses. Crispin de Pafs f. & excudit Colonia.

Henry prince of Wales.

Charles prince of Wales, in an oval like the two last. Four Latin verses.

Ludoica Juliana Comes Nassovia, &c. in a round.

Sir Philip Sidney.

The earl of Essex on horseback.

Thomas Percius, nobilis Anglus, conspiracy A. Mdcv. initæ princeps. C. van de Pafs exc. See a description of this rare print in Ames, p. 134. There is also a print in quarto of the seven conspirators.

A collection of 200 emblems for George Wither.

A set of cuts for Ovid's Metamorphoses, the title of which is, Pub. Ovidii Nafonis

Nasonis xv, Metamorphoseon librorum figuræ elegantissimæ à Crispino Passæo laminis æneis incisæ, 1607.

Four large and handsome prints of Dives and Lazarus. The first only is executed by the father; the rest are by a younger son, called Crispin likewise, as is the following,

Frederic elector Palatine, young, oval, size of a large octavo, with martial trophies. Crispin Passæus jun. figu. & sculpsit. The other children of Crispin Pass were:

WILLIAM PASS,

who engraved a very rare print, which the earl of Oxford bought with the collection of sir Simonds Dewes, and of which Vertue gives this account: It was a printed sheet, containing the family of James I. and entitled Triumphus Jacobi regis augustæque ipsius prolis. The king sitting on his throne with his regalia; on his right the queen and prince Henry leaning on skulls, to intimate they were dead; on his left prince Charles with his hand on a book, that lay on a table; an angel above holding two crowns. Near prince Charles stand the king and queen of Bohemia, and before them their seven children. At the bottom of the sheet several Latin and English verses. W. G. scripsit. Will. Pass sculpsit. Illustriss. Jaco. R. Principique Carolo D. D. eorumque licentiâ & favore excu. Joan. Bill*.

In another place Vertue describes a similar print, but does not say where he saw it. The latter is entitled, The progenie of the renowned prince James king of Great Britaine, France and Ireland. The verses in both languages are different from those in the preceding; to the latter it is said, Hæc composuit Johannes Webster; and the engraver is George † Mountain. To

* This beautiful and curious print (probably the very proof that was lord Oxford's) is now in my possession: I bought it at the sale of sir Charles Cotterel's library in 1764, in the London edition of Thuanus, which is also adorned by general Dormer and sir Clement Cotterel, with several other fine and scarce prints, parti-

cularly one of Henry IV. Marie de' Medici; their children and nurses; and the print of the three Colignis, which I have mentioned in the life of Isaac Oliver.

† I find but one other print with his name, and that a poor one; it is of Francis White, dean of Carlisle.

be sold at the Globe over the Exchange. I suppose that plate was copied from that of Pafs *.

Another print recorded by Vertue contains in a half sheet the king and queen of Bohemia, and four of their children. Will. Pafs fecit ad vivum figurator 1621. About twenty English verses in two columns at bottom.

I have a very valuable print of the Palatine family on a large sheet, broadways, but without any name of engraver. By the manner I should take it for Sadeler. The king of Bohemia, aged, fat, and melancholy, is sitting with Elizabeth under some trees. One of their sons, in appearance between twenty and thirty, stands by the queen. On the other side are three young children, the least playing with a rabbit. Two greyhounds, a pigeon, a toad, and several animals are disposed about the landscape, which is rich, and graced with much freedom. The inscription is in French.

Of William Pafs I find these other works :

Robert earl of Leicester, head in oval, good, two Latin verses, ^P fe.

Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox, half-length, extremely neat, her arms in a shield ; on a table lies a book with these words, Constantia coronat. Over her a state. Anno 1625 insculptum à Guilh. Passeo Londinum. This print, which is in my possession, resembles very much a whole-length (I believe by Mytens) of the same great lady, which I bought from the collection of the late earl of Pomfret. There is another of her in her † weeds with the duke's picture at her ‡ breast at Longleat. But the best portrait of her is in Wilson's Life of James I. The reader would find it well worth his while to turn to it.

* This print, exceedingly inferior to the former, is now in the collection of sir William Musgrave, who bought it, with many other scarce portraits, from Thoresby's Museum in 1764.

† Mr. Masters, author of the History of C. C. C. Cambridge, has another of these.

‡ This was a fashion at that time. There are three or four ladies drawn so by Cornelius Jansen, at Sherburn-castle, the lord Digby's ; of which

Elizabeth countess of Southampton, a half-length richly attired, is one of Jansen's best works. The ruins of the bishop's castle, sir Walter Raleigh's grove, the house built by him and the first earl of Bristol, the siege the castle sustained in the civil war, a grove planted by Mr. Pope, and the noble lake made by the last lord, concur to make that seat one of the most venerable and beautiful in England.

Sir

CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS.

21

Sir John Haywood, LL. D. died 1627, with emblems. W. Pafs f.

Robert earl of Essex on horseback.

George duke of Buckingham, ditto.

Christian IV. king of Denmark, and Frederick duke of Holstein, both standing, in one print.

Darcy Wentworth, æt. 32, 1624.

James I. crowned, and sitting with a sword in his right hand, on which Fidei Defensor, a death's head on his left on his knee; before him prince Henry with his left hand on a skull on a table. W. Passæus f. & sc. anno Domini 1621.

Another with the same date, but the king's left hand is on the globe, not on a skull; and instead of prince Henry there is prince Charles. This fine print is in my possession.

Sir Henry Rich, captain of the guards, oval frame. W. Pafs sc.

MAGDALEN PASS.

I find little of her work but a very scarce little head in my own collection, representing the lady Katherine, at that time marchioness, afterwards duchess, of Buckingham, with a feather fan. It is slightly finished, but very free. Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, 1623; Cephalus and Procris; and Latona changing the Lycian peasants into frogs, both after Elsheimer.

SIMON PASS

engraved counters of the English royal family, as I have already mentioned in the life of Hilliard. Vertue says, he staid here about ten years, and then passed into the service of the king of Denmark, his earliest works in England being dated 1613. Mr. Evelyn in his *Sculptura*, p. 88, adds, that *Liberum Belgium* by Simon de Pafs, dedicated to prince Maurice of Nassau, is a very rare cut. Other prints by him are,

James I. crowned, sitting in a chair; prefixed to his works.

Ditto, with a hat.

Queen

Queen Anne, 1617.

Ditto on horseback, with a view of Windsor-castle behind.

Prince Henry with a lance, whole length.

Philip III. king of Spain.

Maria of Austria, his daughter, the intended bride of Charles I.

Another of her, as sister of Philip IV. much neater. Four Latin verses. Sim. Pafs sc. Crispin de Pafs (I suppose the younger brother) exc. 1622.

George Villiers, earl of Buckingham, 1617.

Another of him when marquis, 1620, to the knees, standing by a column in a chamber. Angels and festoons of fruit.

Charles I. young (when prince) in the robes of the garter.

Henry earl of Northampton. I never saw this print.

Francis Manners earl of Rutland.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in an oval, arms and devices. Sim. Pafs sculps. Comp. Holland exc.

Archbishop Abbot, ditto, with a view of Lambeth. Pafs and Compton.

Another, 1616, Lond. but without Lambeth and Holland's name.

Thomas earl of Arundel (the great collector), oval, arms. Michael Janfs. Mirevelt pinx. and Sim. Passæus sculps. L. Compt. Holl. excu.

William earl of Pembroke, do. white staff, arms. Pa. V. Somer pinx. 1617. To be sold by Jo. Sudbury and G. Humble. And Philip earl of Montgomery, do.

Richard earl of Dorset, do. sold in Pope's-head alley.

Frances Howard countess of Somerset, a curious print of a curious person. It is a small oval*, the hair very round and curled, like a wig, ruff. S. Pa.

* Ames, p. 162, mentions another very like this, but with some few variations.

sculp. Lon. Comp. Holl. exc. I have a print likewise of her husband, by the same, and a miniature of him in his latter age by Hoskins. In both, his face is a sharp oval, and his hair fair. Proofs that the print given of him among the illustrious heads, which is a very robust black man, is not genuine.

William Knollis viscount Wallingford, in an oval, with a hat like lord Bacon. I am not certain by which Pass, I believe by Simon.

James Hay baron of Saley, afterwards earl of Carlisle; graved by Pass, and sold by Sudbury and Humble.

John King bishop of London, oval, twelve Latin verses. Nicolà Lockey pinx. fieri curavit, and Simon Passæus sculpsit.

Lancelot Andrews bishop of Ely, 1618. Qu. by which Pass?

I have a small neat head in an oval of Christina Popping, in a Flemish dress, dedicated to her in a Latin inscription, and with a French motto, and a verse from Ovid, executed in 1615. By this one should conclude he was not yet arrived.

Sir Edward Coke, with six Latin verses.

Another of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Thomas Overbury. Veneno obiit 1613. Comp. Holl. exc.

Another, smaller.

William Butler, physician, good.

* Count Gondomar; dedicated to him, and strongly touched. These five last are ovals.

Another larger, with arms, Cupids, trophies, &c. very fine. Some of the following I take from Ames. The pages refer to his book.

A monumental plate, inscribed by John Bill to his wife Anne, p. 23.

Lucy Harrington countess of Bedford, the patroness of Donne and other wits of that age, p. 28.

* There is another in folio; 1622.

- Edward VI. p. 63. and James I. p. 89. Two more of the latter.
- Queen Elizabeth, whole-length.
- Lord chancellor Egerton.
- Ant. Pluvinel eques, 1623.
- James Montagu bishop of Winchester.
- John Arnd, a German divine.
- Matoaca, alias Rebecca, filia potentiff. princ. Powkatavi imp. Virginiae,
æet. 21, 1616.
- A woman's head, 1616.
- Sir Henry Hobart.
- Sir Edward Cecil, afterwards lord Wimbledon.
- Digby earl of Bristol.
- Large head of Christian IV.
- Captain John Smith, 1617.
- Title to lord Bacon's works.
- Andreas Rivetus.
- Antonius Walæus.
- Robert Sidney viscount Lisle, afterwards earl of Leicester, p. 103.
- Charles earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral, p. 122.
- Aaron Rathborne, p. 142.
- Sir Thomas Smith, embassador to Ruffia, p. 155.
- Mary Sidney countess of Pembroke, sister of sir Philip Sidney, for whom
he wrote the Arcadia, p. 161. She was old when this print was done.
- Henry Wriothesly earl of Southampton; the friend of lord Essex, p. 177.
- Edward Somerset earl of Worcester, p. 181.

William Burton, physician, 1620.

In the French king's library at Paris is a large collection of the works of Crispin Pass and his family in two or three large volumes. One Emanuel Passe is mentioned in the Anecdotes of Painters, p. 150, as included in a licence to Cornelius Jansen to go abroad.

JOHN PAYNE

was scholar of Simon Pass, and the first Englishman that distinguished himself by the graver. Had his application been equal to his genius, there is no doubt but he would have shined among the first of his profession; but he was idle, and, though recommended to king Charles, neglected his fortune and fame, and died in indigence before he was forty. There is a thin volume in octavo, called Good-friday, containing meditations on that day, and printed in 1648, to which are annexed some poems, under the title of Calanthe, by T. Rawlins. Among them is an epitaph on John Payne, then lately deceased. Mr. Evelyn * mentions him with applause: "Yet had we a Payne for his ship, some heads to the life, especially that of Dr. Alabaster, sir Benjamin Rudyard †, and several other things." The ship was a print of the Royal Sovereign built in 1637 by Phineas Pett. It was engraved on two plates joined, three feet long, two feet two inches high. The head of Dr. Alabaster I have, and it truly deserves encomium, being executed with great force, and in a more manly style than the works of his master. It was taken from a painting by Cornelius Jansen. He did besides a storm, some plates for books, and these heads:

Hugh Broughton, oval, 1620, with six Latin verses; very inferior to the preceding.

Alderman Leate, oval, with verses.

Roger Bolton, ditto, with four Latin verses, 1632.

Sir Edward Coke, chief justice, 1629.

Mr. Hobson, the carrier, with eight English verses.

* Sculptura, p. 98.

† This is one of his best.

Christian duke of Brunswick, &c. trophies; four English verses.

Robert Devereux (2d) earl of Essex; hat and feather; J. P. neat little square print.

Henry Vere earl of Oxford, still better. It is a square in the middle of a larger print by W. Pass, in which, at top, bottom and sides, are soldiers exercising, or holding banners with mottoes.

Carolus Ludovicus Princeps elector; a mere head, without even the neck.

Algernon Percy earl of Northumberland, in the same manner.

Elizabeth countess of Huntingdon.

Dr. Smith, of St. Clement's Danes, M. D.

Henry VII; Henry VIII; count Mansfeld; bishop Hall; bishop Lake; bishop Andrews; sir James Ley, chief justice; George Withers, the poet; Richard Sibbs; Ferdinand of Austria; Shakespear; John Preston; Mr. Arthur Hildersham; William Whitaker; Francis Hawkins, a boy; and these particular title-pages: to the Guide to Godliness; to the works of John Boys; to Christian Warfare; to God's Revenge against Murder; and to La Muse Chrestienne, du sieur Adrian de Rocquigny, 1634.

JOANNES BARRA,

of what country I know not, appears to have engraved these pieces:

Lodowick duke of Richmond and Lenox, 1624.

A title-plate, 1624.

Another, 1632.

A man's head, something like a bust, oval ornament; two figures representing painting and literature, 1622.

There were many other engravers in the reign of James I. with whose private story we are so little acquainted, that it is impossible to ascertain their several ages and precedence. I shall give them promiscuously as they occur.

JOHN

JOHN NORDEN.

1603 } In Mr. Bagford's collection was a view of London published by Norden in 1603 *, at bottom a representation of the lord-mayor's show, with variety of habits. In the same person's possession Vertue saw another plan of London by T. Porter, in which he observed these particulars: at the upper-end of the Hay-market was a square building called Peccadilla-hall; at the end of Coventry-street, a gaming-house, afterwards the mansion and garden of the lord keeper Coventry; and where Gerard-street is, was an artillery ground or military garden made by prince Henry. Norden seems to have been only a topographical engraver: he is known by his *Speculum Britanniae*, or Historical and chorographical description of Middlesex and Hartfordshire, with a neat frontispiece and maps. Antony Wood conjectures with great probability that he is the same person with the author of several tracts which he enumerates, and thinks he was born in Wiltshire; and adds that he was a commoner of Hart-hall, Oxford, in 1564, and took the degree of master of arts in 1573; that he lived at Hendon near Acton in Middlesex, was patronized by, or servant to, lord Burleigh and his son Robert earl of Salisbury, and that he was a surveyor of the king's lands in 1614. Vertue subjoins, that one Charles Whitwell made a map of Surrey for Norden, which was neater than his other maps. He mentions also a large title-plate for the English Bible, inscribed C. Boel fecit in Richmond, 1611. In Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xvii. is a patent granted in 1618 to Aaron Rathburne and Roger Bruges, for making a survey for a true and perfect description of the citie of London and Westminster, in a map; and also several other cities.

WILLIAM HOLE OR HOLLE

1613 } Engraved an oval head of Michael Drayton in 1613, a poor performance; and a head of Johannes Florius, Italian master to Anne of Denmark. See Ames, p. 68. And those of George Withers, Michael Drayton, Tom Coryat, John Hayward, and a very neat whole length of prince Henry, for Drayton's *Polyolbion*. He also published a copy-book, called *The pen's excellencie* by Martin Billingsley. The second edition with the picture of the latter has 28 plates, 1618.

* In the year 1603 one Lawrence Johnson graved several heads for the *Turkish History*.

JODOCUS HONDIUS,

of whom I have given some account in The Anecdotes of Painters, under the article of his grandson Abraham, was son of Oliver De Hondt, an ingenious artist of Ghent, where probably Jodocus was born in 1563, and where he studied the mathematics, and the Latin and Greek tongues. The city of Ghent being delivered up when Jodocus was twenty years old, he came to England, and exercised various arts, as making mathematical instruments, types for printing, and engraving charts and maps. Among these were Sir Francis Drake's voyages, The Holy-land, The Roman Empire, and divers others. His celestial and terrestrial globes, the largest that had then been published, were much commended. Several of Speed's * maps were executed by his hand; and he had great share in the † Atlas Major of Gerard Mercator ‡, which was finished by his son Henry, and published at Amsterdam in 1636. A translation of it by Henry Hexam quarter-master to colonel Goring was dedicated to Charles I. Besides these, and some things which I have mentioned in the Life of his grandson, Jodocus engraved a small print of Thomas Cavendish, the famous sailor, another of queen Elizabeth, a large sheet print of sir Francis Drake, another smaller, and a head of Henry IV. of France. He married in London in 1586, and had several children; but removing to Amsterdam, he died there in 1611, being then but 48 years of age. His son

HENRY HONDIUS

finished many works begun by his father, and in 1641 engraved a print of William prince of Orange from a painting by Alexander Cooper; a large head of queen Elizabeth, done at the Hague 1632; James I. æt. 42, 1608 (very poor); and in a set of heads published in 1608, those of sir Richard Spenser and sir Ralph Winwood.

A. BLOOM,

a name to a print of James I. which is inscribed in Italian, Giacomo Re della Gran Bretagna. The same person, I suppose, is meant by his initials A. B. which I find to some prints of that age.

* Others were done by Abraham Goos.

† There is a print of Jodocus prefixed to it.

‡ Mercator afterwards published a curious map of the British isles.

THOMAS

THOMAS COCKSON

is unknown to us but by his works here following:

Matthias I. emperor.

Demetrius emperor of Russia.

Mary de' Medici.

Lewis XIII.

Concini marquis d'Ancre, 1617.

Francis White dean of Carlisle, 1624. These six are in folio.

Henry Bourbon prince of Condé.

Princess Elizabeth.

Samuel Daniel, 1609.

T. Coryat.

The revels of Christianity.

King James I. sitting in parliament.

King Charles I. in like manner. Each on a whole sheet.

Charles earl of Nottingham on horseback. Sea and ships.

Cockson generally used this mark .

PETER STENT

was, I believe, an engraver, certainly a print-seller. On a portrait of the king of Bohemia is said, Sold by Peter Stent. To one of the above-mentioned Francis White, but engraved by G. Mountain, is P. Stent excud. as is to a cut of sir James Campbell, lord-mayor in 1629; but to one of Andrew Willet with six Latin verses, are the letters P. S. who probably cut the plate, as no other artist is mentioned. Stent certainly lived so late as 1662; for in that year, as he had done in 1650, he published a list of the prints that he vended, which list was reprinted by Overton (who bought his stock) in 1672. In the first catalogue were mentioned plates of London, St. James's, Nonfuch, Whitehall, Wansted,

Wansted, Oatlands, Hampton-court, Theobalds, Westminster, Windsor, Greenwich, Eltham, Richmond, Woodstock, Basinghouse; battle of Naseby, two sheets, with general Ludlow on horseback; two more of the battle of Dunbar: all now extremely scarce, and the more valuable as many of the edifices themselves no longer exist. Nonsuch, that object of curiosity, is commonly known only by the imperfect and confused sketch in one of Speed's maps; but there is a large and fine print of it, by G. Hoefnagle, in the first volume of Braun's *Civitates orbis terrarum*. Of * Old Richmond and Greenwich I have drawings; and of the former is a small view by Hollar. In Overton's list is mentioned a map of the Royal-exchange by Thomas Cartwright, the builder.

WILLIAM DOLLE,

a name that occurs to a neat little print of sir Henry Wootton †, with the word 'philosophemur;' and to those of Mar. Francke master of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge; of John Cosin bishop of Durham; of Samuel Boteley; of the duke of Buckingham; of Sanderson bishop of Lincoln; of Milton, Hooker, and the earl of Essex.

DEODATE,

a name to a print of sir Theodore Mayeme. An Italian called Deodate was physician to prince Henry, and probably this engraver.

R. MEIGHAN

1628 } Certainly worked in the year 1628, as he then published a head of John Clavel, and lived in St. Dunstan's church-yard. Ames 46 †.

* At the lord viscount Fitz-william's on Richmond-green, are two very large pictures, which came out of the old neighbouring palace: they are views of that palace, and were painted by Vinckenboom, who I never knew was in England. The landscape in both is good, and touched in the style of Rubens; the figures are indifferent, the horses bad. In the view to the green is a stag-hunting: in the other morrice-dancers, and a fool collecting money from the spectators. By the dresses they appear to have been painted about the latter end of James I. or beginning of Charles; for some of the ruffs are

horizontal, some falling on the breast, which latter fashion was introduced at that period. There appears to have been a pretty detached chapel, which is not in Hollar's view, and a boarded gallery to the ferry.

† There is another similar by Lombart, prefixed to the first edition of sir Henry's Remains.

‡ I am told, since the former edition, that Meighan was not an engraver, but a bookseller and editor; that he published an edition of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1630, and that his name often occurs on the records of the Stationers Company.

THOMAS

THOMAS CECILL,

1631 } Commended by Mr. Evelyn, did a print of sir John Burgh, who
 was killed at the isle of Rhee; of John Weaver*, which is dated 1631;
 of Walter Curle bishop of Winchester; a small whole length of Archee the
 king's jester; an oval head of John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury; queen Eliza-
 beth on horseback; Gustavus Adolphus†; Edw. Reynolds‡ bishop of Nor-
 wich; sir W. Cecil; Thomas Kidderminster of Langley, 1628; and the
 frontispiece to lord Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum.

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

His works, though not numerous nor good, are more common than those of
 the ten preceding. Such are,

James I.

Lancelot Andrews bishop of Winchester.

Sir John Wynn of Gwedur in Carnarvonshire, knight and baronet, obiit
 1626, æt. 73; a very large head, coarsely done.

George Clifford earl of Cumberland, in an oval.

John Fisher bishop of Rochester.

Sir Francis Drake, with four English verses.

Mr. Arthur Hildesham, preacher at Ashby de la Zouch.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Judge Lyttleton kneeling before a desk.

Thomas Wilsford, æt. 40, with a line from Boetius, and four English
 verses.

* It is prefixed to his Funeral Monuments: the frontispiece is by the same hand.

† In Scudery's Curia Politicæ.

‡ This head of bishop Reynolds was probably engraven while he was only rector of Branton

in Northamptonshire, of which he was possessed in 1631. See the title to his Treatise of the Passions. He was not consecrated bishop till 1660, and none of Cecill's works bear date after the reign of Charles I.

He engraved a monument in Dugdale's Warwickshire, and some of the maps; the cuts in Norton's Ordinal, and finished those for Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum in 1651, at the latter's house in Black-friars. Vertue says, from Ashmole's MSS. that during the interregnum Vaughan engraved a print of Charles II. to which he added so offensive an inscription, that an accusation was preferred against him for it after the restoration. I have a very curious little book, entitled, "The true effigies of our most illustrious sovereign lord king Charles, queen Mary, with the rest of the royal progenie; also a Compendium or Abstract of their most famous genealogies and pedigrees, expressed in prose and verse, with the times and places of their births, 1641." It contains heads of the king, queen, and prince Charles, and whole lengths of Mary, James, Elizabeth, Anne, Henry in his cradle, and an elder Charles who died. Some are by Hollar, one by our Robert Vaughan*. The duke of York is playing at tennis.

Edward Terry, rector of Greenford, Middlesex. This is the latest I find of Vaughan's works, being dated 1655. There is a print of Robert Devereux earl of Essex, general of the parliament, which Ames gives as engraved by J. Vaughan. If this is not an error of the press for R. it might be a brother. There is another of this lord by J. Hulett †, of whom I find no other work ‡, except a print of sir T. Fairfax.

Vaughan engraved some, if not all the heads in Bentivoglio's Wars of Flanders, englisht by the earl of Monmouth.

WILLIAM MARSHAL,

1634 } A more voluminous workman, who by the persons he represented I should conclude practised early in the reign of James. In the

* He also engraved Becket's shrine, from a MS. in the Cotton library. Vide Gough's Topogr. 2d edit. vol. i. p. 455.

† Another engraver of this name, who executed the cuts for Fielding's Joseph Andrews, died in Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell, in January 1771.

‡ I am informed that the heads of lord Essex and Fairfax were done for Peck's Life of Crom-

well; and that Hulett executed many plates for Coetlogon's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and for the Life of queen Anne, both published in weekly numbers by Robert Walker. The plates for the latter were copied from Dubosc.

§ He might be brother of Alexander Marshal the painter, whom I have mentioned in vol. iii. p. 329. Another William Marshal was a print-seller in the year 1690.

year 1634, and six or seven years afterwards, he was employed by Moseley the bookseller to grave heads for books of poetry; and from their great similarity in drawing and ornaments Vertue supposed that he drew from the life*, though he has not expressed *ad vivum*, as was the custom afterwards; and he was confirmed in this conjecture by a print of Milton at the age of 21, with which Milton, who was handsome, and Marshall but a coarse engraver, seems to have been discontented, by some Greek lines, that are added to the bottom of the plate, which was prefixed to his Juvenile Poems. Vertue adds, that from this to the year 1670 he knows no engraving of Milton, when Faithorne executed one, with *ad vivum delineavit et sculpsit*; and this Vertue held for the most authentic likeness of that great poet, and thought Marshall's and Faithorne's bore as much resemblance as could be expected between features of 21 and 62. Marshall had the felicity too of engraving Shakespeare for an edition of his poems in duodecimo 1640, representing him with a square stiff band and a laurel in his hand. This is very hard, but not so bad as three others I have by his hand, of bishop Ridley, of doctor Whitacre, and of Robert Dudley earl of Leicester. There is besides a larger oval of Dr. T. Taylor. But the best of his works that I have seen, and that too probably one of his earliest, before employed in the drudgery of book-fellers, is the head of a young author, without a name †, æt. 18, anno 1591, but with arms, a Spanish motto, and some verses by Izaak Walton. This is much laboured. Ames has recorded about twenty more; of lord Bacon, lord Burleigh, Charles I. doctor Colet, R. Carpenter, earl of Essex, queen Elizabeth, John Hall, marquis of Hamilton, Philemon Holland ‡, Robert Jenkins, Henry earl of Monmouth, John Sym, R. Sibbes, J. Sherley, William earl of Sterling, Josiah Shute, and archbishop Usher §. Marshall also engraved, but very poorly, the frontispiece to Taylor's Liberty of prophesying; and Fairfax on horseback, for a title-page to Spragg's England's Recovery, folio.

G. GLOVER

1637 } Was cotemporary with Marshall, and engraved the portraits of Lewis Roberts in 1637, of J. Goodwin, William Barrieff, sir Edward Dering,

* He instances in the prints of Stapleton, Milton and Hodges. The last I find no where else. † It is Dr. Donne, equipped for the expedition to Calais; and is prefixed to an early edition of his poems.

‡ This is at the bottom of his frontispiece to his translation of Xenophon's Cyropædia.

§ I have four more; Robert Herrick, Daniel Featley, Will. Hodson, and sir T. Fairfax on horseback. Edw. Bowers pinx.

John Lilburn, John Pym, Henry Burton, and Nat. Witt, all specified by Ames. And a small whole length of sir Thomas Urquhart *, Joannes Amos Comenius, Mrs. Mary Griffith, and some others whom he hath omitted. Sir Edward Dering's is finely finished.

HENRY PEACHAM,

author of *The Compleat Gentleman*, was certainly a judge of those arts which are the subjects of this work, and, having contributed to its illustration, deserves a larger article in such a work than I am able to give of him †. Sanderfon, an intelligent writer on the same topics, is equally unknown to us; his *Graphice*, though in tortured phrase, contains both sense and instruction. The writers of that age, though now neglected for their uncouth style, their witticisms, and want of shining abilities, are worth being consulted for many anecdotes and pictures of manners, which are to be found no where else. What variety of circumstances are preserved by Lloyd, Winstanley, and such obsolete biographers! Fuller, amidst his antiquated wit, yet wit it was, is full of curious, though perhaps minute, information. His successor, Anthony Wood, who had no more notion of elegance than a scalping Indian, nor half so much dexterity in hacking his enemies, is inexhaustibly useful. Peacham finds his place here by a good print that he engraved after Holbein of sir Thomas Cromwell, knight, afterwards earl of Essex.

ROBERT DE VOERST

1635 } Was an eminent master, competitor of Vosterman, and known by some prints of merit from the works of Vandyck. In what year he came to England, or left it, does not appear: his latest works in this country are dated 1635. Vanderfort, who mentions him three or four times in King Charles's Catalogue ‡, expressly calls him the king's engraver, for whom he did two plates, one of his majesty's sister, the other of the emperor Otho, which Vandyck painted to supply the loss of one of Titian's *Cæars*. Voerst

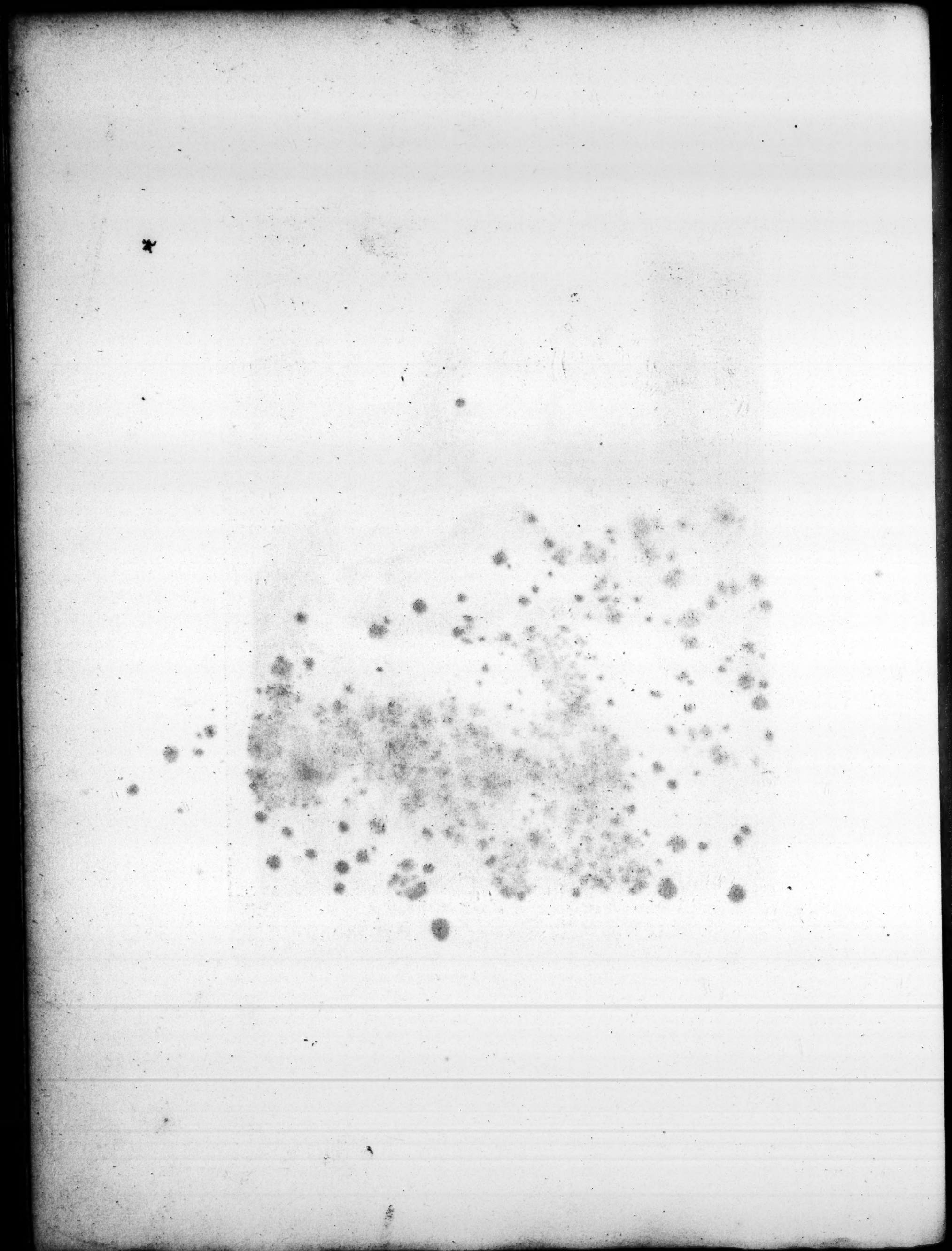
* He made the first English translation of *Rabelais*. Besides *The Compleat Gentleman*, he wrote a little tract with some honour, called *The Worth*

† He was of Trinity-College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts, and was tutor to the earl of Arundel's children, whom he attended into the Low Countries. of a Penny; and divers other works, as is said in an advertisement at the end of the second edition of the last-mentioned piece.

‡ P. 71, 74.



ROBERT VAN VOERST.



made a present too to the king of a drawing on vellum with the pen, Our lady hugging Christ, and St. John. Mr. Evelyn mentioning Voerst, says *, "He has likewise graven a number of heads after Vandyck; I shall only mention (those of) the learned sir Kenelm Digby, Inigo Jones, and those two incomparable figures of king Charles and his royal consort †." He executed another of the queen alone, and the following :

Robert earl of Lindsey, from Mirevelt.

James Stewart duke of Lenox, a middle-sized oval, with short round head of hair. Geo. Geldorp pinx. Another, when older.

Philip Herbert, earl of Montgomery (afterwards of Pembroke), larger oval. Mitens pinx. Another, square, after Vandyck, very freely done.

Abraham Aurelius, small square half-length.

Sir George Carew earl of Totness, large oval, with military trophies, four Latin verses. A good print.

Elizabeth queen of Bohemia, æt. 35, anno 1631. Londini. G. a Hondhurft p.

Ernest count Mansfeld.

Charles Lewis count Palatine.

Prince Rupert.

Robert Rich earl of Warwick.

Edward lord Littleton.

James marquis of Hamilton.

Henry earl of Holland.

Prince Charles, after Dobson.

Edward Sackville earl of Dorset.

Philip earl of Pembroke.

Simon Vouet.

* Sculptura, p. 76.

† Vertue engraved the same picture again.

William earl of Denbigh.

Henry Vere earl of Oxford, with a truncheon; young.

George Clifford earl of Cumberland, with a truncheon.

Small head of Goris, graved on silver.

Robertus Van Voerst, calcographus, Londini. A. Vandyck p. his own portrait.

He also, as I have said, cut some plates of animals for Crispin Pas's drawing-book: but his works, says Vertue, are not numerous. His head is in the collection of Vandyck's painters.

LUKE VOSTERMAN

was, I think, superior to his rival Voerst; at least his prints are more highly finished. Vertue says, he staid here about five or six years, but in different places has mentioned works that take in the space of eight years. He was employed by the king and the earl of Arundel*, and his and Voerst's plates seem to be the first that were done here from historic subjects. Vosterman, from the king's collection, engraved Raphael's St. George, Christ praying in the garden by Annibal Caracci, and his burial by Parmegiano, and Lot and his daughters by the same. For the earl of Arundel, as early as 1623, he made some drawings with the pen, particularly a woman's head from Leonardo da Vinci, and a portrait of prince Henry. And for the same lord he performed a good print from Vandyck's fine picture of the earl † and his countess Alatheia Talbot, sitting together, the earl pointing to a globe. To the same lady Vosterman dedicated a large print on six sheets, from Rubens's battle of the Amazons. And he drew the old countess Anne Dacre, the earl's mother, from whence Hollar engraved a very neat and rare print. What portraits I find of his hand are,

Charles I. with ruff, ribband, and slashed habit; large octavo, good.

Vandyck looking over his shoulder, and holding up his cloak, chain about his neck.

* He worked for the earl in 1631.

† There is another of the earl alone.

Thomas duke of Norfolk, with the staves of lord treasurer and earl marshal, from Holbein. A very fine print.

Sir Thomas More, from ditto, unlike all other pictures of sir Thomas. This has a flatter face, and a very small bonnet. His right hand is held up to his beard, a letter or paper in his left; a little white dog lies on a table before him.

Erasmus, after the same painter.

Holbein himself, with the pencil in his left hand, I suppose copied from another print.

Aloysius Contarini, ambassador from Venice to James I. 1628.

The old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr.

Claudius Maugis, 1639.

William earl of Pembroke.

William Cavendish, marquis of Newcastle.

Abraham Aurelius, Lond. æt. 43, 1618.

Charles duke of Bourbon.

St. George, 1627.

St. Helena.

What heads he engraved from Vandyck, I suppose were executed after he left England. In that period too, probably, was done a small oval head of Jean comte de Tilly, with four emblematic figures and six French verses. As I do not know the time of Vosterman's death, a print of sir Hugh Cartwright, from Diepenbeck, engraved in 1656, might be the work of Vosterman junior, who made a plate from Holbein's Triumph of Riches. The father, while in England, painted a small piece or two for a Mr. Skinner of Rochester.

In this place should appear the indefatigable and admired Hollar; but the very enumeration of his works having furnished his no less laborious successor Mr. Vertue with matter for an entire volume, it would be impertinent to dwell on his article. Though employed by booksellers, few of his prints but

were

were useful or curious. His largest are indifferent; the nearer his works approach to wanting a magnifying glass, the nearer they advance to perfection.

About the same period were many other artists, several of whom at present support their claim by a single print or two. I will name them, because when once ranged it is easy for collectors to allot to them as many more of their works as shall be discovered; and I hope the former will thank me for my pains; for, if the drudgery of collecting is dull, what is it to be a collector's collector!

MARTIN DROESHOUT.

His heads are Shakespeare; John Fox, martyrologist; Richard Elton; John Howson, bishop of Durham: to this print is the name of William Peake, printseller, probably the father of sir Robert Peake, who engraved some things himself, and whom I have mentioned in the preceding volume. Droeshout was also employed for Haywood's Hierarchy of Angels, and executed a print of Dido stabbing herself, for Stapylton's Virgil, octavo, and a head of lord Mounjoy Blount.

H. STOCK.

To a print of William earl of Salisbury, oval.

H. VANDERBORCHT,

1631 } The painter, whom I have mentioned before, graved several things from the Arundelian collection. At Paris was a collection of plates from that cabinet, containing 567 pieces pasted into a book. Vanderborcht's are dated from 1631 to 1638.

T. SLATER

lived, I suppose, about this time, having graved a head of George Webbe, bishop of Limerick, whose dress is of that age. See Ames, p. 180.

Some English heads were done by an engraver that I do not find was ever here, though he styled himself the king's engraver: they are very large and handsome prints, particularly those of Charles I. his queen, and the duke of Bucking-

Buckingham. There is a smaller of sir Dudley Carleton, and one still less of Antonio di Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro. This artist was William Delff, who worked chiefly after Mirevelt.

George Gifford did a head of John Bate, poor enough; and another of Hugh Latimer, bishop of Worcester, Edmund Marmion, and a head of George Tooke of Popes, oval.

THOMAS CROSS

1646 } Occurs oftener: by him I find plates of

Jeremiah Burrows, 1646.

Jonas More, mathem. with a scroll of paper in his hand, 1649. H. Stone pinx.

Thomas Doolittle, minister of the gospel.

Robert Dingley, master of arts.

John Gadbury.

Christopher Love.

Edward Leigh.

John Richardson, bishop of Ardagh, 1654.

Philip Maffinger.

Francis Roberts.

Thomas Wilson.

Thomas Fidell, of Furnival's-inn.

Richard Brome, six English verses.

Samuel Clarke, pastor of St. Benet Finck.

Vincent Wing.

Frontispiece to White's Rich Cabinet, 1684.

S. SAVERY

S. SAVERY

was probably in England, though of three prints with this signature there is but one which has not some foreign marks to it. This last is of Speed, who, with his hat on, is sitting in his chair. It is dedicated by George Humble. The other two are,

Charles I. with a high-crowned hat, as he is represented in the mezzotinto of him at his trial, which, by the way, is said to be painted by Vandyck, who was dead some years before that event. The face probably was taken from one of his pictures, and the hat added. In this print, by Savery, is a view of Westminster, in the manner of Hollar, A. V. Dyck pinx. S. Savery fecit. Joost Hartgers excud. The inscription in Dutch. There is another of these without the name of Savery.

Thomas lord Fairfax, profile; hat on. A strong dark print, something like the manner of Rembrandt. Dutch verses.

J. GODDARD,

1651 } Known by only one print, of Martin Billingsley, ætat. suæ 27, 1651, oval frame, motto, four English verses. This Billingsley appears to have been a writing-master, a profession who have been very apt to think their portraits of consequence enough to be preserved.

J. DICKSON

1660 } Did a head of Edward Parry, episcopi Laonensis, anno 1660, Oxon.

A. HERTOCKS

1661 } Engraved A. Brome, 1661, oval frame.

Sir Edward Nicholas, secretary of state *, oval frame laurelled.

Lord chief justice Rolle, a celebrated writer on the law.

Edward Waterhouse, arm. and a few other heads.

W. Chamberlayne's head, prefixed to his Pharonnida, 1659.

* The picture from whence this was taken of Sir Edward from a better picture, by Sir Peter was done abroad in 1654. Vertue did a print Lely, in 1665.

CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS. 41

A frontispiece to the Icon Basilike, in folio. Vide Ames, p. 34. Another to the complete collection of that king's works; that to Mr. Evelyn's Sculptura *, and several others.

J. CHANTRY,

1662 } Another obscure artist, engraved the heads of Edward Leigh, esq.
M. A. of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, 1660; of Thomas Whitaker, physician to Charles II; of Selden, and Gething a writing-master.

F. H. VAN HOVE,

another Dutch engraver, and more † prolific, seems to have worked here from the end of Charles I. to near the conclusion of the reign of king William: his cuts are dated in the years 1648, 1653, 1654, 1692, &c. ‡ but I have seen nothing of his hand that makes a particular enumeration of his works necessary.

ROTERMANS,

did a print of sir William Waller, dated 1643; but I do not know that he was in England, having found nothing more of his hand, unless a print of Nathaniel Richards, gent. mentioned by Ames, p. 141, with the initial letters T. R. be his. Rawlins the medallist seldom put more than those capitals either to his coins or writings. They may therefore belong to him.

FRANCIS BARLOW,

who has || already appeared in this work, is peculiarly entitled to a place here; though, having given what particulars Vertue could discover relative to his life, I shall here only specify his engravings.

* Vide Sculptura, p. 46.

† Ames mentions two dozen of his prints.

‡ There is a small print of king William on horseback, by Van Hove, prefixed to the Epitome of the Art of War, 1692. He did a consider-

able number of prints for John Dunton, the bookseller, in that king's reign. See Dunton's Life and Errors, p. 346.

§ He spelled his name Rodttermont.

|| Anecdotes of Painting, p. 248.

For Edward Benlow's divine poems, called Theophila, fol. 1652, he drew and etched several designs, as he did for Ogleby's Virgil and Æsop.

His share in Monke's Funeral, and in the book of birds * I have mentioned.

A print of an eagle soaring in the air with a cat in its talons. This event Barlow saw in Scotland, as he was drawing views there. The cat's resistance brought both animals to the ground, where Barlow took them up.

R. GAYWOOD †,

who is mentioned both by Mr. Evelyn and Sanderfon, was scholar and close imitator of Hollar, and, though I do not know that he attempted views, may in his heads be mistaken for that master. Indeed that is not saying that he arrived at great excellence; yet he far outshone many I have mentioned. He engraved the couchant Venus of Titian with a Spaniard playing on an organ, a fine picture of king Charles's collection and since of lord Cholmondeley's. The other works of Gaywood are portraits: of Mary queen of Scots with a cross in her hand; W. Drummond of Hawthornden the Scottish historian, a small oval, with his arms; Edward Cocker, who seems to have been an engraver too ‡ (there are two different prints of this man, one of them very neat); sir Bulstrode Whitelocke; sir George Cook; William Fairfax, with six English verses; Holbein; James Hodder, writing-master; William Leybourn; Marguerite Lemon, Vandyck's mistress, with French verses; countess of Portland; John Playford (there are three different prints of this man, by Gaywood, Loggan, and Van Hove); Matthew Stephenson, an humble author; (to this print are these jingling rhymes,

The printer's profit, not my pride,
Hath this idea signify'd;
For he push'd out the merry play,
And Mr. Gaywood made it gay §.)

* Griffiere etched some plates of birds and beasts after Barlow. Sailmaker, Boon, Danckers and Streater, the painters, etched some things.

† Gaywood has not set his christian name at length to one of his prints. Vertue says that to some of them he put quondam discipulus Wen. Hollar.

‡ Cocker published 14 or 15 copy-books, and engraved his own writing, some of it on silver-plates. See Biogr. Brit. artic. Bales.

§ A better pun on this word was made on the Beggar's Opera, which, it was said, made Gay rich, and Rich gay.

Cuthbert

Cuthbert Sidenham, 1654; lady Eleanor Temple, with four quibbling verses, 1658; Vandyck; Charles (II.) king of Scots; Lipsius; Mahomet; monsieur de Balzac; doctor Faustus; a head of Christina (probably imaginary) for Fowler's Troubles of Sweden and Poland; and a few more.

DUDLEY AND CARTER

were disciples of Hollar; the former, like Gaywood, wrote himself quondam discipulus. His most considerable work was the set of etchings for The life of Æsop, prefixed to the latter editions of Barlow's Æsop. Robert Pricke was another of his scholars, and published Pierre le Muet's Architecture in 1675.

MR. FRANCIS PLACE,

a gentleman of Yorkshire, had a turn to most of the beautiful arts. He painted*, designed and etched. Vertue had heard that he learned the latter of Hollar, and has preserved a letter that he received from Mr. Place, in answer to his enquiries into that fact and about Hollar himself, of whom he relates on his own knowledge many particulars which Vertue has inserted in his life of that artist, but denies his having been instructed by him. Mr. Place was a younger son of Mr. Rowland Place of Dinisdale in the county of Durham, and was placed as clerk to an attorney in London, where he continued till 1665; in which year going into a shop, the officers came to shut up the house, on its having the plague in it. This occasioned his leaving London; and gave him an opportunity of quitting a profession that was contrary to his inclination, and of following the roving life he loved, and the arts for which he had talents†. Ralph Thoresby, in his Ducatus Leodiensis‡, often mentions

* Mr. Scott, of Crown-court Westminster, had a picture of gooseberries painted in oil on a black ground (a common method with him, as Mr. Scott was told by Mrs. Wyndham, Place's daughter, who was living in 1764), and a jug of his earthen-ware.

† The additions to this article were communicated by a near relation of Mr. Place.

‡ Pp. 196, 466, 477, 492, 497. At the end of this account of Leeds is a catalogue of Thoresby's own museum, now dispersed, in which were some valuable and many foolish curiosities. Of the latter sort was a knife taken from one of the Mohawks 1710, so seriously was

that vision believed at that time by grave people. Another of his rarities was a leaf of an Ananas: that fruit, now so common here, was scarce enough in the year 1715 to have a leaf of it preserved in a repository. The book itself is very diverting. Thoresby, like other solemn and retired triflers, thought the world interested in knowing whatever related to them. Ashmole's Diary is ridiculously curious. Thoresby informs us that in his youth he was uneasy when he first observed that he had not the usual quantity of spittle that others have, p. 615. What a brave discovery was printing for men who wished to record how often they sneezed!

Mr. Place with great encomiums, and specifies various presents that he made to his museum. He tells us too that Mr. Place discovered an earth for, and a method of making porcelaine *, which he put in practice at the manor-house of York, of which manufacture he gave Thoresby a fine mug †. From the same account we learn that Mr. Place discovered porphyry at Mount Sorril in Leicestershire, of which he had a piece to grind colours on. This author specifies views of Tinnmouth-castle and light-house; the cathedral of York, churches and prospects of Leeds, drawn and etched; and a mezzotinto of Henry Gyles the glass-painter, executed by Mr. Place. He also scraped three plates of John Moyser, esq. of Beverley, his particular friend; of Thomas Comber dean of Durham, and of bishop Crew: the last is finely executed. Many sketches of castles and views which he took in Wales, and of various other places in England, Scotland, and Ireland, several of them well finished, are extant, and have been engraved. A view of Scarborough-castle was drawn as late as the year 1715. His prints are very scarce. He seldom resided in London, and drew only for his amusement, seldom completing what he undertook, and in his rambles painting, drawing, and engraving, occasionally. In the reign of Charles II. he was offered a pension of 500*l.* a year to draw the royal navy; but declined accepting it, as he could not endure confinement or dependence. In Thoresby's Topography of Leeds are some churches drawn by Place. Ames mentions a print by him, which I have, of Richard Thompson, from a painting of Zouft: it is boldly done. Another is of Sterne, archbishop of York. He also did some plates of birds (see Anecdotes of Painting, article Griffiere); and the figures for Godartius's book of insects. Mr. Place died in 1728; and his widow, by whom he had a daughter married to Wadham Wyndham, esq. quitting the manor-house in York, disposed of his paintings, among which were an admired piece of fowls, others of flowers and fish, unfinished. There are two heads of Mr. Place extant, one by himself, the face only finished, and another by Murray.

* His pottery cost him much money: he attempted it solely from a turn to experiment; but one Clifton of Pontefract took the hint from him, and made a fortune by it.

† I have a coffee-cup of his ware; it is of grey earth with streaks of black, and not superior to common earthen-ware.

J. SAVAGE

May be styled engraver to a set of heroes, whom Prior calls *the unfortunate brave*. No country preserves the images and anecdotes of such worthies with such care as England. The rigour of the law is here a passport to fame. From the infringers of Magna Charta to the collectors on the road, from Charles I. to Maclean, every sufferer becomes the idol of the mob. Some of the resemblances preserved by Savage are of men who fell in a better cause; bishop Latimer, Algernon Sidney, alderman Cornish, the earl of Argyle, sir Edmondbury Godfrey *, sir Thomas Armstrong, and the duke of Monmouth. He has also done heads of John Gadbury, sir Henry Chauncy, sir Henry Pollexfen, John a Lasco †, Arthur earl of Torrington, Ch. Leigh, M. D. ‡ some coins in Evelyn's Numismata, and two plates for Guidott's *Thermæ Britannicæ*.

MR. WILLIAM LODGE

was son of Mr. William Lodge of Leeds, merchant, by Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Sykes, eldest son of Richard Sykes, esq. one of the first aldermen of that town [then § newly made a corporation by Charles I.], where our artist was born July 4, 1649, and inherited an estate of 300 *l.* a year. From school he was sent to Jesus-college, Cambridge, and thence to Lincoln's-inn; but more pleasurable studies suiting his genius, he attended Thomas lord Bellasis, afterwards viscount Falconberg, in his embassy to Venice; where meeting with Giacomo Barri's *Viaggio Pittoresco*, wherein are particularized the chief pictures in Italy, and an account of Canon Settala's famous cabinet at Milan; Mr. Lodge translated it into English, and added of his own graving heads of

* In Thoresby's museum, mentioned above, was a blood-coloured ribband with Death's head, swords, &c. inscribed, "In memory of sir Edmondbury Godfrey, murdered the 12th of October 1678." A strong picture of the height to which the rage of party was carried!

† For this plate Savage received three pounds, and the same for Latimer.

‡ This doctor ought not to be forgotten for his translation of a Latin epitaph, which he has given in his *History of Lancashire*: the latter part of the inscription runs thus:

"L. Julius Maximus
—Alæ Sar. Conjux
Conjugi incomparabili
Et Filio Patris pientis-
simo et Soceræ tena-
cissimæ Memoræ, p."

Thus Englished by Dr. Leigh, book iii. p. 5.

"Julius Maximus & Alæ a Sarmatian, wife to her incomparable husband, erects this to perpetuate the memory of Simo, the son of a pious father and his father-in-law."

§ Anno 1626.

the

the most eminent painters, and a map of Italy, printed in octavo 1679. While on his travels he drew various views, which he afterwards etched. Returned to England he assisted Dr. Lister of York in drawing rare shells and fossils, which the doctor transmitted to the Royal Society, and are inserted in their Transactions, particularly the Table of Snails, No. 85; the Trochitæ and Entrochi, No. 100; the Astroites, No. 112; the drawings of which were in Thoresby's museum, from whom Vertue received these memoirs. He also drew for Dr. Lister thirty-four different sorts of spiders. There was then at York a club of virtuosi, composed of Dr. Martin Lister, John Lambert, esq. Thomas Kirke, esq. Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Francis Place. Between the two last congenial artists was a strict friendship. Once on their rambles, on which they often staid three or four months, as they were taking views in Wales, they were suspected for Jesuits [it was at the time of the Popish plot], seized, imprisoned, and not released but on the appearance of some friends from Chester. Thoresby, who amidst his puerile or anile ideas could not avoid the superstition of dreams, related to my author, that Lodge being on a fishing party at Mr. Boulter's, at Stank near Harwood, dreamed [it seems he had never dreamed before, and Thoresby quotes Mr. Locke* for another mononeirist] that he should be buried in Harwood church. This vexed him, as he had destined his sepulture at Gisburn, near Craven, by his mother. A dream is nothing without the completion: Lodge died at Leeds; but as the horse passed by Harwood the carriage broke, the coffin was damaged, and the dream happily fulfilled, the corpse being interred in the choir there Aug. 27, 1689. One captain Fisher wrote upon Mr. Lodge's picture, "*Parisiis, Burdegala, Roma, ac postremo Venetiis humanioribus studiis juxta biennium versatus, jam tandem honestis litteris et artibus excultus, natale solum petiit 1671, ætatis 23, jam pridem hospitii Lincolnensis admissio socio.*"

Mr. Lodge's works, besides those I have mentioned, are,

View of Gaeta, the Mole and Plancus's tomb.

Pozzuolo, Caracalla's Mole, Baia, &c.

Ruins of the amphitheatre and aqueduct at Minturnum.

Promontory of Circe, temple of the sun, &c.

* Essay, vol. i. p. 74.

Lambeth-house from the Thames.

Westminster-hall and the Abbey.

Sheriff-hutton castle.

Clifford's tower.

View of York from the water-house to the ruins of the manor-house.

Besides these, which were small, he did some large plates of

The Pont du Gard in Languedoc. To this he signs WL.

The Monument. This is reckoned the best draught of it.

Leeds, with the ruins of Kirkstall and Fountain abbeys, with a map of the wapentakes of Shireach and Morley, and a prospect of Wakefield.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with lesser views of Tinmouth-castle, Alnwick, Holy-island, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Carlisle and Barnard-castle; all which were finished, and a specimen printed off, before the plate was spoiled by an accident. In the middle was designed a map of Northumberland, and at bottom a prospect of Durham of the same dimensions with that of Newcastle.

Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dysart; different plates.

Oliver Cromwell and his page; dedicated to the Protector.

Samuel Malines, after a picture by Claret.

He painted some few things from the life in oil.

WILLIAM SHERWIN,

1670 } Son of a divine of the same names, is the only person whom I find to have been royal engraver by patent, which himself, on a print of his father, prefixed to the latter's Clavis, tells us * he was. By what interest he obtained this distinction, does not appear; certainly by no great excellence in his profession. Nor are his works numerous, though he exercised his art for

* Vide Ames, p. 157.

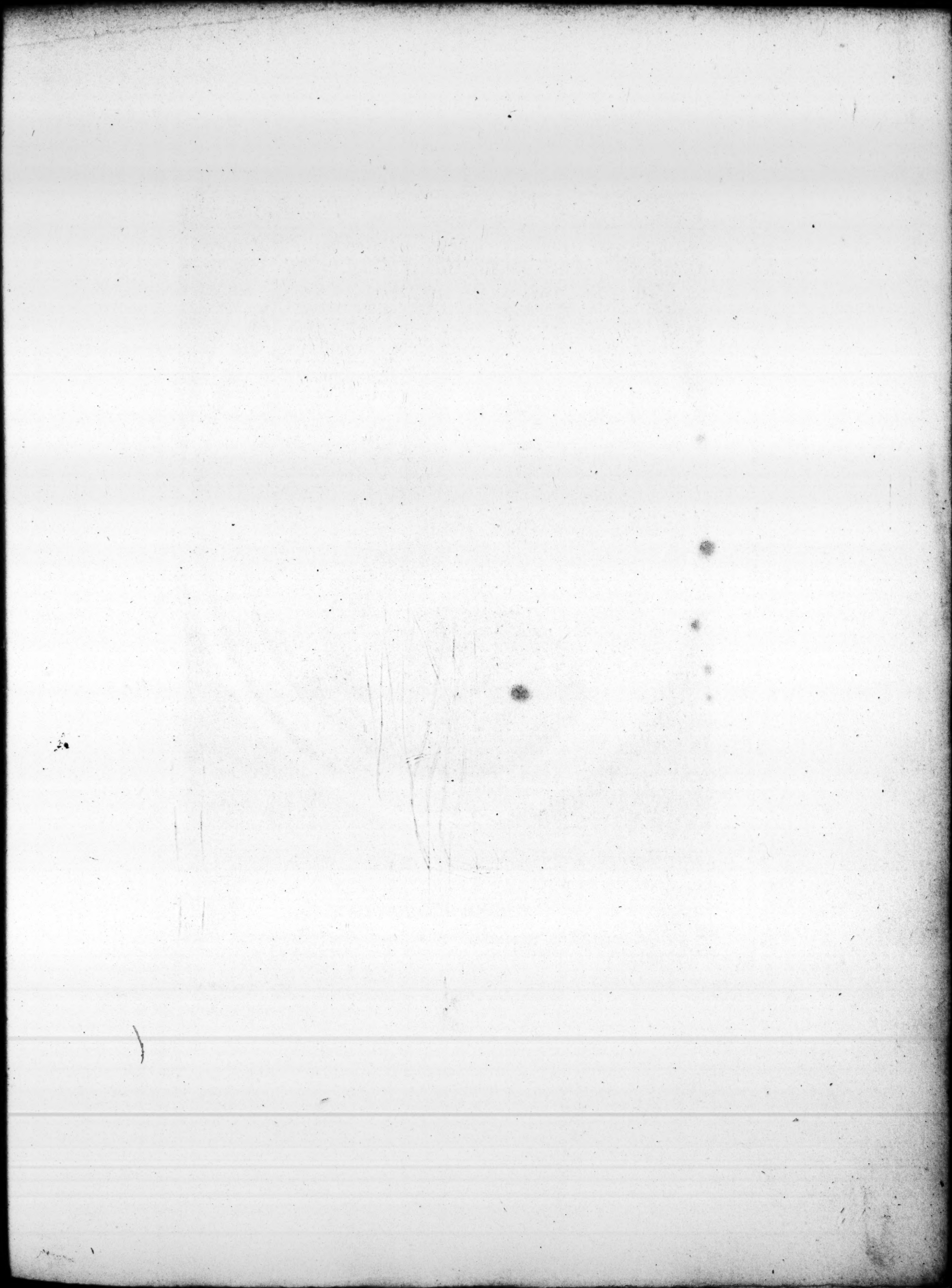
many

many years. Ames mentions about sixteen heads by him; and there is another, which he has omitted, of John Gadbury the almanack-maker, who has been represented by no less than four artists. Sherwin perhaps engraved other plates besides portraits. He has done two of Charles II. one, whole length, prefixed to Ashmole's Order of the Garter. The first works I find by him are, William Bridge and William Salmon, both in 1670; the latest, judge Powel; in 1711. The regular architect of the general rule of the five orders, by Vignola, with additions by Michael Angelo, done into English by J. Leak, was printed for W. Sherwin, engraver, 1669.

JOSEPH NUTTING

probably commenced engraver about the time of the Restoration, as not long after he did a plate of Mary duchess of Beaufort, from a picture of Walker, and therefore it is likely that he was of some eminence. A head of Matthew Mead, father of Dr. Mead the physician, is the best thing I have seen of him. His works are few: as sir John Cheke, from an old picture; James Bonnel, Mr. Locke, George Parker almanack-maker, and three of the family of Rawlinson; the last dated 1709. He also engraved a frontispiece to Greenhill's Art of embalming, and a head of the author from a picture by Murray.

We now come to one of the most capital engravers that has appeared in this country. The number of those whose works deserve intrinsic regard, abstracted from their scarcity or the curiosity of the persons and objects represented, is very small and soon enumerated. The family of Pasis were singularly neat: Hollar still surpassed them, and in branches to which their art never extended. Vorst and Vosterman shone in a higher style. Lombart added roundness to delicacy, and was even a great performer, if compared with most of his successors, of whom Robert White seems to have declined the least. John Smith carried the new discovered art of mezzotinto to the greatest perfection we have seen it attain. The last John Faber in some things was, though far inferior, a good workman. Kirkall, commonly a wretched labourer, had singular merit in one branch that will be mentioned. Mr. Strange, ashamed of the creeping and venal style to which the art was sunk in Britain, has given us the works of Italian masters with a tool worthy of Italian engravers. But yet there had been one Englishman, who without
the





Ipse pinxit.

A. Bannerman Sculp.

the timid perfection of French masters, had shown that softness and force, freedom and finishing, were compatible, and that the effect of *chiaro scuro* did not depend upon unblended masses of white and black: this was

WILLIAM FAITHORNE.

He * was born in London, in what year is uncertain †, and bred under Peake, painter ‡ and printseller, afterwards knighted, with whom he worked for three or four years before the eruption of the civil war, and whom he accompanied into the king's service. Being made prisoner at Basing-house, Faithorne was brought to London, and confined in Aldersgate, where he reverted to his profession, and among other heads did a small one of the first Villiers duke of Buckingham, in the manner of Mellan. After much solicitation by his friends, he was permitted to retire § to France, where he found protection and encouragement from the abbé De Marolles, a singular man, who, with slender competence of parts, drummed and trumpeted for learning and the arts till he was admitted into the profession. His memoirs are their memoirs; and one reads them, though they inform one of little more than that he was a good man, and acquainted with several that were great ||. About the year ¶ 1650, Faithorne returned to England; and soon after married the sister of one whom my authors call the famous captain Cround. By her he had two sons and a daughter; Henry bred a bookseller, William to his father's profession. Faithorne now set up in a new shop, at the sign of the Ship next to the Drake, opposite to the Palsgrave's-head-tavern without Temple-bar; where he not only followed his art, but sold Italian, Dutch and English ** prints, and worked for booksellers, particularly Mr. Royston the king's bookseller, Mr. Martin his brother-in-law in St. Paul's church-yard, and Mr. William Peake a stationer and printseller on Snow-hill, the younger

* This account is taken from a MS. of Vertue, who received the particulars from Mr. Bagford, librarian to lord Oxford, and intimate with Faithorne; and from another of his friends, Mr. W. Hill Charke.

† Vide Anecdotes of Painting, p. 154.

‡ Graham says he was about seventy-five when he died. Eng. School, p. 417.

§ Graham says he was banished for refusing to take the oaths to Oliver: but by the account of his two friends whom I transcribe, he returned

to England before the protectorate; which agrees better with a head I shall mention presently, and with a shepherds which he did at Paris in 1649. Graham adds, that he studied several years under Champagne; which is also doubtful.

|| He published a list of all that had made him presents of their works.

¶ Bayfield's head is dated 1654.

** There are some to which is specified, *Sold by William Faithorne.*

brother of his old master. Some time after the year 1680, Faithorne quitted his shop, and retired to a more private life in Printing-house-yard, Blackfriars, still engraving, but chiefly painting from the life in crayons, in which branch he had formerly received instructions at Paris from Nanteuil. To these portraits I suppose we must refer such of his prints as have W. Faithorne pinxit; though he also drew in black * and white, as John Aubrey in the Museum at Oxford. His crayon heads, mentioned by his biographers, were Mr. Lepiper the painter, col. J. Ayres, Mr. Allen, Mr. Smith, Mr. Sturt †, and Mr. Seddon, and most of the noted writing-masters. The last he undertook was of Mr. Jo. Oliver, surveyor of the works at St. Paul's. The misfortunes of his son William broke his spirits ‡, though he was a robust and vigorous man: a lingering consumption put an end to his life. He was buried near his wife, in St. Anne's Blackfriars, May 13, 1691. - Besides his pictures and plates, he published his Art of Graving § in 1662, dedicating it to his master sir Robert Peake. His friend Flatman || consecrated a poem to his memory, concluding,

A Faithorne sculpsit is a charm can save
From dull oblivion and a gaping grave.

I shall distinguish the works of Faithorne into five classes: first, his fine prints; second, his middling, of which several approach to the first sort; some to three, his bad; four, his historic; five, such as I have not seen, but many no doubt belong to the first list.

CLASS I.

His own head, looking over his shoulder, long hair.

Sir William Paston, baronet, 1659. A plump gentleman, very long hair,

* Graham says, also in miniature, of which there are many instances.

† Sturt's head was in lord Oxford's collection.

‡ He was once cured by Ashmole of an iliaca passio. See Diary of the latter, p. 31, who tells us that he paid Faithorne seven pounds for engraving his portrait, p. 33.

§ The whole title is, The Art of Graving and Etching, wherein is exprest the true way of

graveing in copper. Also the manner and method of that famous Callot and Mr. Boffe, in their several ways of etching.

|| Flatman has two copies of commendatory verses prefixed to Sanderfon's Graphice. The first, on the fine head prefixed to the work, declares,

He outsays all, who lets you understand,
The head is Sanderfon's, Faithorne's the hand.

filk

silk mantle over one shoulder. Every part of this print, which I think the best of his works, is finished in the highest perfection.

Lady Pafton, same year; probably after a picture of Vandyck.

Margaret Smith, widow of Thomas Smith, and wife of sir Edward Herbert; from Vandyck. A whole length of her by the same master was in the Wharton collection, afterwards in my father's, and now mine.

Montagu Bertie second earl of Lindsey, from Vandyck.

William Sanderfon, ætat. suæ 68, 1658. Souft pinxit. This head is prefixed to his Graphice, and does honour both to painter and engraver. There are two of these heads somewhat different.

Carew Reynel, armiger. Young man; long hair, short band tied.

Samuel Collins, doctor of physick, æt. 67. W. Faithorne ad vivum delin. et sculp.

Anne Bridges countess of Exeter, from Vandyck.

John Kersey, born at Bodicot, &c. 1616: mathematical books. Souft pinx. 1672.

John La Motte, esq. citizen of London, born 1577, deceased 1655.

John viscount Merdaunt. Head in armour, oval frame surrounded with arms, in the manner of prints of the Scottish nobility. Titles in Italian.

Thomas earl of Elgin, æt. 62, 1662. Old man with long hair, holding his mantle with his right hand.

Mary daughter of sir Edward Alston, wife of sir James Langham.

Henry Cary earl of Monmouth.

John Pordage, philosopher, physician, divine.

Thomas Killigrew, in a fur cap, sitting at a table on which lie several of his works. Head of Charles I. hung up, a dog by the table. W. Sheppard pinx.

George Rodolphus Weckkerlin, æt. 50. Mytens pinx.

Thomas Stanley, octagon frame. P. Lilly pinx.

Robert Bayfield, æt. 25, 1654, in a large hat, four English verses.

Another of the same person without a hat, æt. 27.

Francis Rous, provost of Eton, large hat, æt. 77, 1656, four English verses.

Small head of a man with long hair and little band, in an oval, with six verses, inscribed J. S. Wright, which shew the person represented to have been an author.

Another small head of a man looking off, long hair curled, four English verses, inscribed G. W. It is the portrait of Noah Bridges, clerk of the parliament.

Sir Henry Spelman, ruff and point night-cap.

Thomas Hobbes, æt. 76. *En quam modice habitat philosophia.*

One Loveday, in an octagon frame, with six English verses, devices, and French mottoes.

A young clergyman, ditto, no name. Arms, five crescents on a cross; æt. 28, 1662*.

Samuel Leigh, young man's head. Arms, æt. suæ 15, 1661. *Incipe & perfice, Domine.*

Henrietta Maria, with a veil. Royal arms, Scotland in the first quarter. Done at Paris in the manner of Mellan.

A fine head of Smith, writing-master, drawn by Faithorne, but engraved by Vanderbank.

Thomas Mace, prefixed to his book of Music: Faithorne subscribed for three copies.

Henry More, sitting under a tree in a landscape, half-length.

Sir Orlando Bridgman, with the purse, half-length.

Sir John Fortescue†.

* Ames, p. 62, mentions a fine head by Faithorne of Edward Ellis of Baliol-college, to which this print and arms answer.

† This and the preceding are in Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*.

Robert Boyle, in an oval, with an air-pump.

Elias Ashmole, bust in a niche. He paid Faithorne seven pounds for the plate.

William Oughtred, æt. 83, in the manner of Hollar, and as good.

John Wallis, S. T. D. prefixed to his *Mechanica*.

Head of a young man, in his own hair, cravat tied with a ribband before; mantle. Arms, a lion rampant crowned, within a bordure. Half sheet.

A large emblematic sheet print of Oliver Cromwell, whole length, in armour, with variety of devices and mottos. This very scarce print is in my possession: I never saw another proof of it.

Sir Francis Englefield, knt. and bart. of Wotton Bassett, in the county of Wilts. Oval, armour, flowing hair; half sheet; exceedingly scarce.

CLASS II.

Henry Somerset marquis of Worcester, in armour, with a truncheon*. I have a proof of this, on which the titles are finely written by Faithorne himself, otherwise the plate had no inscription.

Queen Catherine in the remarkable habit in which she arrived, long dark hair curled in rows like a periwig, and spreading wider to her shoulders; strait point handkerchief, black gown laced, the sleeves slashed, and coming down to the middle of her arm, over which are turned up broad round ruffles, white tabby petticoat laced, over a farthingale, gloves in her left hand.

Barbara countess of Castlemaine, half-length, leaning on her left hand, in an oval frame.

* This print has the garter, though it was never given to the marquis. Probably it was promised; and the plate wanting the titles, looks as if lord Somerset died before it was finished, and before the promise could be completed through the misfortunes of both the king and the marquis. I once took this for a print of his son Edward, and so did Vertue; but

it is evidently copied from an older print done when Henry was only earl, and which has his name, and was sold by Stent. In that print there is much less appearance of a ribband; so small a bit, that it might not be intended for the garter, and Faithorne by mistake might supply the rest and the George as he has done.

Christopher

Christopher Simpson (a master of music); J. Carwarden pinx. a name I have seen no where else. There is a smaller print of the same person, but much inferior.

Prince Rupert, dishevelled hair, ribband with a large knot round his neck, broad sash laced, a remarkable print, G. Dobson pinx.

Small head of some author, in a Roman habit; six English lines.

Charles I. small head in an oval frame, with cornucopiæ and stone-work; seems a head-piece to some book.

John Bulwer, long Latin inscription.

Edward Boys, S. T. B. æt. 66.

Mrs. Sarah Gilly, small head in oval. This plate is sometimes inscribed Hannah Wooley, but the best impressions have the name of Gilly.

A woman whole length, small, in short vest, long petticoat, a cloak with loops hanging behind. Under the figure, Mariana, 1655.

Mrs. Katherine Philips, a bust; on the pedestal, Orinda.

Mr. Abraham Cowley. W. Faithorne sculp. 1687. Another smaller, en buste; a third to his Latin poems.

Richard Carpenter, in the same frame a profile, out of the mouth of which proceeds an animal's head breathing fire. Four Latin lines.

Francis Glisson, doctor of physic, æt. 75.

William Gouge, æt. 79, 1653.

Valentine Greatrakes, the stroker, stroking a boy's head. See an account of him in St. Evremont.

John Mayow, in the habit of a doctor of physic.

Sir Richard Fanshawe. Died at Madrid 1666.

Bust of Lucian in a niche, Greek motto, ten English verses.

Dr. Harvey, bust on a pedestal.

Charles II. round the frame, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Two others larger, one in armour, with six English verses; the other in robes of the garter, the royal arms disposed at the four corners.

Sir Thomas Fairfax. Rob. Walker pinx. in the manner of Mellan.

John Milton, æt. 62, 1670. Guil. Faithorne ad vivum delin. et sculpsit.

Francis More, serjeant-at-law.

John Hacket, bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. Four English verses.

Cardinal Richelieu, prefixed to the English translation of his Life by John Doddington.

Monsieur de Thevenot, whole length, in an Asiatic habit.

Henry Terne, with an account of him in Latin. W. Sheppard pinx.

Lord chief justice Anderson, æt. 76.

Sir Henry Coker, æt. 48, 1669. Account of him in English.

Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke in armour *.

Charles earl of Carlisle in armour, octagon frame.

John Ogilby. P. Lilly pinx.

Horace lord Vere, sir Francis Vere, and sir John Ogle, one eye.

Olivarius Britannicus heros, in armour on horseback.

Olivarius primus †.

Don John De Castro, the fourth viceroy of India.

Samuel Bolton, S. S. Theol. D. in oval, four Latin verses.

CLASS III.

These do not deserve to be particularized. I shall barely name them:

* The reason of Whitelocke being drawn in armour, though a lawyer, was his being deputy-lieutenant of the militia, in which capacity he acted in the civil war.

† This and the preceding belong to a little book called *Parallelum Olivæ*; the frontispiece to which was also executed by Faithorne.

Richard

56 CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS.

Richard Hooker; Edmund Castelli; Ricraft, a merchant; the emperor Marcus Aurelius; Henry Lawes; bishop Brownrig; Robert, second earl of Essex; Charles I. in armour; John Ray; Dominicus Contareno, dux Venetiarum.

CLASS IV. and V.

I join these, as I have seen very few of his historic prints or title-pages; but will separate them by placing the heads I have not, last.

Parallelum Olivæ. Gods in council at top; Pallas and Neptune on the sides.

An emblematic print; a pilgrim * sitting and writing; a pyramid before him with figures and inscriptions; Venice at a distance. This is a frontispiece to Pordage's book, whom I have mentioned before.

Aeneas killing Turnus, for Ogilby's Virgil.

Hero and Leander, two prints, for David Whiteford's translation of Musæus.

Thomas Killigrew and the lord Coleraine, the princely shepherds. I suppose this was for a mask.

Mercurius Christianus.

Mercurius Rusticus.

Our Saviour on the cross, and St. Benedict.

The assembly-man.

Lucaſta, for Lovelace's poems.

A plan of London and Westminster in six sheets and two half sheets. Published and surveyed by Newcourt, 1658 †.

Christ after Raphael. I believe this was finished by Fillian.

A Madonna, and Joseph, with a lamb, after La Hire: done while Faithorne was at Paris.

* It is said to be lord Coleraine. Vide Granger's Supplement, p. 337.

† Vide Gough's Brit. Topogr. in London.

Title-plates: to Taylor's Life of Christ, extremely fine; to The Compleat Embassador; to Collins's Anatomy; to Jerye's Copy-book; to Hooke's Micrographia; and to The Philosophical Transactions. Some of these may be only heads already mentioned; the list I transcribe is imperfectly taken.

Heads of sir Francis Bacon, sir Philip Sidney, and two foreigners; a frontispiece*.

Charles I. in an oval; above, the Church of England as a matron expiring; frontispiece to the History of Charles I. by Hamon L'Estrange†.

The story of Mr. Crofs and Wahorne. I do not know what this means; I suppose it is the duel of Mr. Crofts and Jeffery Hudson.

Charles II. on his throne; archbishop Sheldon, lord Clarendon, and Monke duke of Albemarle, standing; some birds in Barlow's book.

Frontispiece to the English translation of Mezerai's History of France; poorly executed.

In Taylor's Life of Christ, the four evangelists, and several historic prints in the book; some in the style of Goltzius, others of Hollar: the Annunciation, in his own manner, very good.

Frontispiece to Horneck's Crucified Jesus.

Ditto, to an old edition of Glanville on Witches.

Six cuts to Sleiden's History of the Reformation in Germany, the English edition.

Charles II. sitting between Sheldon and sir Orlando Bridgman; for The Present State of England.

Frontispiece to Legrand's Philosophia.

Some plates for The Philosophical Transactions.

Frontispiece to sir J. Birkenhead's Assembly-man†.

HEADS.

Henry VIII; Richard Lovelace; Charles II. no name of engraver, one

* Vide Granger's Supplement, in James I. p. 136.

† Granger's Supplement, p. 177.

‡ Ib. p. 290.

of his first works; Charles II: inscribed, This is Charles the first's head*; Endymion Porter; James earl of Perth, drawn by Faithorne, graved by Vanderbank; sir Bevil Granville; an octavo print, ex dono Rich. Hacket Litchf. et Gov. episc. † 1670: Inservi Deo & latere. Vertue mentions a head of the protector dedicated to him by Lud. Lambermontius a physician, with medals at the four corners of David, Solomon, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar, which, though without any name of engraver, he believed was Faithorne's work. Villiers duke of Buckingham, in the manner of Mellan; sir John Hoskins; archbishop Usher, and a smaller; Roger earl of Castlemain; Robert Henley, this is doubtful; a man's head, no name, Latin inscription beginning, Quodcunque manus tua facere potest; sir James Harrington; Katherine lady Harrington; Tobias Venner; James duke of York; John Prideaux bishop of Worcester; Mr. Richard Zebelina, teacher of short-hand; Thomas Osborne earl of Danby; William Bates; Edward Stillingfleet bishop of Worcester; Quarles; Tafletta; count Serena; a bishop of Durham; general Monke; sir William Davenant; Dr. Charles Leigh ‡; Penelope Herbert, doubtful; Dr. Colet, Glanvill, and J. Murcott. These three last are prefixed to their works. Sir William Davenant's was for the folio edition of his works. Ames gives some other heads with the name of Faithorne; but as he has always omitted to specify whether engravings or mezzotintos, I should suppose them the latter, and the works of our artist's son.

WILLIAM FAITHORNE JUNIOR,

who worked only in that kind, and arrived to a good degree of excellence. He was negligent; and I believe fell into distresses which my authors say afflicted his father, and obliged himself to work for booksellers. He died about thirty years old, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin's. His prints are,

Thomas Flatman, probably his first work.

Mary princess of Orange.

Sir William Reade §, oculist to queen Mary.

* This is not authentic, but the head of the earl of Essex, inscribed with Porter's name, and done in the manner of Mellan.

† It is the bishop's own head.

‡ This I am informed was engraved by Savage after Faithorne.

§ He was a mountebank, knighted by queen Anne, and appointed her oculist. See The Life of Mr. Nash.

Mr.

Mr. Dryden, in a long wig.

Queen Anne, with loose hair, garter-robos.

Prince George of Denmark.

Mr. Jeremiah Collier.

John More bishop of Ely.

Frederick count of Schomberg.

Another, when duke.

John Cooper, a boy with a dog.

Lady Katherine Hyde.

Mrs. Mariamne Herbert.

The princess of Hanover.

Charles XII. king of Sweden.

A lady, half-length, with a basket of flowers; no name.

Lord Henry Scott.

Mr. James Thynne, a boy.

Mr. Richard Gomeldon.

Queen Mary.

Shadwell, the poet.

Sir Richard Haddock, fine.

Mrs. Plowden, with a garland, gown lined with striped silk; no name.

Another; but instead of the garland she has a necklace in her hand.

Sancta Maria Magdalena.

A Cupid, after Parmentier.

A death's head between a watch and a rose in a glass bottle.

A black giving fruit to a girl, inscribed, Beauty's Tribute.

Others mentioned by Aînes are,

The princess Sophia.

W. Bagwell.

W. Boys.

J. Seddon.

Mrs. Smith.

Madam Nichols. This I believe is the same with Mrs. Plowden.

Benedict Ithell; oval: arms beneath. G. Faithorne ad vivum delin. & fec.

JOHN FILLIAN

was scholar of the elder Faithorne, whose head he copied, and was living in 1676; but probably died young, as only two more plates appear of his hand; the heads of Thomas Cromwell earl of Essex, and of Paracelsus. Mr. Hill the painter was a disciple of Faithorne, but never applied to engraving.

PETER LOMBART.

1660 } Vertue had been able to trace no circumstances of his life, but that he came from Paris, and returned thither, the first certainly before the Revolution, as he graved a plate of the protector; a frontispiece to Ogilby's Virgil, published in 1654; a title to a small octavo in 1658; and sir Robert Stapleton's head for his Juvenal before 1660. In fact, he does not seem to have staid long here in the reign of Charles II. a cut of Antoine Grammont * being dated at Paris in 1663. In 1660 he made a large title-plate with many figures for Field's Bible, printed at Cambridge. His best works are the twelve half-lengths from Vandyck, too well known to be particularised. His other plates I will repeat briefly, as I shall those of subsequent engravers. As

* So Vertue. I suppose this was Antony first duke of Grammont. Of his brother Philibert, the famous count Grammont, I have given a print to his Memoires from his portrait among the knights of the St. Esprit in the Salle des grands Augustins at Paris—a collection it is

surprising the French have never engraved, as it contains so many of their great men. Every new knight sends his portrait to that repository. It is pity the same practice is not observed by our knights of the garter.

they

CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS. 61

they grow nearer to our own times and are common, to describe them is unnecessary.

Head of Walker, the painter ; something different from that at Oxford.

Charles I. on horseback, from Vandyck. Lombart afterwards erased the face, and inserted that of Cromwell, and then with the vicar of Bray's graver restored the king's.

Cromwell, half-length in armour, page tying his scarf.

Sir Samuel Moreland.

John Ogilby.

Charles V. emperor.

Dr. Charlton.

William Davison, physician.

Anne Hyde duchess of York.

Dr. Donne*.

Dr. Christopher Terne.

Samuel Malines.

Sir Henry Wootton.

Father Paul.

John Dethick.

Dr. Taylor.

Cartwright, author.

Alexander Rosa.

Thomas Taylor.

* There is a frontispiece to his eighty sermons, with his head and emblematic figures, engraved by M. Merian junior, but I suppose not done in England. To Howell's Dodona's Grove the plates were executed by C. Merian junior.

Brian

at Brian Walton's of whom we have seen two or three of his own times and are common to our own times.

De la Fond, gazetteer of Amsterdam, 1667.

Johannes Dallæus. Head of Walker, the painter; something different from the painter; something different from the painter.

Charles Emanuel prince of Savoy, 1671. This seems the latest of his works. and is the latest of his works, and is the latest of his works, and is the latest of his works.

In Overton's catalogue of prints dated 1672, is mentioned a book of the Seven Sciences, eight plates by Lombart, but probably executed when he was in England.

Vertue also names an emblematic print which he calls Theophila, or Love-sacrifice, with the device of the Trinity. It is the title to Bendlowe's Divine Poems, folio 1652.

JAMES GAMMON

"can hardly," says Vertue, "be called an engraver," so poor were his performances; yet one of them has preserved a memorable person, Richard Cromwell, and authenticated a picture that I have of him by Cooper. Gammon's few other heads are, sir Toby Mathews; Catherine of Braganza, and Mascall the painter, from a picture done by himself.

ROBERT THACKER;

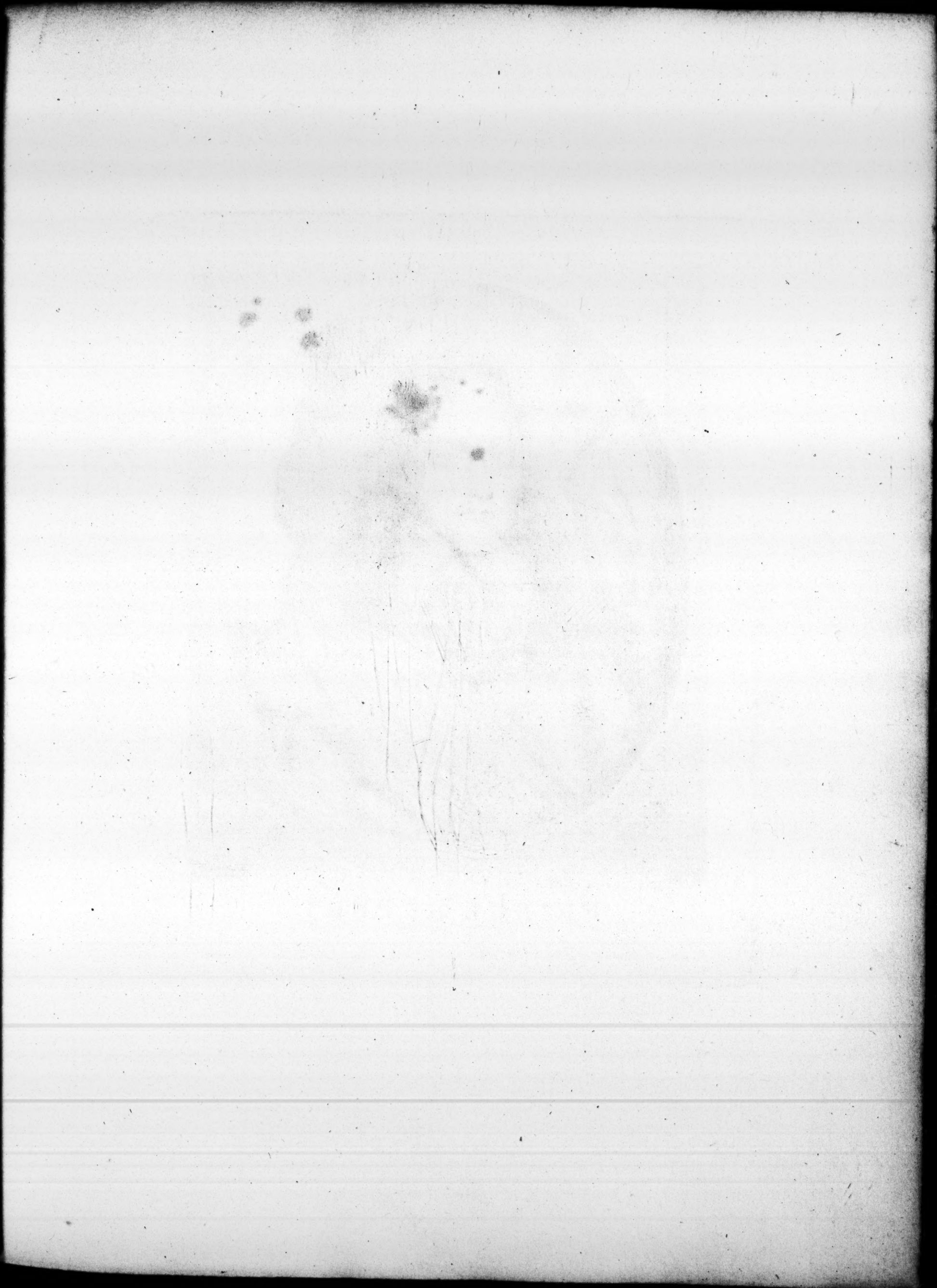
calling himself designer to the king, engraved a large print on a plate of four sheets of the Cathedral at Salisbury. Morgan, of whom I find as little, may be mentioned with him, having done a plan of London for Ogilby.

WILLIAM SKILLMAN,

living between 1660 and 1670, engraved the façade of Albemarle-house, and a view of the Banqueting-house.

JOHN DUNSTALL

1662 } Lived in the Strand, and taught to draw. In 1662 he designed and etched a book of flowers. His portraits are, William Gouge; Samuel Clarke, martyrologist; and king William and queen Mary.





PRINCE RUPERT.

J. BROWN.

1676 } A name that might well escape Vertue, since it is only found to a single print in Ames's catalogue of a supervisor of excise at Bristol; the plate done at Tedbury. Vide p. 48.

PRINCE RUPERT.

It is a trite observation, that gunpowder was discovered by a monk, and printing by a soldier. It is an additional honour to the latter profession to have invented mezzotinto. Few royal names appear at the head of discoveries; nor is it surprising. Though accident is the most common mother of invention, yet genius being a necessary midwife to aid the casual production, and usher it to existence, one cannot expect that many of the least common rank should be blest with uncommon talents. Quickness to seize and sagacity to apply are requisite to fortuitous discoveries. Gunpowder or printing might have fallen in many a prince's way, and the world have been still happy or unhappy enough not to possess those arts. Born with the taste of an uncle, whom his sword was not fortunate in defending, prince Rupert was fond of those sciences which soften and adorn a hero's private hours, and knew how to mix them with his minutes of amusement, without dedicating his life to their pursuit, like us, who wanting capacity for momentous views, make serious study of what is only the transitory occupation of a genius. Had the court of the first Charles been peaceful, how agreeably had the prince's congenial propensity flattered and confirmed the inclination of his uncle! How the muse of arts would have repaid the patronage of the monarch, when for his first artist she would have presented him with his nephew! How different a figure did the same prince make in a reign of dissimilar complexion! The philosophic warrior, who could relax himself into the ornament of a refined court, was thought a savage mechanic, when courtiers were only voluptuous wits. Let me transcribe a picture of prince Rupert, drawn by a * man who was far from having the least portion of wit in that age, who was superior to its indelicacy, and who yet was so overborne by its prejudices, that he had the complaisance to ridicule virtue, merit, talents.—But prince Rupert, alas! was an awkward lover!

* Count Hamilton.

" Il étoit brave & vaillant jusqu'à la temerité. Son esprit étoit sujet à quelques travers, dont il eut été bien fâché de se corriger. Il avoit le génie second en expériences de mathématiques, & quelques talens pour la chimie. Poli jusqu'à l'excès, quand l'occasion ne le demandoit pas, fier, & même brutal, quand il étoit question de s'humaniser. Il étoit grand, & n'avoit que trop mauvais air. Son visage étoit sec & dur, lors même qu'il vouloit le radoucir; mais dans ses mauvaises humeurs, c'étoit une vraie physionomie de reprouvé."

What pity, that we who wish to transmit this prince's resemblance to posterity on a fairer canvas, have none of these inimitable colours to efface the harsher likeness! We can but oppose facts to wit, truth to satire. How unequal the pencils! Yet what these lines cannot do, they may suggest: they may induce the reader to reflect, that if the prince was defective in the transient varnish of a court, he at least was adorned by the arts with that polish which alone can make a court attract the attention of subsequent ages.

We must take up the prince in his laboratory, begrimed, uncombed, perhaps in a dirty shirt: on the day I am going to mention he certainly had not shaved and powdered to charm Miss Hughes; for it happened in his retirement at Brussels, after the catastrophe of his uncle. * Going out early one morning, he observed the sentinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince asked what he was about? He replied, the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away.

One knows what a mere good officer would have said on such an accident: if a fashionable officer, he might have damned the poor fellow, and given him

* This account Vertue received from Mr. Killigrew of Somerset-house, who had it from Evelyn. In the General Dictionary a MS. said to be drawn up by Mr. Evelyn himself, ascribes the invention to the soldier. Yet in Mr. Evelyn's printed account of the discovery he expressly calls it, Invented by the prince. It is

possible that the soldier might have observed the effect of scraping the rust from his piece, and yet have little thought of applying it, which probably was his highness's idea. In the Parentalia the invention is ascribed to sir Christopher Wren, who is there said to have communicated the discovery to the prince, p. 214.

a shilling ; but the *genie second en experiences* from so trifling an accident conceived mezzotinto. The prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds ; those being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light.

The surprise occasioned by the novelty of the invention, by its softness, and union of parts, cannot better be expressed than in the words of Mr. Evelyn, whose abilities deserved the compliment paid to him by the prince, of being one of the first to whom this secret or mystery, as they held it, was imparted, and who was so dazzled with the honour of the confidence, or with the curiosity of the new art, that, after encouraging the world to expect the communication, he checked his bounty, and determined not to prostitute the arcanum, but to disclose it only to the elect.—Here * is his oracular description :

“ It would appear a paradox to discourse to you of a graving without a graver, burin, point or aqua fortis ; and yet this is performed without the assistance of either : that what gives our most perite and dextrous artists the greatest trouble, and is longest finishing (for such are the hatches and deepest shadows in plates) should be here the least considerable, and the most expeditious ; that, on the contrary, the lights should in this be the most laborious, and yet performed with the greatest facility : that what appears to be effected with so little curiosity, should yet so accurately resemble what is generally esteemed the very greatest ; viz. that a print should emulate even the best of drawings, *chiaro e scuro*, or (as the Italians term it) pieces of the mezzotinto, so as nothing either of Hugo da Carpi, or any of those other masters who pursued his attempts, and whose works we have already celebrated, have exceeded, or indeed approached ; especially for that of portraits, figures, tender landscapes, and history, &c. to which it seems most appropriate and applicable.”

* *Sculptura*, p. 146.

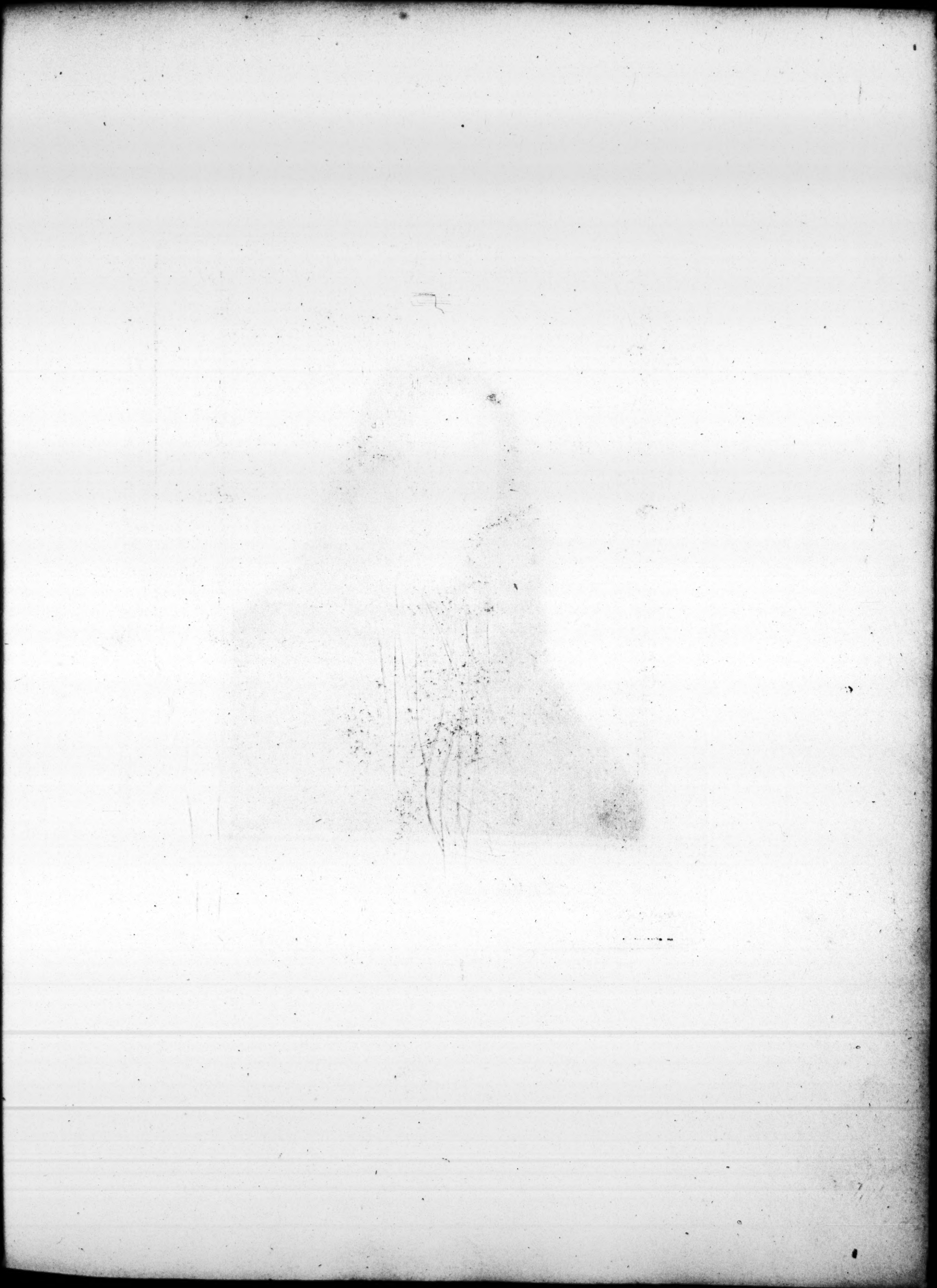
Thus, as he owns, he leaves it enigmatical; yet thinks he has said enough to give a hint to ingenious persons how it is performed.—In truth, they must have been more ingenious even than the inventor himself to have discovered any thing from such an indefinite riddle. One knows that ancient sages used to wrap up their doctrines, discoveries, or nonsense, in such unintelligible jargon; and the baby world, who preferred being imposed upon to being taught, thought themselves extremely obliged for being told any secret which they could not comprehend. They would be reckoned mountebanks in this age, who should pretend to instruct without informing; and one cannot help wondering that so beneficent a nature as Mr. Evelyn's should juggle with mankind, when the inventor himself had consented that the new art should be made public*.

Indeed, curious as the discovery was, it did not produce all it seemed to promise; it has diversified prints, rather than improved them; and though Smith, who carried the art to its greatest height yet known, had considerable merit, mezzotintos still fall short of fine engravings. But before the secret passed into his hands, it was improved by Blooteling, who found out the application of the chisel for laying grounds, which much exceeded the roller. George White afterwards made use of the graver for forming the black spot in eyes, and sharpening the light, which in preceding mezzotintos he observed had never been sufficiently distinct.

Some have thought that the prince only improved on Rembrandt's manner in his prints; but there is no account of the latter making use of a method at all like that practised for mezzotintos.

Prefixed to Evelyn's account is a kind of Saracen's head performed by that prince, with his highness's mark thus, . There is another of the same Rp f. in large; a man with a spear; and a woman's head looking down, in an oval, no name to it. These are all his works in mezzotinto. Landscapes I think I have seen some etched by him; and in Jervas's sale were some small figures drawn loosely with the pen on white paper; under them was written, *Deffinati per il principe Roberto à Londra 23 Septembre*. The earliest date of a

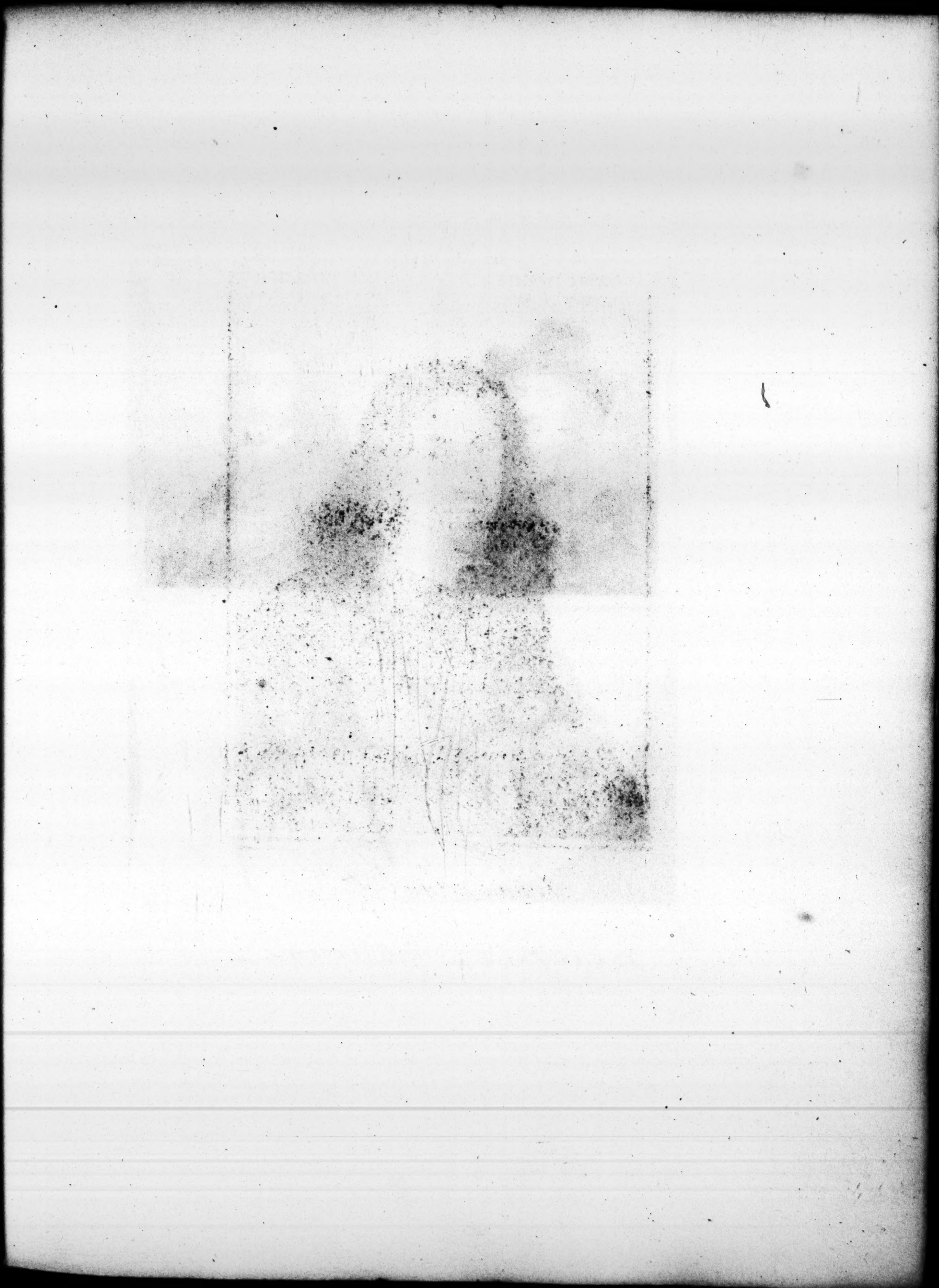
* See Mr. Evelyn's own excuse for not telling his secret of mezzotinto, in his *Sculptura*, p. 148.
mezzotinto





A. Bannerman. Sculp.

John Evelyn Esq.





FRANCIS PLACE. — WILLIAM LODGE. —

mezzotinto that Vertue had seen was an oval head of Leopold William archduke of Austria, with this inscription, Theodorus Casparus à Furstenburgh, canonicus, ad vivum pinxit et fecit 1656. This person had undoubtedly received the secret before his highness returned to England.

WALLERANT VAILLANT,

though a painter of some reputation, belongs to this work in the light only of engraver. He was born at Lille in 1623, but studied under Erasmus Quellin at Antwerp; on leaving whose school he applied himself to portrait-painting; and being advised to go to Franckfort against the coronation of the emperor Leopold, drew his picture with such success, that Vaillant soon found himself overwhelmed with business, till the Marechal de Grammont carried him to Paris, where in four years he found business enough to enrich him. He returned to Amsterdam, and died there in 1677. At what period of his life he came to England does not appear; yet here he certainly was, and came with prince Rupert, who taught him the secret of mezzotinto. Descamps says that this mystery, as it was then held, was stolen from Vaillant by the son of an old man who scraped the grounds of his plates for him. This might be one of the means of divulging the new art; yet, as I shew in the Life of Becket, he and Lutterel both learned the secret by other means. Vaillant also drew from the life in black and white. There is a mezzotinto, as I am informed, by him, of queen Henrietta Maria sitting in a fringed chair, with a little girl resting against her knees, and a young man leaning on the back of the chair; he has a ribband cross his shoulder, the edges of which are a little fringed: the lady is at work. I have never seen this print; but it corresponds so much with part of the picture of sir Balthazar Gerbier's family by Vandyck, mentioned in The Anecdotes of Painting, art. Gerbier, that I suspect the lady is not the queen, but Gerbier's wife.

MR. JOHN EVELYN.

If Mr. Evelyn had not been an artist himself, as I think I can prove; I should yet have found it difficult to deny myself the pleasure of allotting him a place among the arts he loved, promoted, patronized; and it would be but justice to inscribe his name with due panegyric in these records, as I have once or twice taken the liberty to criticize him: but they are trifling blemishes com-

pared with his amiable virtues and beneficence; and it may be remarked that the worst I have said of him is, that he knew more than he always communicated. It is no unwelcome satire, to say that a man's intelligence and philosophy is inexhaustible. I mean not to write his life, which may be found detailed in the new edition of his *Sculptura*, in Collins's *Baronetage*, in the *General Dictionary*, and in the *New Biographical Dictionary*; but I must observe that his life, which was extended to 86 years, was a course of enquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence. The works of the Creator, and the mimic labours of the creature, were all objects of his pursuit. He unfolded the perfection of the one, and assisted the imperfections of the other. He adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered only by informing his prince, and by pointing out what was worthy for him to countenance, and was really the neighbour of the gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him. Whoever peruses a list of his works, will subscribe to my assertion. He was one of the first promoters of the Royal Society, a patron of the ingenious and indigent, and peculiarly serviceable to the lettered world; for, besides his writings and discoveries, he obtained the Arundelian marbles for the University of Oxford, and the Arundelian Library for the Royal Society: nor is it the least part of his praise, that he who proposed to Mr. Boyle the erection of a philosophic college for retired and speculative persons, had the honesty to write in defence of active life against Sir George Mackenzie's *Essay on Solitude* *. He knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others laziness and inutility.

Vertue discovered that long before the appearance of Mr. Evelyn, his family had been engaged in what then were curious arts. In an ancient MS. in the Office of Ordnance he found these entries:

A patent for making salt-petre granted to George Evelyn and others 1587.

Powder-makers; George Evelyn, esq. of Wooton in Surrey 1587. Mr. John Evelyn; Mr. Robert Evelyn; Mr. George Evelyn, till the beginning of 1637.

* This was the more remarkable, as Evelyn was continually engaged in the bustle of business lived in the shade of philosophy; Mackenzie and fiercest violence of party.

The

The lady of our Mr. Evelyn had correspondent talents; she designed the frontispiece to his Essay on the first book of Lucretius*.

But to come to the point which peculiarly entitles Mr. Evelyn to a place in these sheets.

There are five small prints of his journey from Rome to Naples, which are generally † supposed to be etched by one Hoare from Mr. Evelyn's drawings; but a very ingenious and inquisitive gentleman ‡ has convinced me that they are performed by his own hand. I cannot give the reader better satisfaction than by transcribing part of a letter which that gentleman was so obliging as to send me, and his modesty I hope will forgive the liberty I take with him.

"Copy of the title to Mr. John Evelyn's five prints for his Journey from Rome to Naples;

The inscription is engraved on the superficies of a large broken stone table, sustained by a little genius with wings, standing about the middle of the plate: on each side are views of the Roman antiquities, particularly on the left is seen the arch of Septimius Severus:

Locorum aliquot insignium & celeberrimorum inter Romam et Neapolin jacentium ὑποδείξεις et exemplaria Domino Dom^o. Thomæ Hensheaw Anglo omnium eximiarum & præclarissimarum artium cultori & propugnatori maximo et συνοψαµενῷ αὐτῷ (non propter operis pretium, sed ut singulare amoris sui testimonium exhibeat) primas has δονηµασίας aquâ forti excusas & insculptas

R. Hoare excu.

Jo. Evelynus delineator
D. D. C. Q.

* Hollar inscribed a head of Vandyck to Mr. Evelyn.

† So the author of his life says, transcribed in the Biogr. Dict. The General Dictionary in-

deed calls them Mr. Evelyn's own engravings, which the following account will make clear.

‡ Mr. Nathaniel Hillier.

The above is an exact copy of the titular dedication to Mr. Evelyn's five prints of his Journey from Rome to Naples; and it is imagined that upon the face of the inscription there is a manifest appearance of Mr. Evelyn's being not only the designer, but also the engraver, as well as the dedicator of the prints; notwithstanding the author of his Life, prefixed to the new edition of his *Sculptura*, says that they were engraved from his sketches by Hoare, an artist of character at that time: for, when we come to examine the prints, and find the title exactly conformable to the above copy, and that the five views themselves are all of them subscribed *J E f.* at the right hand corner, and no other notation at all concerning any designer, engraver, or publisher whatever (except the little '*R. Hoare excu.*' at the bottom of the title just as above described); one can hardly think otherwise than the author of Mr. Evelyn's life must have been misinformed, and never have seen or carefully considered the inscription on the title dedicatory and the prints themselves. Besides, I should be glad to be informed how the author of Mr. Evelyn's Life came to know that Hoare was an artist, or engraver at all, and more especially one of character at that time, since Mr. Evelyn himself has not inserted him among the eighteen English engravers whose praise he has celebrated, and whose names he has given us p. 91 of his *Sculptura*: and though he tells us in p. 92, that there were some other English artists, who had merited with their graver, but were unknown to him by name; yet surely, of all others, the artist who had engraved his own designs could not have been among that number, more especially if he had been an artist of character. Not to mention a particular circumstance attending my set of the prints in question, (which I have great reason to believe were one of the sets which Mr. Evelyn kept for himself) being superscribed with a pen and ink, *My journey from Rome to Naples*, and with a black lead pencil, *Sculpsit Johannes Evelynus Parisiis 1649.* However, it ought to be mentioned that the pen and ink and the black lead do not appear to be of the same hand-writing."

The General Dictionary corroborates the great probability of Mr. Evelyn engraving these views, by quoting more etchings by him, a view of his own seat at Wooton, and another of Putney; and Thoresby in his Museum says expressly, p. 496, that the prints of the Journey from Rome to Naples were done by Mr. Evelyn, who presented them to him, with his own head by Nanteuil.

DAVID

DAVID LOGGAN

was born at Dantzick, and is said to have received some * instructions from Simon Pafs in Denmark. Passing through Holland he studied under Hondius, and came to England before the Restoration. Being at Oxford, and making a drawing for himself of All-souls-college, he was taken notice of and desired to undertake plates of the public buildings in that university, which he executed, and by which he first distinguished himself. He afterwards performed the same for Cambridge, but is said to have hurt his eye-sight in delineating the chapel of King's-college. He also engraved on eleven folio copper plates *Habitus Academicorum Oxoniæ à Doctore ad Servientem*. In the Registry of Matriculation there is this entry, David Loggan Gedanensis, Universitatis Oxon. Chalcographus, July 9, 1672. He had a licence for fifteen years for vending his *Oxonia Illustrata*. He frequently drew heads in black lead, as Mr. Ashmole's † in 1677, and the lord-keeper North's at Wroxtton; and was one of the most considerable engravers of heads at that time. Dryden, satirizing vain bards, says,

And in the front of all his senseless plays
Makes David Loggan crown his head with bays ‡.

He married Mrs. Jordan, of a good family near Witney in Oxfordshire, and left at least one son, who was fellow of Magdalen-college Oxford. David lived latterly in Leicester-fields, where he died 1693 §. His portraits, as enumerated by Vertue, are:

John Sparrow, 1653.

William Hickes, 1658.

Charles II. without his name, and only with *Fidei Defensor*; therefore probably done before the Restoration.

Another in armour.

* Mich. Burghers told Vertue that he had Loggan's own head done by himself in black lead, æt. 20. 1655 (if so, he was born in 1635); and knew of no other portrait of him; but he certainly sat to Soest.

† Vid. Ashmole's Diary, p. 58.

‡ Art of Poetry, canto 2d.

§ In another place Vertue says, in 1700.

Another.

Another *, leaning his hand on archbishop Sheldon; at bottom, a small head of Moncke.

Another of the King.

Queen Catherine.

James duke of York, at length, garter robes.

George duke of Albemarle, half length in armour, done from the life by Loggan, and is one of his best works.

Sir Edward Coke, in Dugdale's Origines Juridicales.

Edward earl of Clarendon, from the life, a fine head in the same book.

Head of a divine; no name. English verses.

Bishop Mew, from the life.

Thomas Ihham, from the life, but, as Vertue thought, engraved by Valck*.

Robert Stafford, with the same circumstances.

Archibald earl of Argyle, ditto.

Isaac Barrow, ditto.

Mother Louse of Louse-hall. This partly gained him his reputation at Oxford.

Sprat bishop of Rochester.

Reynolds bishop of Norwich. Qu. if not by T. Cecil?

Archbishop Usher.

Edward Reynolds.

A man's head, no name, 1660.

A physician, do. ætat. 45. Supposed to be Dr. Willis.

* This is the frontispiece to Richard Atkins's Growth of Printing.

† Vertue says that Vandergutch, Loggan's

disciple, told him that Loggan used long strokes in expressing flesh; and that where faces appear dotted in his prints, they were executed by the persons he employed.

Sir

Sir Henry Pope Blount, with only his initials and arms.

Dr. Charleton, from the life.

Ralph Bathurst, do.

William Holder, do. Vertue thought the face by Vanderbank.

Boyle archbishop of Armagh.

Sir John Chardin, from the life.

John Mayow.

A youth, in an oval, no name, but supposed an ancestor of judge Holt.

Arthur Jackson.

James duke of Ormond, from the life.

Sir Grevil Verney.

Sir Edward Coke.

John Bulfinch, printseller, from the life.

Bishop Seth Ward, do.

Lake bishop of Chichester.

Crew bishop of Durham.

Compton bishop of London.

Meggot dean of Winchester. There is another of him by White.

Lord-keeper Guilford, from the life; one of his best prints.

Thomas Barlow, from the life.

Thomas Fuller, 1661.

A. Brome, 1664.

John Wallis.

Pearson bishop of Chester, from the life.

John Cockshut.

The seven bishops, copied from White's plate for Loggan by Vanderbank, who worked for him towards the end of his life.

Duke of Ormond, in an oval.

James duke of Monmouth, young, in the robes of the garter. The handsomest print of him.

James earl of Derby.

Thomas Sanders. Fleshiere pinx.

Richard Allestry, from the life.

Gunning bishop of Ely.

Mr. Waterhouse.

Mr. Joshua Moone.

Dr. Henry More.

George Walker of Londonderry.

Leonard Plukenet, 1690.

Archbishop Sancroft, from the life.

Lloyd bishop of St. Asaph.

Queen Henrietta Maria.

Frontispiece to a Common-prayer-book in folio, 1687, designed by John Bapt. Gaspars.

Titus Oates.

Sir George Wharton, but no name, æt. 46.

Another, 1657.

George prince of Denmark, from the life.

Pope Innocent XI.

An emblematic print of Cromwell at length in armour. A. M. esq. fecit.

The Academy of Pleasure, 1665. Head of a man with a high-crowned hat.

Frontispiece to Rea's Florist, something in the manner of Cornel. Galle.

Frontispiece to Guidott's *Thermæ Britannicæ*.

Loggan brought over with him Blöoteling and Valck, whom I am going to mention. Vanderbank worked for him, and one Peter Williamson, of whom I find no account but that Vertue thought the emblematic print of Cromwell in the above list might be done by him.

ABRAHAM BLOOTELING

came from Holland in 1672 or 73, when the French invaded it, but staid not long, nor grav'd much here, but did some plates and some mezzotintos that were admired. Vertue says he received 30 guineas for etching a portrait of the duke of Norfolk. At Amsterdam, after he had left England, he published Leonardo Auguftino's *Gems* in 1685, and etched all the plates. His portraits are,

Prince Rupert, after Lely, 1673.

Edward earl of Sandwich, ditto, a head.

Another, half length.

Edward Stillingfleet, canon of St. Paul's.

The same, with the inscription altered after he was bishop of Worcester.

Anthony earl of Shaftsbury, sitting; one of his most scarce works.

Thomas earl of Danby, after Lely.

James duke of Monmouth.

Thomas Sydenham, after Mrs. Beale.

Henry duke of Norfolk, 1678, large.

Jane duchess of Norfolk, ditto, Bruxelles, 1681.

J. Wilkins, bishop of Chester, after Mrs. Beale.

Henry marquis of Worcester.

An old man's head, profile; etched.

A boy's head with feathers in his cap, ditto.

John Tillotson dean of Canterbury, fine.

Cecil Calvert, lord Baltimore.

Charles Howard earl of Carlisle.

Admiral Tromp, 1676.

Van Haren, done in Holland, 1680.

GERARD VALCK

was Blooteling's servant, and then married his sister; came with him from Holland, and returned with him, though he sometimes worked for Loggan. Valck engraved one of the finest prints we have: it is the famous duchess of Mazarin, sitting in very loose attire, with one hand on an urn. There is a beautiful portrait of the same duchess in a turban, painted in Italy, at the duke of St. Alban's at Windsor. Vertue knew but three more of Valck's entire works; Robert lord Broke, done in 1678; John duke of Lauderdale, in robes of the garter, and an indifferent mezzotinto of Mrs. Davis * after Lely.

EDWARD LE DAVIS,

of Welsh extraction, was apprentice to Loggan; whose wife obliging him to follow her in livery, he ran away to France, and became a dealer in pictures, by which on his return he made a good fortune. He engraved

James duke of York; a large head, with flowers round the oval.

Bertram de Ashburnham, for Guillim's Heraldry.

Duchess of Portsmouth, sitting.

* There is another of her in small quarto after Cooper. Valck assisted Schenk in publishing the large Dutch Atlas in 2 vols. folio, 1683.

St. Cecilia playing on a base-viol, with boy-angels flying; probably done at Paris, after Vandyck.

Mary princess of Orange, 1678.

William prince of Orange; both after Lely.

General Moncke.

Stephen Montague, 1675.

Charles II. sitting; the face expunged afterwards, and replaced with king William's.

A merry Andrew, after Francis Halls, graved in an odd manner.

An Ecce Homo, after Caracci, scarce.

Charles duke of Richmond, a boy, after Wiffing, 1672.

— LIGHTFOOT,

says Mr. Evelyn*, "hath a very curious graver, and special talent for the neatness of his stroke, little inferior to Wierinx; and has published two or three Madonnas with much applause." I suppose he is the same person with William Lightfoot, a painter, mentioned in The Anecdotes of Painting, p. 290.

MICHAEL BURGHERS

came to England soon after Louis XIV. took Utrecht, and settled at Oxford, where, besides several other things, he engraved the almanacs: his first appeared in 1676, without his name. He made many small views of the new buildings at Queen's-college, and drew an exact plan of the old chapel before it was pulled down. His other works were,

Sir Thomas Bodley; at the corners, heads of W. earl of Pembroke, archbishop Laud, sir Kenelm Digby, and John Selden.

William Somner, the antiquary.

Franciscus Junius, from Vandyck.

A medal and reverse of William earl of Pembroke (who lived) in 1572.

* Sculptura, p. 99.

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John Barefoot, letter-doctor to the University, 1681.

Head of James II. in an almanac, 1686.

Small head of T. V. fir Thomas Wyat.

Antony Wood, in a niche.

King Alfred, from a MS. in the Bodleian-library.

Archbishop Chichele.

John Baliol.

Devorguilla, his wife.

William earl of Pembroke.

Timothy Halton, provost of Queen's-college, from the life.

Dr. Wallis, 1699.

Two of Dr. Ratcliffe.

Sir Kenelm Digby.

Archbishop Laud.

John Selden*.

A large face of Christ, done with one stroke, in the manner of Mellan.

Many frontispieces for the Classics published at Oxford.

Several views of houses for Dr. Plot's Works, and for other books.

Ditto for the English translation of Plutarch's Lives; and probably the vignettes to the Catalogus Libr. MSS. in Angliâ.

PETER VANDERBANK†

1674 } Was born at Paris, and came to England with Gaspar, the painter,
about the year 1674. He married the sister of Mr. Forester, a gen-

* The heads of Digby, Pembroke, Laud and Selden are the same I have mentioned at the corners of fir T. Bodley's print.

† He sometimes wrote his name Vandrebanc.

tleman

man who had an estate at Bradfield in Hertfordshire. Vanderbank was soon admired for the softness of his prints, and still more for the size of them, some of his heads being the largest that had then appeared in England. But this very merit undid him; the time employed on such considerable works was by no means compensated in the price. He was reduced to want, and, retiring to his brother-in-law, died at Bradfield, and was buried in the church there in 1697. After his death, his widow disposed of his plates to one Brown, a printseller, who made great advantage of them, and left an easy fortune. Vanderbank had three sons. The eldest had some share in the theatre at Dublin. The youngest, William, a poor labourer, gave this account to Vertue. In the family of Forester was a portrait of the father by Kneller, and of the eldest son. Vanderbank's prints,

Charles II. in garter robes, Gaspar pinx. 1675.

Ditto, 1677, 2 feet 4 inches high, by 2 feet wide.

James II. large sheet, Kneller p.

Mary his queen, ditto.

Another, after Wiffing.

King William, after Kneller.

Another, after Wiffing.

Queen Mary, after the same.

Prince George of Denmark.

Princess Anne.

Louis Quatorze, large head.

Statue of Charles II. in the Royal Exchange.

Archbishop Tillotson, after Mrs. Beale; the face was rubbed out, and re-engraved by R. White.

Archbishop Tenison, after Mrs. Beale, 1695.

Prince George of Denmark, folio sheet.

Princess Anne, at length.

Princess

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Princess Mary, at length.

Thomas earl of Offory, large head.

Alexander earl of Moray, 1686.

George viscount Tarbatt, 1692.

Sir William Temple, after Lely, 1679.

John Smith, writing-master, Faithorne delin. Vertue says a great contest happened about the payment for this fine head.

James earl of Perth, 1683.

Thomas Lamplugh archbishop of York; one of the finest of his works.

George Walker, who defended Londonderry.

Thomas Dalziel, a Scotch general; scarce.

John Locke, in a periwig.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.

Another, smaller.

Edmund Waller, æt. 23.

Another, æt. 76.

Sir Thomas Allen, very large.

James duke of Monmouth, ditto.

Richard lord Maitland, 1683.

William lord Ruffel, after Kneller.

Lady Litchfield, Verelst pinx.

Sir George Mackenzie.

Henry More, Loggan delin. It has not Vanderbank's name.

Archibald earl of Argyle.

Frederick duke of Schomberg.

Young

Young man's head, Fide et fiduciâ. Riley pinx.

John Cotton Bruce, very large.

Robert earl of Yarmouth, ditto.

Sir Thomas Brown, M. D.

Head of a Scotch gentleman, altered to the earl of Marr. Haffel pinx.

John earl of Strathnaver; i. e. J. earl of Sutherland, who died about 1734.

William duke of Queensberry.

William duke of Hamilton.

George lord Dartmouth.

His own head.

Samuel Wood*.

Vanderbank engraved a set of heads for Kennet's History of England; they were designed by Lutterel. Vanderbank executed from the Conqueror to queen Elizabeth; the rest were finished by M. Vandergutch.

He also graved after Verrio's paintings at Windsor, and some other histories, and did some plates which have his name in Tizon's Book of Iron-works. He appears too to have had some concern in a manufacture of tapestry; in the duke of Ancafter's sale was a suite of tapestry with Vanderbank's name to it.

NICHOLAS YEATES AND JOHN COLLINS,

1680 } Two obscure engravers, whom Vertue mentions together for these plates,

Sir William Waller, ob. 1669.

Embassadors from Bantam. H. Peart pictor. Printed 1682, large folio.

* I am informed that this head of Wood could not be done by P. Vanderbank the elder, whose arm was torn off in 1737. See Phil. Trans. for 1738. As I find no account of his second son, his name was probably Peter, and he might be an engraver.

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Leonard Plukenet, M. D. • Collins sculp. 1681.

Oliver Plunket, archbishop, ob. 1681. Collins Bruzell. sculp.

I find the name of R. Collins jun. to a print, done by him from the life, of Francis Peck, the antiquary, born 1692. Vide Ames, p. 135.

WILLIAM CLARKE

did a head of George duke of Albemarle, from a painting of Barlow, and another of John Shower, from a picture of his own; the latter is a small mezzotinto.

JOHN CLARKE

1690 } Was an engraver at Edinburgh, where he did two profile-heads in medal of William and Mary, prince and princess of Orange, yet dated 1690; and prints of sir Matthew Hale, of George baron de Goertz (this was in concert with Pine), of Dr. Humphrey Prideaux, and a plate with seven little heads of Charles II. and his queen, prince Rupert, prince of Orange, duke of York, duke of Monmouth, and general Moncke. There was another John Clarke, who lived in Gray's Inn; he engraved a quarto print of Rubens, and, probably, the plates for Bundy's translation of Catrou, and Rouille's Roman History, and the vignettes for lord Lanfdowne's works. Gerard and Robert Vandergutch were also employed for the latter book.

R. TOMPSON,

a name to a print of Nel Gwynn and her two sons, and to a few others. Though he only puts *excudit* on his plates, and on those sold by Alexander Brown, he probably scraped them. Brown, besides his mezzotintos, engraved the plates to his Art of Painting, 1669. See Payne Fisher's verses prefixed to that work. Brown's plates in that piece are chiefly copied from Bloemart's drawing-book. Trevethan is mentioned by Sanderson, but I know none of his works. To a print of bishop Russel is said, Thomas Dudley Anglus fecit 1679.

PAUL VANSOMER,

1678 } Another artist of no great fame, whom I give to complete the list, and as I find them, not confining myself strictly to dates, which would



ROBERT WHITE.

would be difficult to adjust when there were so many of the profession about the same period. Vansomer at first executed many plates both graved and in mezzotinto after the works of Lely; his drawings were commonly made in two * colours by Gaspar Baptiste, and sometimes by Lemens; and he was so expeditious as to finish a half-length plate in a summer's day—sufficient reason for me not to specify all his works. Before he arrived here, he had performed a print of Charles duke of Bavaria and his secretary in 1670. His mark was thus  *. Another print was of a countess of Meath after Mignard; and a third of the duke of Florence and his secretary. Towards the end of his time the art was sunk very low: Vertue says that about the year 1690 Verrio, Cooke and Laguerre could find no better persons to engrave their designs than S. Gribelin and Paul Vansomer—he might in justice have added that the engravers were good enough for the painters; and in 1702 that J. Smith was forced to execute in mezzotinto the frontispiece to signor Nicolò Cosimo's book of music. But before we come to that period we have one or two more to mention, and one a good artist:

ROBERT WHITE

was born in London 1645, and had a natural inclination to drawing and etching, which he attempted before he had any instructions from Loggan, of whom he learned, and for whom he drew and engraved many buildings. What distinguished him was his admirable success in likenesses; a merit that would give value to his prints, though they were not so well performed. Many of his heads were taken by himself with a black lead pencil on vellum: Mr. West has several, particularly his own head at the age of sixteen: Vertue thought them superior to his prints. The heads of sir Godfrey Kneller and his brother in Sandrart were engraved from drawings by White, whose portrait sir Godfrey drew in return. Many of the portraits in Sandford's curious coronation of James II. were done from the life, as Vertue thought, by White. In 1674 he graved the first Oxford Almanac, as he did the title-plate designed by Adr. Hennin to the History and antiquities of that university. He also engraved Moncke's funeral. For a plate of the king of

* Mr. Scott, in Crown-court, Westminster, has a copy in two colours in oil by Vansomer himself, The last supper, after Poussin; very freely done.

† As Vertue sometimes calls him Paul, and sometimes John Vansomer, I conclude they were different persons, and that this mark belonged to the latter.

Sweden he received 30*l.* from one Mr. Sowters of Exeter. Of his own works he made no regular collection; but when he had done a plate, he rolled up two or three proofs, and flung them into a closet, where they lay in heaps. Thus employed for 40 years together, he had saved about four or five thousand pounds; and yet, by some misfortunes or waste at last, he died in indigent circumstances*; and his plates being sold to a printseller in the Poultry, enriched the purchaser in a few years†. As no man perhaps has exceeded Robert White in the multiplicity of English heads, it may be difficult to give a complete catalogue of them; yet as my author had formed a long list, it would be defrauding curious collectors if I refused to transcribe it: one would not grudge a few hours more, after the many that have been thrown away on these idle volumes. I seem to myself a door-keeper at the Temple of Fame, taking a catalogue of those who have only attempted to enter.

Edward the Black Prince, in an oval.

Ditto in armour, at length.

Edward IV. without a name, arms, or inscription. It was done for the Foedera, and placed at the reign of Henry V; but Rymer doubting if it was that king, the name was omitted. Rapin finding it there, had it copied for his first French edition. It is a profile from the whole length at St. James's, which has since appeared, by Vanderdort's catalogue, to be Edward IV. by Belcamp: there is also a wooden cut done temp. Eliz. which agrees with Vanderdort's account.

Charles I. after Van Vorst.

Charles II. large head, 1679.

Ditto, whole length, in robes of the garter.

Queen Anne 1703, poorly done.

Queen Elizabeth sitting under a canopy.

* He died suddenly at his house in Bloomsbury in 1704.

† Vertue says the same success attended Cooper and Bowles, print sellers: a profession which

Vertue thought very justly did not deserve to thrive beyond the laborious artists whom they employed.

The three first Edwards, and Richard II. for Brady's History of England.

James II. under a canopy, with Sancroft and Jeffries.

Another when duke of York, garter-robbs.

Another, large head, 1682.

The same, altered when king.

Mary of Este, duchess of York.

Another, whole length.

Henry duke of Gloucester, whole length.

King William and queen Mary, prefixed to Cox's History of Ireland.

Two dukes of Hamilton, in Burnet's Memoirs of that family.

George earl of Cumberland, dressed as for a tournament; a beautiful print.

Lady Mary Jolliffe.

Nine small heads of the family of Rawdon. Thoresby says they were done for a MS. account of that family. I have eight of these cuts.

Robert Morison, M. D.

Richard Meggot, dean of Winchester.

Thomas duke of Leeds, ad vivum.

Heneage earl of Nottingham.

Seven lords justices in 1695. One plate.

Sir Edward Ward, chief baron, 1702.

Sir George Treby, ad vivum, 1694.

Patrick earl of Strathmore, 1686.

Sir John Somers lord-keeper, 1693.

William Salmon, M. D. 1700.

Five bishops martyrs. One plate.

Nathaniel

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Nathaniel Vincent, 1694.

Everard Maynwaringe, M. D.

Ezekiah Burton, after Mrs. Beale.

Two of John Partridge.

Sir George Ent, M. D.

Two of Samuel Pepys, of his best graving.

Two of fir William Temple.

Joseph Perkins, A. B.

Cole, a physician. His name is only mentioned in two Latin verses under the head.

Robert South, S. T. P.

Dr. Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester.

John Bunyan.

Two of fir Roger Lestrangle.

Henry Purcel, after Closterman.

Count Konigsmark.

Simon Patrick, bishop of Ely.

Two of Antony earl of Shaftsbury.

George earl of Melvil. Sir John Medina p.

James earl of Perth, after Kneller.

Another after Riley, titles in French. This is reckoned one of White's best. Of this lord there are prints by Faithorne, Vanderbank and White.

The seven bishops, in one plate.

A gentleman, full-bottomed wig, arms, no name.

Archbishop Tenison, from the life.

William

* William Camden, ætat. 58.

John Owen, D. D.

Mary countess dowager of Warwick.

Sir Alexander Temple }
Sufanna lady Temple } In habits of the time of James I.

Lord chancellor Clarendon, after Lely.

John earl of Rochester.

John duke of Newcastle.

Robert Leighton, S. T. P. ætat. 46.

James Cooke, M. D.

George Hickes, S. T. P. from the life, 1703; one of his last works. There is another earlier.

Bishop Burnet, after Mrs. Beale.

Another, from the life.

Queen Mary of Este.

Thomas Street, judge, from the life.

John Ashton, gent. after Riley.

Mr. Fleetwood, from the life.

Benjamin Whitchoy, S. T. P.

A clergyman, in his own dark hair.

A young gentleman, in full-bottomed wig, laced cravat; said to be Mr. Benj. Hewling.

* For this plate he received four pounds; well, bookfeller in St. Paul's church-yard. For which seems to have been his most common the print of queen Mary, done in 1694, White price, as appeared by the receipt-book of Chif- had four pounds ten shillings.

Sir

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- Sir Edward Lutwyche, serjeant at law. ** William Camden, stat. 28.*
- Sir Thomas Pilkington, lord-mayor. *John Owen, D. D.*
- Sir Peyton Ventris, judge, 1691. *Mary countess dowager of Warwick.*
- Sir Creswell Levinz, judge. *Sir Alexander Temple*
- John Overall, bishop of Norwich. *In habits of the time of James I. *Solomon lady Temple**
- Thomas Creech, M. Sunman pinx. *Lord chancellor Clarendon, after J. B.*
- Thomas Gouge, after Riley. *John earl of Rochester.*
- James Bonnel, esq. *John duke of Newcastle.*
- Robert earl of Ailesbury. *Robert Leighton, S. T. P. stat. 46.*
- John How, V. D. M. *James Cooke, M. D.*
- Dr. Antony Horneck, after Mrs. Beale. *George Hickes, S. T. P. from the life, 1703; one of his last works. *There is another earlier.**
- Vera effigies Venturi Mandey, stat. 37, 1682.
- Thomas Flatman. Hayls pinx. *Bishop Burnet, after Mrs. Beale.*
- Sir John Cotton, 1661. *Another, from the life.*
- Mr. Parker of Lees, Hebrew motto and arms, but no name. *Queen Mary II.*
- Mr. Joseph Moone. *Thomas Street, judge, from the life.*
- Four different plates of archbishop Tillotson. *John Aulton, gent. after R. B.*
- John Wilkins, bishop of Chester. *Mr. Fleetwood, from the life.*
- Three of William Bates, S. T. P. *Benjamin Whichcot, S. T. P.*
- William Walwyn, stat. 80. *A clergyman, in his own dark hair.*
- Archbishop Sancroft. *A young gentleman, in full-bottomed wig, faced with red.*
- Dr. Busby, ob. 1695. *Benj. Hewling.*
- John Fryer, M. D. from the life. ** For this plate he received four pounds: well which seems to have been his most generous price, as appeared by the receipt-book of Child. had four pounds.*
- Samuel Cradock, B. D.

William Bluck, esq.

George Buchanan.

The lady Anne Clifford, countess dowager of Dorset and Pembroke.

William Petyt, from the life.

Sir James Turner.

Sir Robert Howard.

Dr. John Blow, from the life.

Thomas Manton, D. D.

John Boccace, from Titian.

Thomas Thynne, esq.

Henry Wharton, A. M. after Tilson.

Cardinal Pole.

Sir Thomas Wentworth earl of Strafford.

Sir George Jefferies, lord chief justice.

The same, altered all but the face.

Sir John Holt, lord chief justice.

Thomas Tryon, gent. 1703.

Effigies Authoris (Burnet of the Charter-house).

Edmund King, M. D. There is another print of him in mezzotinto by R. Williams; both are fine.

Sir Henry Spelman.

Sir George Mackenzie, well engraved.

Denzil lord Holles of Ifield.

The honourable Robert Boyle.

Sir John Hoskins, a bust on a pedestal, no name of engraver.

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- Antony Tuckney, D. D.
 John Scott, S. T. P.
 John Aylmer, bishop of London.
 Edmund Ludlow, lieutenant-general.
 John Flavel, 1680.
 Samuel Haworth, M. D.
 Philomusus, S. G. in cypher. It is Samuel Gilbert, author of *The Florist's Vade Mecum*.
 William Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's.
 Catherine of Arragon, for Burnet's *History of the Reformation*.
 Robert Johnson, ætat. 44.
 William Cockburn, M. D.
 John Shower, 1700.
 William Hunt, ætat. 28.
 Mr. George Herbert, author of poems.
 A writing-master looking over his right shoulder, in his hair, laced cravat, no name.
 Mary queen of Scots.
 Prince Lewis of Baden.
 Neophytus archbishop of Philippopolis, 1702.
 Baron de Ginckle, afterwards earl of Athlone.
 Sir John Marsham, æt. 80.
 Sir Richard Levett, lord mayor.
 Archbishop Usher, White's name not to it, done by Tyril, 1683.

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Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, president of the court of session, poorly done from a good drawing in Indian ink by David Paton, in the possession of Sir David Dalrymple.

Henry Coley, Philomath.

Joseph Caryl.

Thomas Creech. Sunman p.

Sir Philip Warwick, after Lely.

John Edwards, S. T. B. from the life.

Monsieur de St. Evremont.

Mordecai Abbot, esq. Richardson p.

Dr. John Owen; some impressions have not his name.

Daniel Colwall, 1681.

Samuel Slater, 1692.

Sir Thomas Brown, M. D.

Five Kentish gentlemen, petitioners, one plate.

Dr. Joseph Beaumont, master of Peter-house.

Lord chief justice Coke.

John Sharpe, archbishop of York.

Timothy Cruso, V. D. M.

John Sowter, merchant of Exeter: he had been in Sweden, and bespoke the plate of the king of Sweden mentioned above.

Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, one of the senators of the college of justice in Scotland.

Archibald first duke of Argyle, titles in Latin.

Queen Mary II. done after her death.

John Selden.

Countess of Arundel, in mezzotinto, the only print he did in that way*.

Sir Thomas Nott, from the life.

Prince Rupert, after Kneller.

Walter Chetwynd, esq. from the life.

Sir John Fenwick, after Wiffing.

Thomas Deane of Freefolk.

James II. star and garter crowned.

James Cooke, M. D. ætat. 64.

Another, ætat. 71.

William Leybourn, from the life. Fol. Two.

Another, quarto.

Edward Hatton, M. D.

John Rawlet, B. D.

Sir Geoffry Palmer, attorney-general.

Sir Herbert Perrot.

Jeremy Collier, 1701.

William Burkit, A. M. 1703.

Archbishop Sharpe.

Charles III. king of Spain, begun by R. White just before his death, finished by his son G. White, whose name is to it.

Sir Edward Dering, 1687.

Patrick earl of Marchmont.

John Harris, D. D. begun by the father, and finished by the son.

* So Vertue thought, but there is another of Dr. Briggs.

Thomas Weston, writing-master.

A man's head, 1677, with the signs of the zodiac round him.

Frederick Augustus king of Poland, 1696.

Charles XI. king of Sweden, 1683.

Alexander Carencrofs, bishop of Glasgow.

Reverend Matthew Pole.

Crescentius Mather, S. T. P.

A man's head, in a laced cap, long beard; said to be fir Alexander Gibson of Durie, one of the senators of the college of justice in Scotland.

Sir Patrick Lyon, from the life.

Bibye Lake and Mary Lake, oval heads in one plate.

Robert Sparke, B. D.

John Vaughan, chief justice of the common pleas.

John Brown, surgeon.

A bishop's head (doctor Taylor).

Joshua Barnes, Greek inscription.

Captain William Bedloe.

Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Richard Baxter, ætat. 55.

Sir Robert Cotton.

David Clarkson, minister, after Mrs. Beale.

Samuel Clarke, from the life.

John Cleveland, without White's name.

Stephen Charnock, B. D.

William Cookson.

John

John Collins, S. T. P.

Prance and Dugdale, two plates.

Elias Keach.

Captain Robert Knox.

Daniel Kendrick, physician.

George Moncke duke of Albemarle.

Richard Morton, M. D.

Milton, after Faithorne's print.

Sir John Pettus.

Sir Paul Rycaut.

John Rushworth, esq.

George Stradling, S. T. P.

James H. with his dying expressions.

John Lightfoot, S. T. P.

Thomas Willis, M. D.

Rev. Philip Henry.

Sir William Ashhurst, lord mayor.

Mr. Edmund Trench.

Sir Robert Wright, lord chief justice.

Sir Nathan Wright, lord-keeper.

Thomas Wadsworth, M. A.

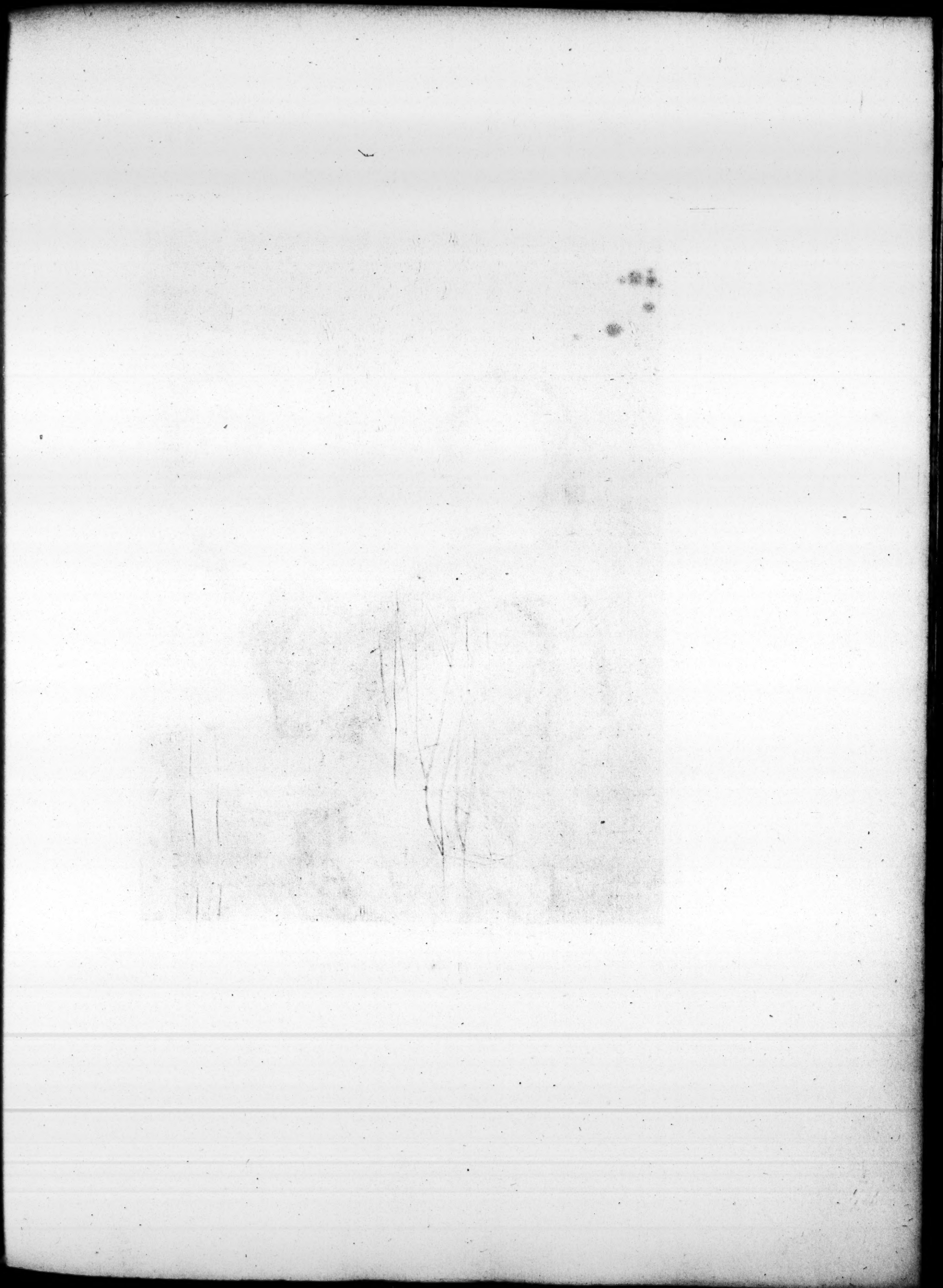
Archbishop Whitgift.

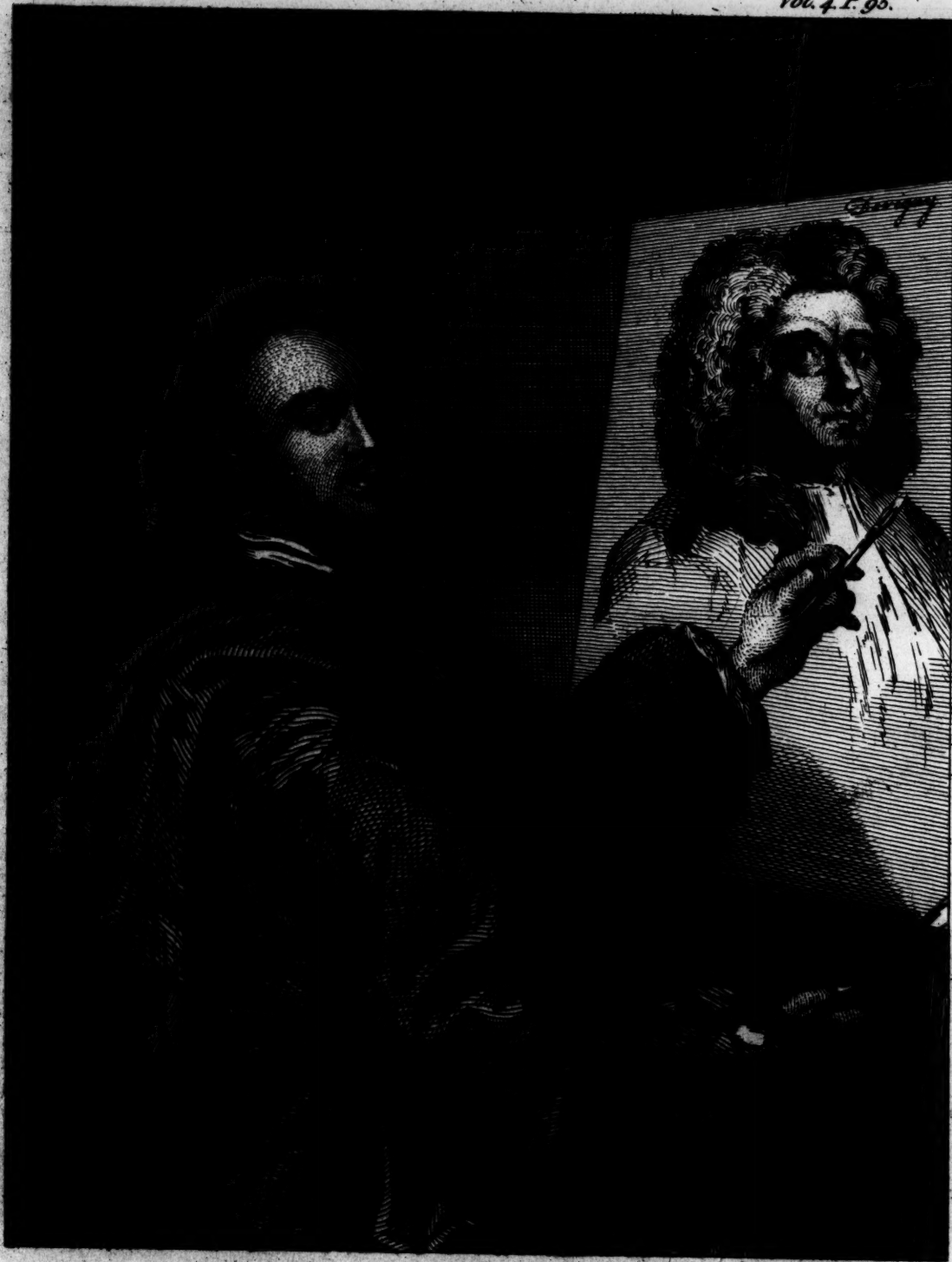
James Janeway, without White's name.

Thomas Barlow, bishop of Lincoln.

The seven counsellors for the seven bishops.

Princess





HAMLET WINSTANLEY.

Princess Anne of Denmark.

Two of John Ayres.

A gentleman, half length, laced ruff, black habit, white gloves in his right hand, in his left, cloak and sword.

Another in a long wig, with a death's head.

A man's head, the other part a skeleton.

Another in a long wig and laced cravat, place left for arms, without White's name.

Another, in his hair, broad band, cloak, in his right hand a book, other books behind.

GEORGE WHITE.

son of Robert, finished some of his father's plates, and engraved others himself, but chiefly practised in mezzotinto, in which he succeeded, and had sometimes 20 guineas for a plate. His best, I think, are of sir Richard Blackmore, and Sylvester Petyt, the latter remarkably fine. He also painted in oil, and more frequently in miniature. One of his first large heads, in his father's manner, was of James Gardiner bishop of Lincoln. He was alive so late as the year 1731, when a print by him of bishop Weston is dated.

ARTHUR SOLY

1683 } Was much employed by Robert White, who drew his head in black lead, which was engraved in 1683. Himself did prints of Richard Baxter and Tobias Crisp.

HAMLET WINSTANLEY

learned to draw under the Knellers, being designed for a painter, and from thence went to Italy; but on his return seems to have addicted himself to engraving. He etched and published the earl of Derby's collection of pictures, as his father Henry had done several views of Audley-inn, which he dedicated

dedicated to James II. that building being then a royal palace*: he added too an inscription in honour of sir Christopher Wren. This set of prints is very scarce; the plates are reserved by the descendents of the earls of Suffolk. Henry was clerk of the works at Audley-inn in 1694, and in 1700 clerk of the works at Newmarket. It was this artist, I believe, who had a house † near Audley-inn at Littlebury, where were several mechanic tricks to surprise the populace, and known by the name of Winstanley's wonders. These childish contrivances, I suppose, he learned in Italy, where they do not let their religion monopolize all kind of legerdemain. In the Villa Borghese at Rome, amidst emperors, heroes, and philosophers, I have seen a puppet-show in a box that turned like a squirrel's rolling cage; in the same palace was the noble statue of Seneca dying in the bath, and a devil that started out of a clock-case as you entered the chamber. There is a print of James earl of Derby from a painting by Hamlet Winstanley, another of Peploe bishop of Chester, and his own head by himself. The two last were executed by Faber. Winstanley the father was projector and builder of the Eddystone light-house, and was killed by the fall of it in a great storm. ‡ Hamlet Winstanley's collection of copper-plates and prints were sold by auction at Essex-house, March 18, 1762. Among them were his etchings from lord Derby's pictures, and the cupola of St. Paul's after Thornhill.

BURNFORD

1681 } Is known only by a print of William Salmon, chymist, 1681.

ISAAC OLIVER,

a name that can never be omitted when it occurs in any branch of the arts, was, I suppose, the same person with the glass-painter, whom I have mentioned

* It had been purchased by the crown, but much of the money not being paid, king William returned it to the family; but bought as much tapestry there as cost him 4500l. It is remarkable that in the church of Walden, which is beautifully light and striking, is still preserved very fresh the achievement of the memorable Frances countess of Essex and Somerset.

† There is a large print of that house, as an advertisement for a subscription to a set of prints of houses and seats.

‡ This article is not in its proper period of time, as relating to the son, but rightly placed with regard to the father. In a former edition I had confounded them together.

in my Anecdotes of Painting, p. 157, and is found to two prints; the first, of James II. the other of lord chancellor Jefferies, who is there styled earl of Flint; a title which none of our historians mention to have been given to or designed for him.

JOHN DRAPENTIERE

1691 } Etched prints of Benjamin Keach, Daniel Burgefs, 1691, fir James Dyer, and J. Todd.

WILLIAM ELDER

was cotemporary with Robert White; and a Scotchman. Vertue had seen some writing graved by him in a book in 1681. He made a print of himself in a fur cap, and another in a wig. His best work was a plate of Ben Jonson. His other things are heads of Pythagoras; Dr. Mayern; John Ray; Dr. Morton; archbishop Sancroft; George Parker; Charles Snell, writing-master; admiral Ruffel; and judge Pollexfen.

JOHN STURT

was born April 6, 1658, and at the age of 17 was put apprentice to Robert White, and did several prints, but of no great merit. However, he was exceedingly admired by Mr. Thoresby*, who in his museum had the Lord's prayer engraved by Sturt in the compass of a silver penny, the ten commandments, &c. in the size of a medal; and the gospel of St. Matthew engraved in octavo. Sturt's capital work was his Common-prayer-book, published by subscription in 1717: it is all engraven very neatly, on silver plates, in two columns, with borders round each plate; small histories at top, and initial letters. It is a large octavo, and contains 166 plates, besides 22 in the beginning, which consist of the dedication, table, preface, calendar, names of subscribers, &c. Prefixed is a bust of George I. in a round, and, facing it, those of the prince and princess of Wales. On the king's bust are engraven the Lord's prayer, creed, commandments, prayers for the royal family, and the 21st psalm, but so small as not to be legible without a magnifying glass. He

* Ducat. Leod. 498, 513. Mr. Thoresby mentions two other engravers, Mr. Robert Jackson, and Mr. Francis Bragge.

also engraved a Companion to the Altar on plates of the same size, and a set of 55 historic cuts for the Common-prayer-book in small octavo. He copied faithfully, as may be seen by the English translation of Pozzo's Perspective, published by James in folio. Sturt, grown old and poor, had a place offered him in the Charter-house, which he refused, and died about the age of 72. He had received near 500*l.* of Mr. James Anderson of Edinburgh, to grave plates for his fine book of Scottish Records, &c. but did not live to complete them.

MR. LUTTEREL

was bred at New-inn, but having a disposition to drawing, took to crayons and abandoned the law. Having a mechanic head, and observing the applause given to the new art of mezzotinto, he set himself to discover the secret, for so it was still kept. His first invention for laying the grounds was by a roller, which succeeded pretty well, but not to his content, that method being neither so sharp nor casting as the true way. Upon this he persuaded his friend Lloyd, who kept a print-shop in Salisbury-street in the Strand, to bribe one Blois, who used to lay grounds for Blooteling, and was then going to Holland, to discover the mystery. The profits were to be divided, Lutterel scraping and Lloyd selling the prints. Forty shillings purchased the secret; but when purchased, Lloyd would not communicate it to Lutterel, on which they quarrelled. In the interim

ISAAC BECKET*,

then apprentice to a callico-printer, visiting Lutterel, caught the passion of learning mezzotinto; and hearing that Lloyd was possessed of the secret, and being forced to absent himself from his business upon an intrigue, had recourse to Lloyd, who, though master of the arcanum, was not capable of putting it in execution. Becket offered his service, was instructed in the use of the chisel, and entered into articles of working for Lloyd. Lutterel in the mean time pursued his old method, and published a print of a woman blowing out a candle backwards, which sold mightily. Soon after he got acquainted with Vansomer, and from him learned the whole process. Becket fell again into the same trouble, and Lutterel assisting him, they became intimate; but Becket marrying a woman of fortune, set up for himself, and Lutterel did

* Born in Kent, 1653.

many heads for him, being more expeditious and drawing better than Becket; but they were often finished by the latter. Lutterel's best print was a portrait of Le Piper, the painter; few of his works have his name to them. He was the first that laid grounds on copper * for crayons, a method afterwards practised by Faithorne. One of Becket's best is a print of a lady Williams, whole length. I have run these lives into one another, finding them blended by Vertue, and naturally connected.

I have now carried this work down to the year 1700. If the art did not make great improvements after that period, at least it was enlarged, and not so restricted to portraits. Historic subjects came into vogue too. If no great matter was performed, that age did not deserve so much reproach as we do. Few good pictures were then imported. How many noble collections have been formed since, and yet how few prints appear of intrinsic merit! I have mentioned those of Mr. Strange, which are worthy of any country, and of the masters he has imitated. Mac-Ardell has done a few in mezzotinto, that show what that branch is capable of; but our collections are still far from being exhausted; and yet I do not forget how many beautiful landscapes of Claude Lorrain and Gaspar Pouffin we owe to the late Mr. Pond. Nor is this wholly the fault of artists: if the public would neglect whatever is not worthy of their country and of its riches, nor pay great prices for hasty performances, it is not credible that we can want either the genius or industry of the French, though hitherto their prints in general are at least as much better than ours as their prices are more reasonable.

The end of king William's reign was illustrated by a genius of singular merit in his way,

MR. JOHN SMITH,

1700 } The best mezzotinter that has appeared, who united softness with strength, and finishing with freedom. To posterity perhaps his prints will carry an idea of something burlesque; perukes of outrageous length flowing over suits of armour compose wonderful habits. It is equally strange that fashion could introduce the one, and establish the practice of representing the other when it was out of fashion. Smith excelled in exhibiting both as he

* Some of Lutterel's works in this manner are in queen Caroline's closet at Kensington.

found them in the portraits of Kneller, who was less happy in what he substituted to armour. In the kit-cat-club, he has poured full-bottoms chiefly over night-gowns: if those streams of hair were incommode in a battle, I know nothing they were adapted to, that can be done in a night-gown.

I find little account of Smith's life, except that he served his time with one Tillet, a painter in Moorfields; and that as soon as he became his own master, he applied to Becket, and learned from him the secret of mezzotinto; and being farther instructed by Vander Vaart *, was taken to work in sir Godfrey's house, and, as he was to be the publisher of that master's works, no doubt received considerable hints from him, which he amply repaid. Vertue, who was less diligent in his enquiries after the works of mezzotinters, has left no regular catalogue of Smith's works; nor, as they are so common, shall I attempt one. This list is already swelled to too large a size; and I shall forbear particularizing the prints of those that are to follow, which, being of so fresh a date, cannot be scarce. Smith had composed two large volumes with proofs of his own plates, which I have seen in his hands; he asked 50*l.* for them: what became of them I know not †. His finest works are, duke Schomberg on horseback; that duke's son and successor, Maynard; the earls of Pembroke, Dorset, and Albemarle; three plates, with two figures in each, of young persons or children, in which he shone; William Anstruther; Thomas Gill; William Cowper; Gibbons and his wife; queen Anne; duke of Gloucester, whole length with a flower-pot; duke of Ormond; a very curious one of queen Mary in a high head, fan and gloves; earl of Godolphin; the duchess of Ormond, whole length, with a black; and sir George Rooke. There is a print by him of James II. with an anchor, but no inscription, which not being finished when the king went away, is so scarce, that I have known it sold for above a guinea. Besides portraits, Smith performed many historic pieces, as The loves of the gods from Titian at Blenheim in ten plates; Venus standing in a shell, from a picture by Correggio, that was at Buckingham-house; Venus and Cupid on a couch; a satyr and woman after Luca Jordano; and many more, of which perhaps the most delicate is a holy family with angels, after Carlo Maratti. There is a print of himself after sir Godfrey Kneller.

* See an account of Vander Vaart in the Anecdotes of Painting, p. 389.

Mr. Spencer, miniature-painter, and are now in his widow's. They have since been sold sepa-

† I am told they were in the possession of

rately.

SIMON GRIBELIN

1707 } Was born at Blois in 1661, and came to England about 1680; but it was above twenty years before he was noticed. The first work that raised his reputation was the tent of Darius, published in 1707. This was followed by a set of the Cartoons: their success was very great, having never been completely engraved before; but they were in too small a volume, nor had Gribelin any thing of greatness in his manner or capacity: his works have no more merit than finicalness, and that not in perfection, can give them. He afterwards published six historic pieces from pictures in the royal collection at Kensington, and the ceiling of the banqueting-house; but none of his plates give any idea of the style of the masters they copied. His prints at best are neat memorandums. He executed a great number of small plates on gold, silver and copper; chiefly for books, but was fittest to engrave patterns for goldsmith's work. I have a thick quarto collected by himself, of all his small plates, which was sold by his son after his decease, which happened, without any previous sickness, in Long-acre. He caught cold by going to see the king in the house of lords; fell ill that night, continued so next day, and died the third, aged 72. He left a son and daughter: the son grav'd in his father's manner, and went to Turkey in the retinue of the earl of Kinnoul, to draw prospects, but returned in about two years. Gribelin the father engraved some portraits, as duke Schomberg, sir William Dawes, and a small whole length of the earl of Shaftsbury for the Characteristics.

SIR NICHOLAS DORIGNY,

Born in France, at Paris, in 1657, was son of Michael Dorigny by a daughter of Vouet the painter. His father dying while he was very young, he was brought up to the study of the law, which he pursued till about thirty years of age; when being examined, in order to being admitted to plead, the judge finding him very difficult of hearing, advised him to relinquish a profession to which one of his senses was so ill adapted. He took the advice, and, having a brother a painter at Rome, determined to embrace the same occupation; and shut himself up for a year to practise drawing, for which he probably had better talents than for the law, since he could sufficiently ground himself in the former in a twelvemonth. Repairing to Rome and receiving instructions from his brother, he followed painting for some years; when having acquired great

great freedom of hand, he was advised to try etching. Being of a flexible disposition, or uncommonly observant of advice, he turned to etching, and practised that for some more years; when looking into the works of Audran, he found he had been in a wrong method, and took up the manner of the latter, which he pursued for ten years. We are at least got to the fiftieth year of his age, if Vertue's memory or his own did not fail him; for Vertue received this account from himself. He had now done many plates, and lastly the gallery of Cupid and Psyche after Raphael—when a new difficulty struck him. Not having learned the handling and right use of the graver, he despaired of attaining the harmony and perfection at which he aimed—and at once abandoning engraving, he returned to his pencils—a word from a friend would have thrown him back to the law. However, after two months, he was persuaded to apply to the graver; and receiving some hints from one that used to engrave the writing under his plates, he conquered that difficulty too, and began with a set of planets. Mercury, his first, succeeded so well, that he engraved four large pictures with oval tops, and from thence proceeded to Raphael's transfiguration, which raised his reputation above all the masters of that time.

1711 } At Rome he became known to several Englishmen of rank, who persuaded him to come to England and engrave the Cartoons. He arrived in June 1711, but did not begin his drawings till the Easter following, the intervening time being spent in raising a fund for his work. At first it was proposed that the plates should be engraved at the queen's expence, and to be given as presents to the nobility, foreign princes and ministers. Lord-treasurer Oxford was much his friend; but Dorigny demanding 4 or 5000*l.* put a stop to that plan; yet the queen gave him an apartment at Hampton-court with necessary perquisites.

The work however was undertaken by subscription at four guineas a set. Yet the labour seeming too heavy for one hand, Dorigny sent to Paris for assistants, who were Charles Dupuis and Dubosc, who differed with him in two or three years, before the plates were more than half done. What relates farther to those engravers will follow hereafter.

April 1, 1719. Sir Nicholas presented to king George I. two complete sets of the Cartoons, and a set each to the prince and princess. The king gave him

him a purse of 100 guineas, and the prince a gold medal. The duke of Devonshire, of whom he had borrowed 400 *l.* remitted to him the interest of four years; and in the following year procured him to be knighted by the king. He painted some portraits here, not with much success in likeness; and his eyes beginning to fail, he retired to France in 1724, and died at Paris in 1746. His collection of drawings had been sold before in 1723. Among them were some after Dominichino and Guercino, and one after Daniel de Volterra, which Vertue preferred to all his works. There were an hundred * and four heads, hands and feet, traced off from the Cartoons. While he was making drawings of the Cartoons, a person in London offered him 200 *l.* for them, but he would not conclude any agreement till the plates were finished. They were sold at his auction for 52 guineas. The total amount of his drawings came to 320 *l.* His whole number of plates large and small was 153.

CHARLES DUPUIS,

besides part of the Cartoons, engraved some plates of the story of Charles I. but differing with Dorigny, and the climate not agreeing with him, he returned to Paris, where he died suddenly in 1743. A younger brother of his came over, and did some plates, but returned soon, finding greater encouragement at home.

CLAUDE DUBOSC.

quitted Dorigny at the same time with Dupuis, but settled here, and undertook to engrave the Cartoons† for printfellers. His next engagement was a set of the duke of Marlborough's battles, to be performed in two years for fourscore pounds a plate, having no aid but Du Guernier, who had been in England for some years, and who was chiefly employed in etching frontispieces for books and plays; but that help not being sufficient, Dubosc sent to Paris for Beauvais‡ and Baron, who assisted him to complete the work, in 1717. He afterwards took a shop and sold prints. Picart having published his Religious Ceremonies in 1733, Dubosc undertook to give that work in English, and brought over Gravelot and Scotin to carry it on: it came out weekly by subscription. Himself did a plate from the fine picture of

* These were sold in one lot for 74 *l.* separately afterwards for 102 *l.*

† One Epiciere and Baron assisted him.

‡ Of this man I find no other account.

Scipio's continence by Nicolo Pouffin at Houghton. His portrait was drawn by Smybert.

LEWIS DU GUERNIER

1708 } Studied under Chatillon at Paris, and came to England in 1708, but with very moderate talents, though he was reckoned to improve much here by drawing in the academy, which was then frequented, though established only by private contributions among the artists. Du Guernier was chosen director of it, and continued so to his death, which was occasioned by the small-pox, Sept. 19, 1716, when he was but 39 years old. His chief business was engraving frontispieces for plays, and such small histories. His share in the plates of the duke of Marlborough's battles has been mentioned. At the instance of lord Halifax he did a large print of Lot and his two daughters from Michael Angelo di Caravaggio, and two ample heads of the duke and duchess of Queensberry.

GEORGE BICKHAM,

1709 } Cotemporary with the last, engraved a few heads, as sir Isaac Newton's, and bishop Blackall's; a folio sheet with six writing-masters, one of whom, George Shelly, he engraved also from the life 1709, and many other works. He retired to Richmond, and in May 1767, being then living, sold part of his plates and stock in trade by auction.

S. COIGNARD,

a name that I find only to a print of Dryden after Kneller. Vide Ames, page 52.

T. JOHNSON,

an artist as obscure as the preceding, graved a print of Bullock the comedian from the life.

JOHN KIP*,

born at Amsterdam, arrived here not long after the Revolution. He did

* There had been before a William Kip, who engraved some triumphal arches 1603.

a great number of plates, and very indifferently, of the palaces and seats in this kingdom. They were first drawn by one Leonard Knyff, his countryman, who also painted fowls, dogs, &c. and dealt in pictures. The latter died in Westminster 1721, aged between 60 and 70, having been many years in England. His pictures, which were not extraordinary, were sold in 1723. Kip engraved an inside view of the Danish church built by Cibber, and died at near 70 years of age, in 1722, in a place called Long-ditch, Westminster. He left a daughter, whom he had brought up to painting.

GEORGE KING

did plates of the lady Falconberg, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas. Another of his name, Daniel King, who * published the Vale Royal of England, drew and engraved the plate of the cathedral at Chester, and several other views in the same book. His manner resembles Hollar's.

S. NICHOLS.

His prints mentioned by Ames are, of James Owen, and a woman called Yorkshire Nan. Some of these men seem to have been below Vertue's notice, and consequently are only mentioned here, that I may not seem to have overlooked them. Indeed, though Vertue thought that the art raised its head a little after the arrival of Dorigny, I find very few, except himself, who can pass for tolerable masters.

JOSEPH SIMPSON

was very low in his profession, cutting arms on pewter plates, till, having studied in the academy, he was employed by Tillemans on a plate of Newmarket, to which he was permitted to put his name, and which, though it did not please the painter, served to make Simpson known. He had a son of both his names, of whom he had conceived extraordinary hopes, but who died in 1736 without having attained much excellence.

* Daniel King wrote Miniature, or the Art Buckingham. It was MS. in the collection of of Limning, dedicated to Mrs. Mary Fairfax, Thoresby, and at his sale was purchased by Mr. daughter of lord Fairfax, afterwards duchess of Scott of Crown-court, Westminster.

PETER VAN GUNST

1713 } Was not in England himself, but engraved the set of whole lengths after Vandyck. Houbraken* came from Holland in 1713 to make the drawings, for each of which he received one hundred guilders. The persons who employed him were Mr. Cock, Mr. Comyns, and the late well-known Mr. Swinny, formerly director of the theatre. Van Gunst had a son who was twice in England, but staid not long.

ROBERT or ROGER WILLIAMS,

a Welchman, was, I believe, senior to many I have mentioned. He worked only in mezzotinto, in which he had good success. His print of sir Richard Blackmore is uncommonly fine. He contracted a great lameness from a sprain, for which he had his leg cut off, and lived many years afterwards.

W. WILSON

did a mezzotinto of lady Newburgh, lord Lansdown's Myra.

MICHAEL VANDERGUTCH,

of Antwerp, was scholar of one Boutats, and master of Vertue, who was told by him that Boutats had four daughters and twenty sons, of whom twelve were engravers; and that one of them, Philip, had twelve sons, of whom four were engravers. Vandergutch's own family, though not so numerous, has been alike dedicated to the art. When Michael arrived here, does not appear. He practised chiefly on anatomic figures; but sometimes did other things, as a large print of the royal navy, on a sheet and half, designed by one Bafton. His master-piece was reckoned a print of Mr. Savage. He was much afflicted with the gout, and died Oct. 16th, 1725, aged 65, at his house in Bloomsbury, and was buried in St. Giles's. He left two sons; Gerard the second son, now living †, and

JOHN VANDERGUTCH,

who was born in 1697. He learned to draw of Cheron, and of his father.

* I believe this was not Houbraken the engraver, but a painter of that name, who gave the designs for a History of the Bible.

† He sold pictures, and died in Great Brook-street, London, March 18, 1776, aged 80.

to engrave; but chiefly practised etching, which he sometimes mixed with the other. He studied too in the academy. His six academic figures after Cheron were admired; and he is much commended by Cheselden in the preface to his Osteology, in the prints of which he had much share, as he had in the plates from sir James Thornhill's cupola of St. Paul's. There is a print by him from Pouffin's picture of Tancred and Erminia.

CLAUD DAVID,

of Burgundy, published a print from the model of a fountain with the statues of queen Anne, the duke of Marlborough on horseback, and several river gods, which was proposed to be erected at the conduit in Cheapside. Under the print: *Opus equitis Claudii David, comitatus Burgundiæ.*

CHEREAU, JUNIOR,

came over by invitation from Dubosc, being brother of a famous engraver of that name at Paris, whose manner he imitated. He executed a profile of George I. which was much liked; but asking extravagant prices, he found small encouragement, and returned home.

BERNARD LENS

was son of a painter of the same names, who died Feb. 5, 1708, aged 77, and was buried in St. Bride's. He left four or five MS. volumes of collections on divinity. His son, the subject of this article, was a mezzotint-scraper, and drawing-master; sometimes etched, and drew for Sturt and other engravers. He copied The judgment of Paris in mezzotinto from sir Peter Lely, and did a multitude of small prints in the same way, chiefly histories and landscapes, and drew several views in England in Indian ink. He died April 28, 1725, aged 66. His son was the incomparable painter in water-colours, Bernard Lens, whose copies from Rubens, Vandyck, and many other great masters, have all the merit of the originals, except, what they deserve too, duration. He was drawing-master to the duke of Cumberland and the princesses Mary and Louisa, and to one whom nothing but gratitude would excuse my joining with such names, the author of this work: my chief

reason for it is, to bear testimony to the virtues and integrity * of so good a man, as well as excellent artist. He died at Knightbridge, whither he had retired, after selling his collection. He left three sons: the eldest was a clerk in my office at the Exchequer; the two youngest, ingenious painters in miniature.

SAMUEL MOORE,

of the Custom-house, drew and etched many works with great labour. He first made a medley of several things, drawn, written, and painted; one he presented to sir Robert Harley, speaker of the house of commons, afterwards earl of Oxford; it was an imitation of several sorts of prints.

SCOTIN,

no eminent artist, as appears by his print from Vandyck's Belisarius at Chiswick. If the two fine pictures on this subject are compared, it must not be by setting Scotin's near Mr. Strange's. To weigh the merits of Salvator and Vandyck impartially, Mr. Strange should engrave both; I mean, to judge how each has delivered the passions, in which decision we should not be diverted by the colouring. Indeed, one would suppose that Vandyck had seen Salvator's performance, and, despairing to exceed him in the principal figure, had transferred his art and our attention to the young soldier. Salvator's Belisarius reflects on his own fortune; Vandyck's warrior moralizes on the instability of glory. One asks one's self which is more touching, to behold how a great man feels adversity, or how a young mind is struck with what may be the catastrophe of ambition?

MR. ENGLISH,

1718 } Of Mortlack, who died in 1718, etched a print of Christ and the disciples at Emmaus, after Titian.

* Once when he was drawing a lady's picture in the dress of the queen of Scots, she said to him, "But, Mr. Lens, you have not made me like the queen of Scots." "No, madam: if God Almighty had made your ladyship like her, I would." This Bernard etched two or three little drawing-books of landscape.

HENRY

HENRY HULSBERG,

born at Amsterdam, did prints of sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, Robert Warren, A. M. and Joseph Warder, a physician; some of the plates in the Vitruvius Britannicus; a large view of St. Peter's church at Rome, &c. and a head of Aaron Hill, for his History of the Ottoman Empire, fol. 1711. After a paralytic illness of two years he died in 1729, and was buried in the Lutheran church of the Savoy, of which he had been warden, and by which community and by a Dutch club he had been supported after he became incapable of business.

JOHN FABER,

born in Holland, drew many pictures from the life on * vellum with a pen, and scraped several mezzotintos, both from paintings and from nature. His most considerable works, and those not excellent, were portraits of the founders of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. He died at Bristol, in May 1721. His son,

JOHN FABER, JUNIOR,

surpassed his father by far, and was the next mezzotinter in merit to Smith. He was born in Holland, but brought to England at three years old. His first instructions he received from his father; afterwards he studied in Vanderbank's academy. He executed a prodigious number of portraits, some of which are bold, free, and beautiful. To him we owe the kit-cat-club, the beauties at Hampton-court, and have reason to wish that we had the same obligations to him for those at Windsor, and of the admirals at Hampton-court. He died of the gout, very few years ago, at his house in Bloomsbury. His widow married Mr. Smith, a lawyer.

EDWARD KIRKALL,

son of a lock-smith, was born at Sheffield in Yorkshire, where he attained the rudiments of drawing, which however were long before they arrived at any perfection. He came to London, and for some time supported himself by gravings arms, stamps, ornaments, and cuts for books †. The latter

* Vertue had seen one of these small heads, † In 1725 he did the cuts for the new edition inscribed, J. Faber delin. in Graven Hage 1692. of Inigo Jones's Stonehenge.

gained:

gained him an immortality, which with all his succeeding merit he perhaps would have missed, if his happening to engrave the portrait of a lady Dunce had not introduced him to the remark of Mr. Pope, who describes her

"With flow'rs and fruit by bounteous Kirkall drest."

At length, drawing in the academy, and making some attempts in *chiaro scuro*, he discovered a new method of printing, composed of etching, mezzotinto and wooden stamps; and with these blended arts he formed a style, that has more tints than ancient wooden cuts, resembles drawings, and by the addition of mezzotinto softens the shades on the outlines, and more insensibly and agreeably melts the impression of the wooden stamps, which give the tincture to the paper and the shades together. He performed several prints in this manner, and did great justice to the drawing and expression of the masters he imitated. This invention, for one may call it so, had much success, much applause, no imitators.—I suppose it is too laborious, and too tedious. In an opulent country where there is great facility of getting money, it is seldom got by merit. Our artists are in too much hurry to gain it, to deserve it.

JAMES CHRISTOPHER LE BLON,

another inventor in an age which however has not been allotted any eminent rank in the history of arts. He naturally follows Kirkall, as there was some analogy in their pursuits. The former, if I may say so, attempted to print drawings, the latter to print paintings. He was a Fleming, and very far from young when I knew him, but of surprising vivacity and volubility, and with a head admirably mechanic, but an universal projector, and with at least one of the qualities that attend that vocation, either a dupe or a cheat: I think the former; though, as most of his projects ended in the air, the sufferers believed the latter. As he was much an enthusiast, perhaps like most enthusiasts he was both one and the other.

He discovered a method of giving colour to mezzotinto, and perfected many large pictures, which may be allowed very tolerable copies of the best masters. Thus far his visions were realized. He distributed them by a kind of lottery, but the subscribers did not find their prizes much valued. Yet surely the art was worth improving, at least in a country so fond of portraits. Le Blon's method of mezzotinto at least adds the resemblance of colour.

He

He had another merit to the public, with which few inventors begin; he communicated his secret, in a thin quarto in French and English, entitled "Coloritto; or, The harmony of colouring in painting, reduced to mechanical practice under easy precepts and infallible rules." Dedicated to sir Robert Walpole. In the preface he says that he was executing anatomic figures for monsieur St. André. Some heads coloured progressively, according to the several gradations, bear witness to the success and beauty of his invention. In 1732 he published a treatise on Ideal Beauty, or Le Beau Idéal, dedicated to lady Walpole. It was translated from the original French of Lambert Hermanfon Ten Kate.

He afterwards set up a project for copying the Cartoons in tapestry, and made some very fine drawings for that purpose. Houses were built and looms erected in the Mulberry-ground at Chelsea; but either the expence was precipitated too fast, or contributions did not arrive fast enough: the bubble burst, several suffered, and Le Blon was heard of no more*.

JOHN SIMON

was born in Normandy, and came over some years before the death of Smith; who disagreeing with sir Godfrey Kneller, Simon was employed by him to copy his pictures in mezzotinto; which he did, and from other masters, with good success. He was not so free in his manner as Smith, but now and then approached very near to that capital artist, as may be seen in his plates of Henry Rouvigny earl of Galway, of earl Cadogan, and particularly of lord Cutts in armour with a truncheon. Simon died about the year 1755. His collection of prints was sold by auction at Darres's print-shop in Piccadilly over-against Coventry-street, Nov. 3d, 1761.

L. BOITARD

was a Frenchman, and a very neat workman. He engraved chiefly for books, and was employed by Dr. Woodward, by Dr. Douglas on anatomic figures, and by Dr. Meade. He engraved a large print of the rotunda after Paolo Panini, and the plates for Mr. Spence's Polymetis. He married an Englishwoman, and left a son and a daughter. Boitard's father, who went often to

* It is said that he died in an hospital at Paris in 1740.

Holland to purchase curiosities for Dr. Meade, drew with the pen, in the manner of La Fage, and often set his name to his drawings, with the time he had employed on them, which sometimes, even for large pieces, did not exceed fifteen minutes." Showing one of his designs to Dorigny, and boasting of this expedition, sir Nicholas told him he should have thought a man of his vivacity might have executed two such in the time.

B. BARON,

1725 } Brought over, as has been said, by Dubosc, with whom he broke and went to law on the plates for the story of Ulysses, engraven from the designs of Rubens in the collection of Dr. Meade; but they were reconciled, and went to Paris together in 1729, where Baron engraved a plate from Watteau, and engaged to do another from Titian in the king's collection, for monsieur Crozat, for which he was to receive 60*l.* sterling. While at Paris, they both sat to Vanloo. Baron has executed a great number of works, a few portraits, and some considerable pictures after the best masters; as the family of Cornaro at Northumberland-house; Vandyck's family of the earl of Pembroke, at Wilton; Henry VIII. giving the charter to the company of surgeons; the equestrian figure of Charles I. by Vandyck, at Kensington; its companion, the king, queen, and two children; and king William on horseback with emblematic figures, at Hampton-court. His last considerable work was the family of Nassau, by Vandyck, at the earl of Cowper's. Baron died in Panton-square, Piccadilly, Jan. 24th, 1762.

HENRY GRAVELOT

was not much known as an engraver, but was an excellent draughtsman, and drew designs for ornaments in great taste, and was a faithful copyist of ancient buildings, tombs, and prospects, for which he was constantly employed by the artists in London. He drew the monuments of kings for Vertue, and gave the designs, where invention was necessary, for Pine's plates of the tapestry in the house of lords. He had been in Canada as secretary to the governor; but the climate disagreeing with him, he returned to France, whence he was invited over by Dubosc. He was for some time employed in Gloucestershire; drawing churches and antiquities. Vertue compares his neat manner to Picart, and owns that in composition and design he even excelled his favourite Hollar. He sometimes attempted painting small histories and conversations.

Of his graving are the prints to sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakespear, and many of them he designed; but it is his large print of Kirkstall-abbey which shows how able an engraver he was.

JOHN PINE

need but be mentioned, to put the public in mind of the several beautiful and fine works for which they are indebted to him. The chief of them are, The ceremonies used at the revival of the order of the Bath by king George I.; the prints from the tapestry in the house of lords, representing the destruction of the Spanish armada, a book rivalling the splendid editions of the Louvre; and the fair edition of Horace, the whole text engraven, with ancient bas-reliefs and gems illustrating the subjects. He has given too a print of the house of commons, some ancient charters, and other things. His head painted by Mr. Hogarth in the manner of Rembrandt is well known from the print.

ARTHUR POND,

another promoter of meritorious works, was concerned with Mr. Knapton in setting forth the noble volume of illustrious heads, engraved by Houbraken and Vertue, and which might still be enlarged. Mr. Pond was author too of the design for engraving the works of Claude Lorrain and Gaspar Pouffin, of which several numbers were exhibited; a few landscapes from Rembrandt and other masters, and prints from Paolo Panini followed. He also published many prints from fine drawings, and a set of caricaturas after Cavalier Ghezzi. Mr. Pond had singular knowledge in hands, but considerably more merit as an editor than as a painter, which was his profession both in oil and crayons. He had formed a capital collection of etchings by the best masters, and of prints, all which he disposed of to a gentleman in Norfolk: they have since been sold by auction, as were his cabinet of shells after his death. He etched his own head, Dr. Meade's and Mr. Sadler's, Pope's and lord Bolingbroke's.

HENRY FLETCHER

1729 } Published a print, the story of Bathsheba, from Sebastian Concha, his first essay on his own account. He also engraved a print of Ebenezer Pemberton, minister of Boston.

CAREY CREED

1730 } Published a set of plates from the statues and busts at Wilton.

JOSEPH WAGNER,

1733 } A Swiss, came to England in 1733, aged between 20 and 30. He had studied painting a little; but, being encouraged by Amiconi, engraved after the works of the latter. His first productions were plates of the three princesses, Anne, Amelie, and Caroline; his next, a whole length of the czarina Anne. He afterwards executed two prints of boys, and about an hundred plates, views of Roman antiquities, most of them copied from old engravings, and from Canaletti some prospects of Venice, whither he accompanied Amiconi, intending to keep a print-shop there.

THOMAS PRESTON

did a print of Mr. Pope, and a large head of admiral Blake, with ships under it.

JOHN LAGUERRE

was son of Lewis Laguerre, a painter of history, by whom he was educated to the same profession, and had a genius for it; but neglecting to cultivate it, he took to the stage, in which walk he had merit, as he had success in painting scenes for the theatre in Covent-garden, to which he belonged. He engraved a print of Falstaff, Pistol and Doll Tearsheet, with other theatric characters, alluding to a quarrel between the players and patentees, and a set of prints, of Hob in the Well, which sold considerably; but he died in indifferent circumstances in March 1748. Lewis the father etched a print of Midas sitting in judgment between Pan and Apollo.

PETER FOURDRINIÈRE,

who died a few years ago, excelled in engraving architecture, and did many other things for books.

JOHN

JOHN GREEN,

a young man who made great proficiencie in graving landscapes and other things (particularly heads of Thomas Rowney; Thomas Shaw, D. D. W. Derham, D. D. and the plates for Borlase's Natural History of Cornwall, and many of the seats), was born at Hales Owen in Shropshire, and bred under Bafire, an engraver of maps, father of the present engraver to the Antiquarian Society. Green was employed by the Univerlity of Oxford, and continued their almanacs; but died immaturrely three or four years ago. His brother is in the same businels.

Besides all I have mentioned, disperfed in Vertue's MSS. I have fince found some more names, of whom the notices are fo flight, that it is not worth while to endeavour finding proper places for them. Their names are Morellon le Cave*, a scholar of Picart; J. Cole; P. Williamson; G. Lumley, who fettled at York; P. Tempest; Peter Coombes; P. Pelham; E. Kyte; George Kitchin, who did heads of Mahomet and Mustapha, Turks belonging to George I.; and William Robins, Alexander Brown, and De Blois, mezzotinters: Van Bleek†, who executed of late years a fine print of Johnson and Griffin, players; and A. Van Haecken, who has given a head of Dr. Pepusch and some others. John Stone the younger drew and engraved one of the plates for Dugdale's Warwickshire. T. Pingo did a plate of arms for Thoresby's Leeds; S. Boiffeau, a plate for Aaron Hill's History of the Ottoman Empire; and Th. Gardner a set for the Common Prayer paraphrased by James Harris, 1735. Several English portraits have been engraved abroad, particularly by Cornelius Van Dalen; Arthur De Jode, and P. De Jode; J. De Leuw; Pontius; Edelinck, and Picart. Many also have been engraved by unknown hands.

To the conclusion of these Memoirs, and for a feparate article, I reserve an account of him to whom his country, the artists whose memories he has preserved, and the reader, are obliged for the materials of this work.

On living artists it is neither necessary nor proper to expatiate. The task will be easy to others hereafter to continue the series. Here is a regular suc-

* He did a head of Dr. Pococke, before Twells's edition of the doctor's works.

† He died July 26, 1764.

cession from the introduction of the art into England to the present year; and the chief æras of its improvements and extension marked. That the continuation will afford a brighter list, one may augur, from the protection given to the arts, from the riches and flourishing state of our dominion, and from the masters we actually possess. Houston*, Mac-Ardell†, and Fisher, have already promised by their works to revive the beauty of mezzotinto. The exquisite plates of architecture, which daily appear, are not only worthy of the taste which is restored in that science, but exceed whatever has appeared in any age or country. Mr. Rooker‡ is the Marc Antonio of architecture. Vivares and some others have great merit in graving landscape. Major's works after Teniers, &c. will always make a principal figure in a collection of prints, and prevent our envying the excellence of the French in that branch of the art. I could name more, if it would not look like flattery to the living; but I cannot omit so capital a master as Mr. Strange, lest it should look like the contrary. When I have named him, I have mentioned the art at its highest period in Britain.

* Mr. Houston died August 4, 1775.

† Mr. Mac-Ardell died June 2, 1765.

‡ Mr. Rooker died Nov. 22d, 1774.

October 10th, 1762.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT

To the Second Edition, published in 1786.

THIS volume, the Editor was sensible at its compilation, was the most imperfect part of Vertue's and his own accounts of The History and Progress of the Arts in England. It would not be difficult at present to give a much more complete deduction of the Graphic art in its different branches. But not only the indolence that attends age, and frequent illnesses, have indisposed the Author from enlarging his plan; more pardonable reasons determined him to make very few additions to this new edition; nor should he have thought of republishing the work, unless solicited by Mr. Doddsley. The indulgence of the public ought to imprint respect, not presumption; and instead of trespassing anew on that lenity, the Author has long feared he should be reproached, that

Detinuit nostras numerosus Horatius aures;

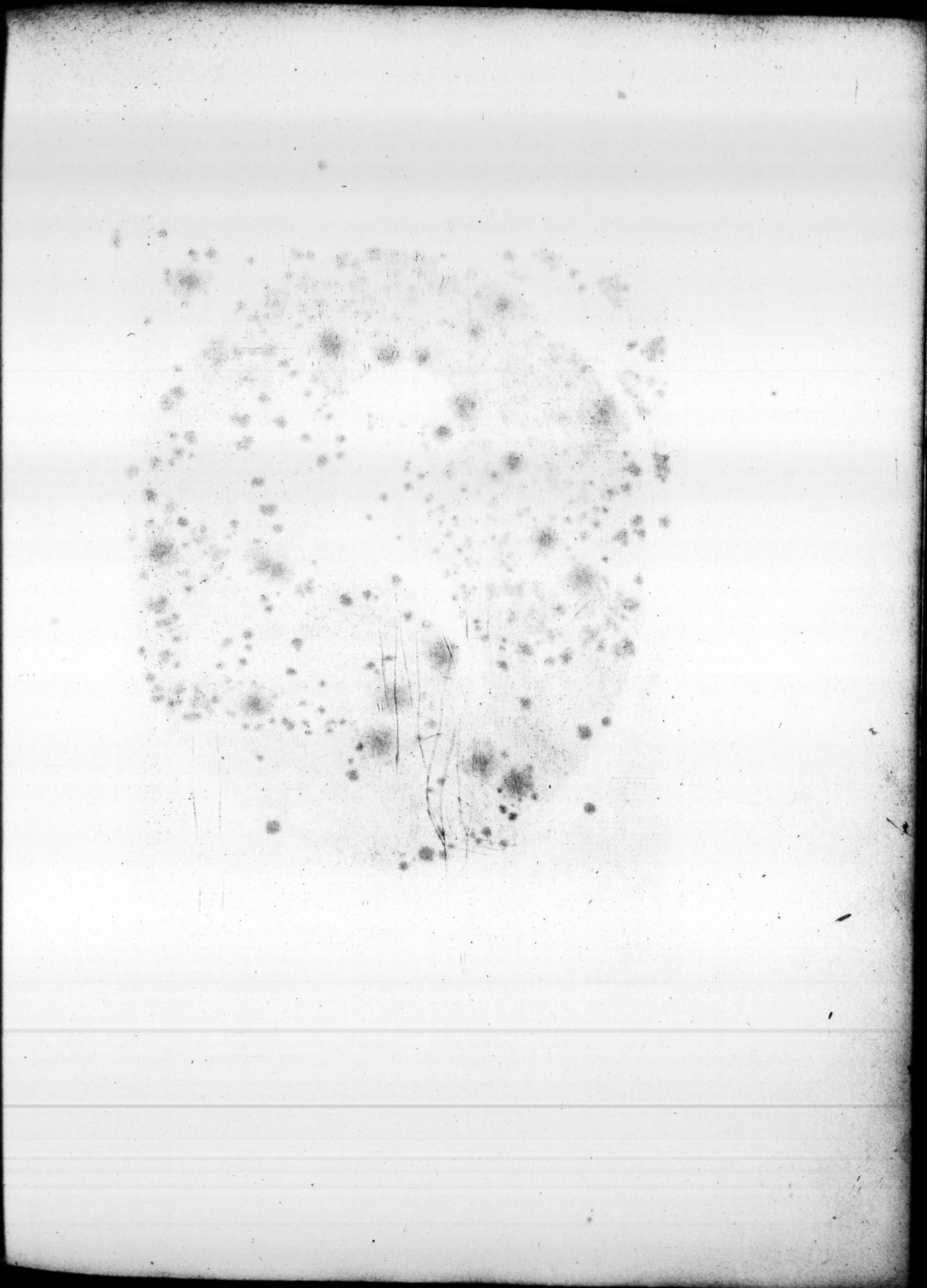
a quotation he should not dare to apply to himself, if adjectives in *osus*, as *famosus*, &c. were not most commonly used by Latian authors in a culpatory sense; and thus *numerosus* only means *too voluminous*. Another reason for not having enlarged the preceding work was, that it would interfere with the plan laid down of terminating the history of the arts at the conclusion of the last reign. In fact, a brighter æra has dawned on the manufacture of prints. They are become almost the favourite objects of collectors, and in some degree deserve that favour, and are certainly paid as if they did. Engraved landscapes have in point of delicacy reached unexampled beauty. A new species has also been created; I mean aqua-tinta—besides prints in various colours.

Perhaps it would be worth while to melt down this volume, and new-cast it, dividing the work into the several branches of wood-cuts, engravings, etchings, mezzotints, and aqua-tints. A compiler might be assisted by some new publications, as the Essays on Prints, Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers, and a recent History of the Art of Engraving in Mezzotinto, printed at Winchester, wherein are mentioned foreign notices on the arts.

Were I of authority sufficient to name my successor, or could prevail on him to condescend to accept an office which he could execute with more taste and ability; from whose hands could the public receive so much information and pleasure as from the author of *The Essay on Prints*, and from the *Tours, &c.*? And when was the public ever instructed by the pen and pencil at once, with equal excellence in the style of both, but by Mr. Gilpin?

a quotation he should not dare to apply to himself, if adjectives in use, as *novus*, *et c.* were not most commonly used by Latin authors in a complimentary sense; and thus *novus* only means too common. Another reason for not having enlarged the preceding work was that it would interfere with the plan laid down of terminating the history of the arts at the conclusion of the last reign. In fact, a printer has been drawn on the manufacture of prints. They are become almost the favorite objects of collectors, and in some degree detain their youth, and are certainly paid as if they did. Engraved landscapes have in point of delicacy reached unparalleled beauty. A new species has also been created; I mean aqua-tinta—borders prints in various colours.

Perhaps it would be worth while to dig down this volume, and new-call it *dividing the work into the several branches of wood-cut, engraving, etching, mezzotint, and aqua-tinta*. A comparison might be elicited by some new publications, as the *Essays on Prints*, *Library of Engravers*, and a recent history of the Art of Engraving in *Alexander's* printed at *Wichell's* wherein are mentioned foreign notices on the art.





Richardson pinx.

J. Chambers sculp.

GEORGE VERTUE, Engraver,
Ætat .L. Ann. MDCCXXXVIII.

T H E
L I F E O F M R. G E O R G E V E R T U E.

THE ensuing account is drawn from his own notes, in which the highest praise he ventures to assume is founded on his industry—How many men in a higher sphere have thought that single quality conferred many shining others! The world too has been so complaisant as to allow their pretensions. Vertue thought the labour of his hands was but labour—the Scaligers and such book-wights have mistaken the drudgery of their eyes for parts, for abilities—nay, have supposed it bestowed wit, while it only swelled their arrogance, and unchained their ill-nature. How contemptuously would such men have smiled at a ploughman, who imagined himself authorised to abuse all others, because he had turned up more acres of ground!—and yet he would have toiled with greater advantage to mankind.

George Vertue was born in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, in the year 1684. His parents, he says, were more honest than opulent. If vanity had entered into his composition, he might have boasted the antiquity of his race: two of his name were employed by Henry VIII. in the board of works:—but I forget, a family is not ancient, if none of the blood were above the rank of ingenious men two hundred years ago.

About the age of thirteen he was placed with a master who engraved arms on plate and had the chief business of London; but who, being extravagant, broke, and returned to his country, France, after Vertue had served him between three and four years. As the man was unfortunate, though by his own fault, the good-nature of the scholar has concealed his name. As it is proper the republic of letters should be acquainted with the minutest circumstances in the life of a renowned author, I question if Scaliger would have been so tender.

Returned to his parents, Vertue gave himself entirely to the study of drawing for two years; and then entered into an agreement with Michael Vandergutch for three more, which term he protracted to seven, engraving copper-plates for him; when, having received instructions and advice from several painters, he quitted his master on handsome terms, and began to work for himself. This was in the year 1709. The first twelvemonth was passed in drawing and engraving for books.

The art was then at the lowest ebb in England. The best performers were worn out: the war with France shut the door against recruits; national acrimony and the animosity of faction diverted public attention from common arts of amusement. At that period the young engraver was recommended to sir Godfrey Kneller, whose reputation, riches, parts, and acquaintance with the first men in England supported what little taste was left for virtù, and could stamp a character wherever he deigned to patronize. My author mentions with dutiful sensibility what joy this important protection gave to his father, who had his education warmly at heart, and who dying soon after, left a widow and several children to be supported by our scarce-fledged adventurer. His own words shall tell how he felt his situation, how little the false colours of vanity gave a shining appearance to the morning of his fortune; "I was," says he, "the eldest, and then the only one that could help them; which added circumspection in my affairs then, as well as industry to the end of my life."

At intervals of leisure, he practised drawing and music, learned French and a little Italian. It appears that he afterwards acquired Dutch, having consulted in the originals all that has been written in those three languages on the art to which he was devoted.

His works began to draw attention, and he found more illustrious patronage than Kneller's. Lord Somers employed him to engrave a plate of archbishop Tillotson, and rewarded him nobly. The print will speak for itself. It was the ground-work of his reputation, and deserved to be so. Nothing like it had appeared for some years, nor at the hour of its production had he any competitors. Edelinck was dead in France, White in England, Van Gunst in Holland: "It seemed," says he himself, "as if the ball of fortune was tossed up to be a prize only for Vertue." One cannot estimate success at a lower

lower rate, than to ascribe it to accident; the comparison is at once modest and ingenious. Shade of Scaliger, which of your works owed its glory to a dearth of genius among your cotemporaries?

In 1711 an academy of painting was instituted by the chief performers in London. Sir Godfrey Kneller was placed at the head; Vertue was one of the first members, and drew there for several years.

To the end of that reign he continued to grave portraits from Kneller, Dahl, Richardson, Jervase, Gibson, and others.

On the accession of the present royal family he published a large head of the king from a painting by Kneller. As it was the first portrait of his majesty, many thousands were sold, though by no means a laborious or valuable performance. However, it was shewn at court, and was followed by those of the prince and princess. All concurred to extend his business. In any recess from that he practised in water-colours, sometimes attempting portrait; oftener copying from ancient or curious pieces which he proposed to engrave. So early as the year 1713 he commenced his researches after the lives of our artists, and began his collections; to which he added prints by former masters, and every thing that could tend to his great work, the History of the Arts in England. Wherever he met with portraits of the performers, he spared no pains in taking copies. His journeys over England with the same view will appear in the course of his Life. These travels were assiduously employed in making catalogues, observations, and memorandums of all he saw.

His thirst after British antiquities soon led him to a congenial Mæcenæ. That munificent collector, Robert Harley, second earl of Oxford, early distinguished the merit and application of Vertue. The invariable gratitude of the latter, expressed on all occasions, implies the bounty of the patron. "The earl's generous and unparalleled encouragement of my undertakings, by promoting my studious endeavours," says he, "gave me great reputation and advantage over all other professors of the same art in England." Another lesson of humility! How seldom is fame ascribed by the possessor to the countenance of others! The want of it is complained of—here is one instance,

perhaps a singular instance, where the influence is acknowledged—after the death of the benefactor.

Another patron was Heneage Finch * earl of Winchelsea, whose picture he painted, and engraved; and who, being president of the society of Antiquaries on the revival in 1717, appointed Vertue, who was a member, engraver to it. The plates published by that society from curious remains were most of them by his hand as long as he lived, are a valuable monument, and will be evidence that that body is not useless in the learned world.

The University of Oxford employed him for many years to engrave their almanacs. Instead of insipid emblems that deserved no longer duration than what they adorned, he introduced views of public buildings and historic events; for he seldom reaped benefit from the public, without repaying it with information.

Henry Hare, the last lord Coleraine, an antiquary and collector, as his grandfather had been, is enumerated by Vertue among his protectors. His travels were dignified by accompanying those lords. They bore the expence, which would have debarred him from visiting many objects of his curiosity if at his own charge; and he made their journeys more delightful, by explaining, taking draughts, and keeping a register of what they saw. This was the case in a journey he took with lord Coleraine to Salisbury, Wilton and Stonehenge. Of the latter he made several views: Wilton he probably saw with only English eyes. Amid legions of warriors and emperors, he sought Vandyck and Rubens, Holbein and Inigo Jones. An antique and modern virtuoso might inhabit that palace of arts, and never interfere. An ancient indeed would be a little surprised to find so many of his acquaintance new baptized. Earl Thomas did not, like the popes, convert pagan chiefs into christians; but many an emperor acts the part at Wilton of scarcer Cæsars.

In 1726 Vertue, with Mr. Stephens the historiographer, visited St. Albans, Verulam and Gorhambury. At the latter he made a drawing from the picture of sir Francis Bacon.

* He died in 1726.

Great part of his time was employed for lord Oxford, for whom he engraved portraits of Mr. Prior, sir Hugh Middleton, &c. For the duke of Montagu he did sir Ralph Winwood; for sir Paul Methuen, Cortez; archbishop Warham from Holbein's original at Lambeth; and for lord Burlington, Zuccherò's queen of Scots.

His prints growing numerous, many persons were desirous of having a complete collection. He made up sets for sir Thomas Frankland, for Mr. West, and for lord Oxford; the last in three large volumes, carried down to 1741, and sold after the earl's death to the late earl of Ailesbury for 50 guineas.

In 1727 he went to Wimpole for a week, and thence made a tour with lord Oxford for six weeks more, to Stamford, Burleigh, Grantham, Lincoln, and Welbeck, one of the ancient seats of the countess of Oxford, where after the earl's death she assembled the portraits of her ancestors to a prodigious number, the heroes of many an illustrious race. Thence they passed to Chatsworth, and York, where Vertue had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. Francis Place, who had been intimate with Hollar:—trifling circumstances to those who do not feel what he felt. Vertue drew up an account of this progress, and presented it to his patron.

For some years his stages were marked by noble encouragement, and by opportunities of pursuing his favourite erudition. He was invited whither he would have wished to make pilgrimages; for the love of antiquity is a kind of devotion, and Mr. Vertue had different sets of saints. In 1728 the duke of Dorset called him to Knowle. Humble before his superiors, one conceives how his respect was heightened at entering so venerable a pile, realizing to his eyes the scenes of many a waking vision. Here he drew several of the poets. But he was on fairy ground; Arcadia was on the confines; could he resist an excursion to Penshurst? One may judge how high his enthusiasm had been wrought, by the mortification he expresses at not finding there a portrait of sir Philip Sidney.

In 1730 appeared his twelve heads of poets, one of his capital works. Though poetry was but a sister art, he treated it with the affection of a relation. He had collected many notes touching the professors, and here and

there in his MSS. are some flight attempts of his own. But he was of too timid and correct a nature to soar where fancy only guides. Truth was his province; and he had a felicity uncommon to antiquaries, he never suffered his imagination to lend him eyes. Where he could not discover he never supplied.

After his poets, of which he proposed to enlarge the series, it was his purpose to give sets or classes of other eminent men. This was the first idea of illustrious heads, a hint afterwards adopted by others, and at last taken out of *his* hands, who was best furnished with materials for such a work. Some branches he executed himself with deserved applause.

About this time he again went to Oxford, copied some original paintings, and took an account of what portraits they have of founders and benefactors, and where deposited. Thence to Gloucester to draw the monument of Edward II. having for some years been collecting and making drawings of our kings, from images, miniatures or oil-paintings; a work soon after unexpectedly called forth. On his return he stopped at Burford to view the family-piece of sir Thomas More, and visited Ditchley and Blenheim. His next tour was to Cambridge, where he had been privately engaged to draw by stealth the portrait of old Mr. Thomas Baker of St. John's, then an eminent antiquary, earlier in his life the modest author of that ingenious and polished little piece, *Reflections on Learning*.

Vertue's next considerable production was the heads of Charles I. and the loyal sufferers in his cause, with their characters subjoined from Clarendon. But this was scarce finished, before appeared Rapin's History of England, "a work," says he, "that had a prodigious run, especially after translated, insomuch that it became all the conversation of the town and country; and the noise being heightened by opposition and party, it was proposed to publish it in folio by numbers—thousands were sold every week." The two brothers Knaptons engaged Vertue to accompany it with effigies of kings, and suitable decorations. This undertaking employed him for three years. A fair copy richly bound he presented to Frederic prince of Wales at Kensington. A volume of his best works he gave to the Bodleian library.

In 1734 he renewed his journeys about England. With Roger Gale the antiquary

antiquary he went to St. Alban's, Northampton and Warwick. In 1737 the earl of Leicester carried him to Penshurst; and the end of the same year lord Oxford took him again to Oxford, to Compton Verney the seat of the master of the rolls, to Warwick, Coventry, Birmingham, and to lord Digby's at Colehill; to view the curious picture of queen Elizabeth's procession, since removed by the late lord to Sherborn-castle in Dorsetshire. They returned by Stratford (Vertue did not want true devotion to Shakespear), by Mr. Sheldon's at Weston, where are a few curious pictures, saw Blenheim, and Mr. Waller's at Beaconsfield. The next year he went into Hertfordshire to verify his ideas about Hunsdon, the subject as he thought of queen Elizabeth's progress. The old lord Digby, who from tradition believed it the queen's procession to St. Paul's after the destruction of the Armada, was displeased with Vertue's new hypothesis. The same year he saw Windsor, and Mr. Topham's collection of drawings at Eton.

He next engaged with the Knaptons to engrave some of the illustrious heads, the greater part of which were executed by Houbraken, and undoubtedly surpassed those of Vertue. Yet his performances by no means deserved to be condemned as they were by the undertakers, and the performer laid aside. Some of Houbraken's were carelessly done, especially of the moderns; but Vertue had a fault to dealers, which was a merit to the public: his scrupulous veracity could not digest imaginary portraits, as are some of those engraved by Houbraken, who living in Holland, ignorant of our history, uninquisitive into the authenticity of what was transmitted to him, engraved whatever was sent. I will mention two instances; the heads of Carr earl of Somerset and secretary Thurloe are not only not genuine, but have not the least resemblance to the persons they pretend to represent. Vertue was incommode; he loved truth.

Towards the end of 1738 he made another tour with lord Oxford through Kent and Suffex, visiting Rochester, Canterbury, Chichester, Portsmouth, Southampton and Winchester; and the principal seats, as Petworth, Goodwood, Stansted, and Coudray—the last alone worth an antiquary's journey. Of all these he made various sketches and notes; always presenting a duplicate of his observations to lord Oxford.

He had yet another pursuit, which I have not mentioned; no man had
studied

studied English coins more; part of his researches have appeared in his account of the two Simons.

He still wanted to visit the east of England. In 1739 his wish was gratified; lord Coleraine, who had an estate at Walpole in the borders of Norfolk in Lincolnshire, carried him by Wansted, Moulham, Gosfield, St. Edmundsbury, fir Andrew Fountain's and Houghton, to Lynn, and thence to Walpole; in which circuit they saw many churches and other seats.

In 1740 he published his proposals for the commencement of a very valuable work, his historic prints, drawn with extreme labour and fidelity, and executed in a most satisfactory manner. Queen Elizabeth's progress he copied exactly in water-colours for lord Oxford, who was so pleased with it, that he sent Mr. Vertue and his wife a present of about 60 ounces of plate.—But thus arrived at the summit of his modest wishes, that is, rewarded for illustrating English history—his happiness was suddenly dashed; he lost his noble friend the earl, who died June 16, 1741. "Death," says he emphatically, "put an end to that life that had been the support, cherisher, and comfort of many, many others, who are left to lament—but none more heartily than Vertue!"

So struck was the poor man with this signal misfortune, that for two years there is an hiatus in his story—he had not spirits even to be minute.

In 1743 he was a little revived by acquiring the honour of the duke of Norfolk's notice, for whom he engraved the large plate of the earl of Arundel and his family. For his grace too he collected two volumes of the works of Hollar, chiefly of those graven from the Arundelian collection; and having formed another curious volume of drawings from portraits, monuments, pedigrees, &c. of the house of Howard, the duke made him a present of a bank-note of 100*l*.

His merit and modesty still raised him friends. The countess dowager of Oxford alleviated his loss of her lord: their daughter the duchess of Portland he mentions with equal gratitude; the late duke of Richmond and lord Burlington did not forget him among the artists they patronised. But in 1749 he found a yet more exalted protector. The late prince of Wales sent
for

for him, and finding him master of whatever related to English antiquity, and particularly conversant in the history of king Charles's collection, which his royal highness wished as far as possible to re-assemble, he often had the honour of attending the prince, was shown his pictures by himself, and accompanied him to the royal palaces, and was much employed in collecting prints for him, and taking catalogues, and sold him many of his own miniatures and prints.

He had now reason to flatter himself with permanent fortune. He saw his fate linked with the revival of the arts he loved; he was useful to a prince who trod in the steps of the accomplished Charles; no Hugh Peters threatened havoc to the growing collection—but a silent and unexpected foe drew a veil over this scene of comfort, as it had over the former. Touched, yet submissive, he says, after painting the prince's qualifications, and the hopes that his country had conceived of him,—“but alas, *Mors ultima rerum!* O God, thy will be done! Unhappy day, Wednesday March 20th, 1751!” His trembling hand inserts a few more memorandums of prints he engraved; and then he concludes his memoirs in melancholy and disjointed sentences thus,—“Observations on my indifferent health—and weakness of sight increasing—and loss of noble friends, and the encouragement from them less and less daily—this year—and worse in appearance begins with 1752.”

He lost his friends; but his piety, mildness, and ingenuity never forsook him. He laboured almost to the last, solicitous to leave a decent competence to a wife* with whom he had lived many years in tender harmony. His volumes of the works of Hollar and the Simons I have mentioned here and elsewhere. The rest of his works will appear in the ensuing List.

He died July 24th, 1756, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster-abbey on the 30th following, with this epitaph:

Here lyes the body of George Vertue
Late engraver
And fellow of the Society of Antiquaries,
Who was born in London 1684,
And departed this life on the 24th of July 1756.

* Margaret his wife survived him, and died His brother James, who followed the same profession at Bath, died about 1765.

With manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
 And all the genius of the Graphic Art,
 His fame shall each succeeding artist own
 Longer by far than monuments of stone.

Two other friends—not better poets indeed—inserted the following lines in the papers, on viewing his monument :

Proud artist, cease those deeds to paint on stone,
 Which far above the praise of man have shone:
 Why should your skill so vainly thus be spent?
 For Vertue ne'er can need a monument.

Another.

Troubled in mind, and press'd with grievous smart,
 Her happy mansions left the Graphic Art,
 And thus to Science spoke: "What! can it be?
 "Is famous Vertue dead?—Then so are we."

These are well-meant hyperboles on a man who never used any. He was simple, modest, and scrupulous; so scrupulous, that it gave a peculiar slowness to his delivery; he never uttered his opinion hastily, nor hastily assented to that of others. As he grudged no time, no industry, to inform himself, he thought they might bestow a little too, if they wished to know. Ambitious to distinguish himself, he took but one method, application. Acquainted with all the arts practised by his profession to usher their productions to the public, he made use of none. He only lamented he did not deserve success, or if he missed it when deserved. It was some merit that carried such bashful integrity as far as it did go.

He was a strict Roman Catholic; yet even those principles could not warp his attachment to his art, nor prevent his making it subservient to the glory of his country. I mention this as a singular instance. His partiality to Charles the first did not indeed clash much with his religion; but who has preserved more monuments of queen Elizabeth? Whatever related to her story he treated with a patriot fondness; her heroes were his. His was the first thought of engraving the tapestry in the house of lords; his a project of giving

giving a series of protestant bishops—for *his* candour could reconcile toleration and popery.

His collection of books, prints, miniatures and drawings were sold by auction May 17, 1757. Lord Besborough bought there his copies in water-colours of the kings of England, as I did a large piece of Philip and Mary from the original at Woburn, which he intended for his series of historic prints. There too I purchased his drawings taken from Holbein; and since his death, the best piece he ever painted, a small whole-length of the queen of Scots in water-colours.

The length of this account I flatter myself will be excused, as it contains a few curious particulars, which are not foreign to the subject, and which concomitantly illustrate the history of arts.

LIST OF VERTUE'S WORKS.

S MALL head of the duchess of Marlborough; the first print he published.

The rat-catcher's head, from Vischer; his second print.

Zephyrus in the clouds, with two English verses.

William prince of Orange, from Vandyck, small half-length; mezzotinto.

Sleeping Venus, with three Cupids and a Satyr, from Coypel.

CLASS I. ROYAL PORTRAITS.

Four small plates of kings from William I. to George I. inclusively.

The same in one plate.

Large set of heads of the kings, for Rapin.

Smaller set, ditto.

Monuments of the Confessor, Edward I. Henry V. Henry VII. Edward VI.
for the series of royal tombs:

Richard II. whole-length, from the painting in Westminster-abbey.

Queen Elizabeth, profile, from Isaac Oliver.

Ditto from Hilliard, in Hearne's Camden's Elizabetha.

Mary queen of Scots, from Zuccherro, to the knees.

A head of the same, smaller.

The same queen, small, from the picture at St. James's.

Ditto, engraved on gold in an oval, from Dr. Meade's picture, finely executed.

Small oval of the king and queen of Bohemia, and one of their children.

Charles I. and his queen, holding a chaplet of laurel, from Vandyck. Voerst engraved the same picture.

Queen Anne, large oval, after Kneller.

Ditto, crowned, the royal arms at top; the medals of her reign round the frame.

King George I. very large, 1715.

Ditto, a less size, 1718, better.

Ditto, smaller.

Ditto, with flourishes, for some patent, or writing-book.

George prince of Wales, large.

The princess of Wales, smaller.

The same when queen, large.

Ditto, with an angel bringing a crown; from Amiconi.

Frederic prince of Wales, in a tied periwig and armour, from Boit.

Princess Anne.

William duke of Cumberland, collar of the Bath, from Jarvis.

Princess Mary, holding a basket of flowers; mezzotinto, very bad. My proof has no inscription.

CLASS 2. NOBLEMEN.

William Seymour duke of Somerset.

Henry Somerset duke of Beaufort.

William Cavendish duke of Newcastle, for The illustrious heads.

John duke of Marlborough.

John duke of Buckingham.

Philip duke of Wharton, from Jarvis, no inscription.

Lionel duke of Dorset, in robes of the Garter.

Ditto, in coronation robes, white staff.

Henry Howard earl of Surrey, with many devices.

Ditto, smaller, copied from Hollar.

Francis earl of Bedford, for The illustrious heads.

Edward earl of Dorset, ditto.

Heneage earl of Winchelsea ; blank shield, coronet and supporters ; no inscription, nor any cross strokes in the figure.

Robert Dudley earl of Leicester.

Edward earl of Clarendon.

Edward earl of Sandwich.

The earl of Derwentwater.

Edward earl of Orford.

Charles earl of Halifax.

Robert earl of Oxford, garter robes, white staff, one of his last and worst works.

Edward earl of Oxford, sitting, in night-gown and cap ; many pieces of his collection round him.

Edward

LIST OF VERTUE'S WORKS.

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Edward earl of Oxford, in his robes, whole length.

Thomas earl of Strafford.

Horace lord Vere.

John lord Somers.

William lord Burleigh.

CLASS 3. LADIES.

Sarah duchess of Somerset, whole length.

Elizabeth countess of Shrewsbury.

Dorothy countess of Sunderland.

The lady Morton.

Henrietta countess of Orrery.

Frances lady Carteret.

Sophia countess Granville.

} Wives of John earl Granville.

Mrs. Margaret Halyburton, inscriptions in Latin and English.

Lady M. Cavendish Harley, for the small edition of Waller.

CLASS 4. BISHOPS.

Archbishop Warham, for The illustrious heads.

Ditto, small.

Archbishop Cranmer; with a book in both hands, æt. 57. By mistake the inscription and arms give it for Parker.

Archbishop Parker, books before him and on each side; fine.

Ditto, book in one hand, staff in the other.

Archbishop Parker, smaller, and only the head.

Archbishop Whitgift, book on a cushion before him.

Ditto, smaller, head.

Archbishop Grindal.

Archbishop Bancroft.

Archbishop Tillotson, sitting in a velvet chair; fine.

John Potter, bishop of Oxford.

Ditto, when archbishop, in a chair, holding a book on his knee.

Francis Godwin, bishop of Landaff.

Archbishop Blackburne.

James Sharp, archbishop of St. Andrews.

John Jewel, bishop of Salisbury.

John Robinson, bishop of London.

Edmund Gibson, bishop of London.

The same print, but with books and charters on each side of the arms.

Edward Chandler, bishop of Durham.

Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester. Joannes Corvus Flandrus faciebat.

Hugh Latimer, bishop of Worcester.

William Talbot, bishop of Salisbury.

Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.

Ospring Blackhall, bishop of Exeter.

William Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, sitting in a chair in his library; one of his most capital works.

Ditto, a large head.

Francis

Francis Gastrell, bishop of Chester.

Richard Smalbroke, bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

George Smalridge, bishop of Bristol.

Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. Two, with some little difference in the inscriptions.

Thomas Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells. Three different prints.

Philip Bisse, bishop of Hereford.

Thomas Tanner, bishop of St. Asaph.

Martin Benson, bishop of Gloucester.

Benjamin Hoadley, rector of St. Peter Poor (afterwards bishop of Winchester).

Thomas Wilfon, bishop of Sodor and Man.

CLASS 5. CLERGYMEN.

John Spencer, dean of Ely.

Laurence Echard.

Thomas Bisse, S. T. P.

William Lupton, S. T. D.

George Brown, A. M.

Mr. Kettlewell.

George Troffe, V. D. M.

Effigies Authoris, arms. It is Burnet of the Charter-house. Also (a print of) The sacred theory of the earth (according to his system).

Mr. Isaac Mills.

William Whifton.

E. T. Episc. Ofs. designatus. It is Edward Tenison.

Matthew

Matthew Henry, V. D. M.

Dr. Conyers Middleton. This was designed for his works, but was rejected, as Vertue's eyes had begun to fail.

John Barwick, dean of St. Paul's.

John Gilbert, canon of Exeter.

R. Cudworth, D. D.

Isaac Watts, V. D. M.

Another, D. D. with a book in his hand.

Dr. Swift.

Another, smaller, in a night-gown.

Another, still smaller: under it, Non Pareil.

Humphry Gower, master of St. John's college.

John Gale, M. A. and D. P.

Daniel Burges.

John Edwards, S. T. P.

Lewis Atterbury, LL. D.

John Harris, S. T. P.

Richard Fiddes, S. S. T. P.

Mr. Hall (executed); no name. Arms.

Montrose, no name, cap, band, picked beard.

John Gill, S. T. P.

Humphrey Prideaux, dean of Norwich.

John Owen, dean of Christ-church.

Mr. Thomas Stackhouse.

Ralph Taylor, S. T. P.

Henry

Henry Sacheverell.

John Wesley. Two of them, 1742, 1745.

John Strype.

John Flamsteed.

Richard Bentley.

Joseph Spence.

Samuel Clarke. Three. The two smallest have no difference, but that to one is added Dna. Hoadley pinx. Perhaps the other was only a proof.

Mr. Spinckes.

Mr. Henry Grove.

Robert South, S. T. P.

John Piggott, V. D. M.

Robert Mofs, dean of Ely.

William Broome.

A. Blackwall, M. A.

Mr. Joseph Stennet.

Edmund Calamy, D. D.

Thomas Bradbury.

John Laurence, A. M.

Philip Doddridge.

CLASS 6. CHANCELLORS, JUDGES, LAWYERS.

Sir Thomas More.

Sir Nicholas Bacon.

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Sir

- Sir Francis Bacon.
 Tomb of the fame.
 Sir Thomas Parker.
 The fame, when earl of Macclesfield.
 Sir Peter King, lord chief justice.
 The fame, when chancellor.
 Sir Matthew Hale.
 John lord Fortescue.
 Sir John Willes.
 Sir Robert Eyre.
 Sir Robert Raymond.
 Henry Powle, speaker, and master of the rolls.
 Sir Joseph Jekyll, master of the rolls.
 The fame, sitting in a chair, fine.
 John Verney, master of the rolls, fine.
 James Reynolds, chief baron.
 Sir James Steuart, lord advocate.
 Sir John Comyns, chief baron.
 Sir Francis Page, baron of the Exchequer.
 The fame, justice of the King's-bench.
 Sir John Blencowe, justice of the Common-pleas.
 Robert Price, baron of the Exchequer.
 Sir James Montague, ditto.
 Alexander Denton, just. of Common-pleas.

Sir Laurence Carter, baron of Exchequer.

William Peere Williams, esq.

Thomas Craig of Riccartoun.

Thomas Vernon, esq.

Lord-keeper North.

Sir Dudley North.

Roger North, esq.

John Bridges, esq.

CLASS 7. MINISTERS, and GENTLEMEN.

Sir Francis Walsingham.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Another, small.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Sir Francis Drake ; large, poorly done.

Thomas Harley, esq. of Brampton-bryan.

Sir Robert Harley, knight of the Bath.

Sir Edward Harley, ditto.

Edward Harley, esq. auditor of the Imprest.

Sir Ralph Winwood.

William Trumbil, esq. envoy to Brussels.

Sir William Trumbull, secretary of state.

John Thurloe, esq.

Sir Edward Nicholas.

Sir Thomas Roe.

James Craggs, esq. senr.

Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, poorly done.

Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn.

Sir Thomas Rawlinson, lord-mayor.

Francis Mundy.

Sir Philip Sydenham.

Mr. Parker.

James Gardiner, A. M.

Henry Barham, esq.

A gentleman, in a cravat, loose cloak, arms, label above him, no inscription.

John Graves, gent. aged 102, 1616.

Richard Graves, of Michleton, esq. d. 1669.

Richardus Graves de Michleton, ob. 1731.

Monument of Mrs. Eleanor Graves, &c.

Samuel Dale, M. L.

John Morley, esq.

James Puckle, small.

John Bagford. My proof is on Indian reddish paper. Vertue was fond of printing on papers of various colours.

John Murray of Sacomb, antiquary.

CLASS

CLASS 8. PHYSICIANS, &c.

Peter Barwick, physician to Charles II.

Dr. Ratcliffe.

Dr. Turner.

Another, smaller.

Thomas Fuller, M. D.

Thomas Willis, M. D.

John Freind, M. D.

John Marten, surgeon.

Ambrose Godfrey, chymist.

CLASS 9. FOUNDERS, BENEFACTORS, &c.

Hugh Price, founder of Baliol-college.

Sir Thomas Gresham.

Statue of ditto.

Tomb of ditto.

Edward Colston, esq.

Sir Hugh Myddleton, fine.

Dr. Colet.

Bust of ditto.

Thomas Sutton.

Tomb of ditto.

View of the Charter-house.

William Lancaster, S. T. P.

CLASS

LIST OF VERTUE'S WORKS.

CLASS 10. ANTIQUARIES, AUTHORS, MATHEMATICIANS.

William Lambard.

John Stowe.

Sir Robert Cotton.

John Selden.

Sir James Ware.

Thomas Hearne. Two different.

Robert Nelson.

Walter Moyle, esq.

William Baxter.

Richard Baxter, prefixed to Calamy's Life of Baxter.

Mr. Wollafton.

Sir Isaac Newton.

Abraham Sharp.

George Holmes.

Sir Philip Sidney, with many devices.

Small head of ditto.

The same, whole length, fitting under a tree.

Robert Boyle. Two of them.

Mr. Steele, in a cap.

The same when fir Richard, in a wig.

Mr. Addifon. Two: one has his arms.

Edmund Halley.

Mr. John Freake.

CLASS

LIST OF VERTUE'S WORKS.

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CLASS II. POETS and MUSICIANS.

Title-page to the set of 12 poets, in an ornamented border, with lord Oxford's arms.

1. John Gower. †
2. Geofry Chaucer.
3. Edmund Spencer.
4. William Shakespeare.
5. Ben Jonson.
6. Francis Beaumont.
7. John Fletcher.
8. John Milton.
9. Samuel Butler.
10. Abraham Cowley.
11. Edmund Waller.
12. John Dryden.

Geofry Chaucer, large, in oval frame. *

Another smaller, verses in old character. *

A plate with five small heads of Chaucer, Milton, Butler, Cowley, Waller. *

Edmund Spencer, small. *

William Shakespeare, small, in a large ruff. *

Another still less. *

Print of his tomb. *

A plate with seven small heads of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Otway, Dryden, Wycherley. *

† Those numbered are the set. Those with an asterisk do not belong to it.

Ben

- Ben Jonson, small. *
- Francis Beaumont, small. *
- Bust of John Milton: *
- Another, young; 2 Latin verses. *
- Another, old; 2 Greek verses. *
- The same, 6 English verses. *
- Abraham Cowley, small. *
- Butler, for Grey's Hudibras. *
- Waller, for the small edition of his works. *
- John Dryden, large. *
- A small one. *
- Sir John Suckling.
- Nicholas Rowe.
- His tomb.
- Thomas D'Urfey.
- Allan Ramsay.
- Mrs. Eliza Haywood.
- William Croft, doctor of music.
- A head of John Milton, for a vignette. *
- Another, very different, at. 42. At one corner lightning; at the other, the serpent and apple. *
- Two others, smaller. *
- Another, smaller. *
- Trivet, an old poet. A monk in an initial letter.
- John

John Lydgate.

Lord Lansdown.

Matthew Prior, sitting in a chair.

Mr. Pope, in a long wig.

Ditto, small, in a cap.

Arthur Johnson.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

Mr. John Robinson, organist.

CLASS 12. FOREIGNERS.

Hernan Cortez.

Franciscus Junius, from an etching of Vandyck.

The same, completely engraved.

Balthazar Castiglione.

Rapin Thoyras.

Job Patriarcha.

1. William prince of Orange *.

2. Maurice prince of Orange.

3. Jacobus Arminius.

4. Simon Episcopius.

5. Johannes Bogerman.

6. Gerardus Voffius.

7. Franciscus Gomarus.

* The eleven heads numbered are a set.

Vol. IV,

U

8. Edwardus

8. Edwardus Poppius.
9. Gaspar Barlaeus.
10. Johannes Uttenbogaert.
11. Philip de Mornay.
- Maphæus Barberinus, postea Urbanus VIII. Papa.
- Hieronimus Fracastorius.
- Cervantes.
- Father Paul.
- Profile of Augustine Caracci.
- Racine.
- Benedetti, singer.
- Rev. Mr. Aaron.
- Pierre Varignon.
- Blaise Pascal.
- Archbishop Fenelon.
- Wenceslaus Hollar.
- Marcus Hieronymus Vida.
- Charles XII. of Sweden.
- Philip V. king of Spain.
- Erasmus.
- Antony Arnauld.
- Charles Rollin.
- Monf. de St. Evremond.

CLASS 13. HISTORIC PRINTS, and PRINTS with two or more PORTRAITS.

Henry VII. and his queen; Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour.

Procession of queen Elizabeth to Hunfdon-house.

The tomb of lord Darnley; James I. when a child, earl and countess of Lenox, &c. praying by it.

Battle of Carberry-hill, at large, from a small view in the preceding.

This was the first number, published with explanations.

Three children of Henry VII.

Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk and Mary queen of France.

Frances duchess of Suffolk, and Adrian Stoke, her second husband.

Lady Jane Grey, with emblematic devices.

This was the second number published in like manner. Vertue intended to give some other pictures, relative to the family of Tudor, as Philip and Mary, from the picture at Woburn, which he had purposely copied in water-colours; but he finished no more of that set but the following:

Edward VI. granting the palace of Bridewell for an hospital.

The Court of Wards; with an explanation on a folio sheet.

Thomas earl of Arundel, his countess and children; a plate done for the duke of Norfolk, and never sold publicly.

Thomas earl of Strafford and his secretary.

The earl of Strafford's three children.

A set of ten plates, containing the heads of Charles I. and the principal sufferers in his cause, with their characters beneath, from lord Clarendon.

Thomas earl of Coningsby and his two daughters.

The family of Eliot of Port Eliot in Cornwall.

William duke of Portland, Margaret his duchess, and lady Mary Wortley.

Tomb of John duke of Newcastle in Westminster-abbey.

— of Sophia marchioness of Annandale.

— of Dr. Colet.

Bust of ditto.

Tomb of Dr. Young.

— of Dryden.

— of Thomas Watson Wentworth.

CLASS 15. PLANS, VIEWS, CHURCHES, BUILDINGS, &c.

Survey of the remains of Roman antiquity on the Wolds in Yorkshire.

Ancient plan of London as it was in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, on several sheets.

A survey and ground-plot of the palace of Whitehall.

Two plans for re-building London, proposed by sir Christopher Wren, after the fire.

Two different by Mr. Evelyn.

Antiquæ Etruriæ parts orientalis.

Plan of a Roman military way in Lancashire.

Lincoln's-inn-chapel.

Church of Boston.

Plan and elevation of the fire-works in St. James's-park, April 27, 1749.

View of the fire-works at the duke of Richmond's at Whitehall, May 15, 1749.

The gate-house or tower of Layer-Marney-hall in Essex.

Three plates of Saxon antiquities, Waylandsmith, Ichenild-way, &c.

Per-

- Perspective view of a gothic front in the church of Worlingworth in Suffolk.
 Inside view of the chapel in London-bridge. Another plate with the outside and the bridge.
 Small view of the cathedral at Exeter.
 Ditto of St. Edmundsbury.
 Part of the abbot's palace at ditto.
 Ichnography of the church, ditto.
 East view of Bluntsham church in Huntingdonshire.
 View of an ancient gate-way, dedicated to Nicholas bishop of Exeter.
 View of London about 1560.
 North-west view of Gainsborough.
 Small view of the theatre, printing-house, and Ashmolean museum at Oxford.
 View of Penshurst.
 Inside of the abbey-church at Bath, drawn by J. Vertue, brother of George.
 Plan of the church of St. Martin.
 West prospect of ditto.
 South prospect of ditto.
 View of the Savoy.
 A tessellated pavement discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock, 1712.
 Extent of the fire of London, on two sheets.
 The ancient wooden church at Greensted in Essex, &c.
 Map of some Roman garrisons.
 Plan of a Roman camp.
 Five large prints of the Radcliffe library at Oxford *.

* Gough's Br. Topog. in Oxfordshire.

CLASS 16. COINS, MEDALS, BUSTS, SEALS, CHARTERS, GEMS, and SHELLS.

Coin of Carausius and his empress, in brass.

Plate of coins of Carausius.

Ditto, and of other emperors.

Plate of coins with the crux victorialis.

Medal of queen Caroline when princess, a figure sitting on each side.

Reverse of a medal, legend, Refuges.

Plate of ancient Gallic coins.

Another of barbarous coins.

Medal of Leo X.

Plate 1. Egyptian figures, &c.

Plate 2. Ditto.

Medal of George II. his queen, and children.

Heads of Virgil and Homer.

Smaller Homer.

Small head of Franciscus Junius.

Ditto of king Alfred.

Ditto of a pope.

Very small one of Caleb Danvers.

Bust of lord Turchetyl abbot of Crowland.

A bust found at York in possession of Roger Gale.

An extract from Domesday, relating to the church of Hambyrie in Wyrcestershire.

Seal in the shape of a lozenge, an ox and a castle.

Seal of Adam de Newmarche.

Tally of Thomas Godesire.

Seal of dean and chapter of Hereford.

Two others.

Seal of George Coke, bishop of Hereford.

— of Robert Benet, bishop of Hereford.

— of Savari de Boun. A crescent.

Another, same arms.

Another seal, with arms of Bohun.

Another. Another, a knight on horse-back.

Seal of William Fitz-Oth.

— to the surrender of an abbey.

— of St. John Clerkenwell.

— of Thomas bishop of Elphin.

— of bishop Egidius.

Some other seals *.

Arms of queen Elizabeth, as a stamp.

Ditto of James I.

Precept of king Henry to the sheriff of Nottingham.

A charter and imperfect seal, parts only of a horseman and of another figure.

* Gough's Brit. Topog. p. 712. of the first edit.

Representation of the pontific tiara.

Jewels in the collection of Margaret duchess of Portland, 3 plates.

Five shells, ditto.

Thirteen samples of antique silver chased plate found at Bath*.

CLASS 17. FRONTISPIECES, HEAD and TAIL-PIECES.

Frontispiece to *Pline sur l'or et l'argent*. George II. and queen Caroline, at top.

A bishop giving a writing to Hibernia, with other figures. Seems to relate to a charity-school.

A man writing on a tomb by moon-light; for Dr. Young's *Night-thoughts*.

Minerva raising a woman; *Refurges*: Vignette.

Head-piece for *Thurloe's State-papers*: *Thurloe's head*, &c.

A person offering a book to James I. Faith standing by him with *Holy Bible*, &c. I believe for father Paul.

A procession, with the sign of the tabard; for one of *Chaucer's tales*.

A temple with books and emblematic figures: *Vivitur ingenio*.

Frontispiece to the auction book of the *Harleian collection*.

A head-piece with view of *Stonehenge*, &c.

Vignette to *Spence's Polymetis*.

A man digging, with Latin mottos, small oval.

Inside of a church, and a church-yard; head-piece.

The *Annunciation*, ditto.

Many plates for the quarto edition of *Waller*.

* Gough's *Brit. Topogr.* in *Somersetshire*—but qu. whether these were not engraved by his brother James, who resided at Bath?

The Ad Lectorem for lord Burlington's Palladio.

Frontispiece to Historia Cælestis.

Six initial letters, N. 2 P^s. S. 2 T^s.

Set of head-pieces for Homer.

Frontispiece to Fenton's Mariamne:

Ditto to Smith's prints from Titian.

CLASS 18. MISCELLANEOUS.

Arms of the Antiquarian Society at Spalding, engraved and mezzotinto.

Arms of Blount.

Conundrum for Henry's right tobacco, a toe, a back, and O.

Benefit ticket for mademoiselle Violette.

Print of Richard Dickinson governor of Scarborough Spaw, with verses.
Poor.

Large print of David Bruce, with account of his distresses at sea. As ill
done as the former.

Two plates of a mummy.

Two genealogic trees, entitled, Processus & Series Legis.

Plate to put in lady Oxford's books.

Inscription to Neptune and Minerva.

Head of Silenus, a bas-relief.

Liber & Libera, ditto.

A plate of some Roman antiquities.

The western prospect of Bear'sden-hall in Surrey, a fatiric print.

Antiquity-hall, a satiric print.

An antique female figure with two faces, holding a snake with two heads.

Besides many plates for the Society of Antiquaries, published in their two volumes, and a series of Oxford Almanacs for several years; and perhaps some plates which have not come to my knowledge.

Oct. 22d, 1762.

DEDICATION to the FOURTH VOLUME

Of The ANECDOTES of PAINTING, Edit. 1780.

TO HIS GRACE

C H A R L E S,

Duke of RICHMOND, LENOX, and
AUBIGNY.

MY LORD,

IT is not to court protection to this work ; it is not to celebrate your Grace's virtues and abilities, which want no panegyric ; it is to indulge the sentiments of respect and esteem, that I take the liberty of prefixing your name to this volume, the former parts of these Anecdotes having been inscribed to a lady, now dead, to whom I had great obligations. The publications of my press have been appropriated to Gratitude and Friendship, not to Flattery. Your Grace's singular Encouragement of Arts, a virtue inherited with others from your noble Father, entitles you to this Address ; and allow me to say, my Lord, it is a proof of your Judgment and Taste, that in your countenance of talents there is but one instance of partiality—I mean, your favour to,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

Most faithful and obedient

Humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

APPENDIX.

THIS INDENTURE * made the day of in the fourth yere of our sovrain lord kyng Herry the 8th betwyne Mr. Robert Hacomblein provost of the kynges college royal at Cambrydge and the scolers of the same with the advise and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke surveyor of the kynges works there on the oon partye, and John Wastell master mason of the seid works, and Herry Severick oon of the wardens of the same on the other partye, witnesse that hit is covenanted bargayned and agreed betwyne the parties aforeseid, That the seid John Wastell and Herry Severick shall make and sett up, or cawle to be made and set up at ther costs and charges, a good, suer, and sufficyent vawte for the grete churche there, to be workmanly wrought, made, and sett up after the best handlyng and forme of good workmanship, according to a plat thereof made and signed with the hands of the lords ex-ecutors to the kyng of the most famous memorye Herry the 7th, whose sowele God pardon. And the seid John Wastell and Herry Severick shall provide and fynde at ther cost and charges, as moche good sufficyent able ston of Weldon quarryes, as shall suffice for the performing of all the said vawte, together with lyme, sound scaffolding, cinctores, moles, ordinaunces, and evry other thyng concerning the same vawtyng, as well workmen and laborers, as all manner of stuff and ordinaunces that shall be required or necessary for the performance of the same; except the seid Mr. Provost and scolers with the assent of the seid surveyors granted to the seid John Wastell and Herry Severick for the grete cost and charge that they shall be at in remevyng the grete scaffold there, to have therefore in recom-pence at the end and performyng of the seid vawte the timber of two severeyes of the seid grete scaffold by them remeved to their own use and profight; and on that the seid John Wastell and Herry Severick shall have duryng the tyme of the seid vawtyng, certeyne stuffs and necessa-ryes there, as gynnes, whels, cables, hobynatts, sawes and such other as shall be delyvered unto them by indenture; and they to delyver the same agayne unto the college there at the end of the seid worke. The seid John Wastell and Herry Severick granten also and bynde themselves by these covenantes,

* See Vol. III. chap. iv. p. 88. in art. King's College, Cambridge.

that

that they shall performe and clerely fynyshe all the seid vawte within the tyme and space of three yeers next ensuyng after the tyme of their begynnyng upon the same; and for the good and fuer performyng of all the premysses as is afore specyfyed, the seid provost and scolers covenant and graunte to pay unto the seid John Wastell and Herry Severick 1200 l. that is to sey, for every severey in the seid churche 100 l. to be payd in forme followyng, from tyme to tyme as moche money as shall suffice to pay the masons and others rately after the numbere of workmen; and also for ston in suche tymes and in suche forme as the seid John Wastell and Herry Severick shall make their bargaynes for ston, so that they be evyn paid with 100 l. at the end of the performyng every severey; and if there remayne ony parte of the seid 100 l. at the fynysing of the seid severey, then the seid Mr. Provost and scolers to pay unto them the surplusage of the seid 100 l. for that severey, and so from tyme to tyme unto all the seid 12 severeys be fully and perfyttly made and performed.

THIS INDENTURE made the fourth day of August in the fifth yere of the reign of our soverayn lord kyng Herry the 8th, betwene Mr. Robert Hacombleyn provost of the kynges college royal in Cambrydge and the scolers of the same with the advice and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke surveyor of the kynges works there on the oon partye, and John Wastell master mason of the seid works on the other partye, witneseth, That it is covenanted, bargayned, and agreed betwene the partyes aforeseid, that the seid John Wastell shall make and sett up or cawse to be made and sett up at his propre costs and charges the vawting of two porches of the newe churche of the kynges college aforeseid with Yorkshere ston, and also the vawtes of seven chapels in the body of the same churche with Weldon ston accordyng to a platt made as well for the same seven chapels as for the seid two porches; and nine other chapels behynd the quyre of the seid churche with like Weldon ston to be made of a more course worke, as appereth by a platte for the same made; and that the seid John Wastell shall make and sett up or cawse to be made and sett up at his cost and charge the batelments of all the seid porches and chapels with Weldon ston accordyng to another platte made for the same remayning with all the other plattes afore reherfed in the kepyng of the seid surveyor signed with the hands of the lords the kynges executors; all the seid vawtes and batelments to be well and workmanly wrought, made and sett up after the best handlyng and forme of good workmanshype, and
accord-

according to the platts afore specified; the foreseid John Wastell to provide and fynde at his cost and charge not only as moche good sufficient and hable ston of Hampole quarryes in Yorkshere as shall suffice for the performance of the seid two porches, but also as moche good sufficient and hable ston of Weldon quarryes, as shall suffice for the performyng of all the seid chapels and batelments, together with lyme, sand, scaffolding, mooles, ordinaunces, and every other thyng concernyng the fynysing and performyng of all the seid vawtes and batelments, as well workmen and laborers, as all manner of stuff and ordinaunce as shall be requyred or necessary for performance of the same: provided alwey that the seid John Wastell shall kepe continually 40 fre-masons workyng upon the same. The seid John Wastell graunteth also and byndeth hymself by these presents to performe and clerely fynyshe all the seid vawtes and batelments on this side the ffeeste of the Nativitie of Seynt John Baptiste next ensuyng after the date hereof; And for the good and suer performyng of all these premysses, as is afore specyfyed, the seid provost and scolers granten to pay unto the seid John Wastell for ston and workmanship of every the seid porches with al other charge as is afore reherfed 25 l.

And for evry of the seid seven chapels in the body of the churche after the platt of the seid porches 20 l.

And for vawtyng of evry of the other nine chapels behind the quyre to be made of more course work 12 l.

And for ston and workmanship of the batelments of all the seid chapels and porches devided into twenty severeys evry severeys at 100 l.

And for all and singler covenants before reherfed of the partye of the seid John Wastell wele and truly to be performed and kept, he byndeth himself, his heirs and executors in 400 l. of good and lawfull money of England to be paid unto the seid Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor at the ffeeste of the Purification of our blessed Lady next comyng after the date of these presentes; and in lyke wise for all and singler covenantes afore reherfed of the party of the seid Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor wele and truly to be performed and kept, they bynde themselves, their successors and executors in 400 l. of good and lawfull money of England to be paid unto the seid John Wastell at the seid ffeeste of the Purification of our blessed Lady, in witnesse whereof the

the partyes aforeseid to these present indentures interchangeably have sett their seales, the day and yere above wryten.

THIS INDENTURE made the fourth day of January in the fourth yere of the reign of our soverayn lord kyng Herry the 8th, betwene Mr. Robert Hacombleyn provost of the kyng's college royal in Cambrydge and the scolers of the same with the advice and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke surveyor of the kyng's works there on the oon partye, and John Wastell master mason of the seid works on the other partye, witnesseth, That it is covenanted, bargayned, and agreed betwene the partyes aforeseid, that the seid John Wastell shall make and sett up or cawse to be made and sett up at his propre costs and charges the fynyalls of the buttrasses of the grete church there, which be 21 in numbre; the seid fynyalls to be well and workmanly wrought made and sett up after the best handelyng and forme of good workmanship, according to the platts conceyved and made for the same, and according to the fynyall of oon buttrasse which is wrought and sett up, except that all these new fynyalls shall be made sum what larger in certayne places, according to the mooles for the same conceyved and made; also it is covenanted, bargayned and agreed between the partyes aforeseid that the seid John Wastell shall make and sett up or cawse to be made and sett up at his propre cost and charges the fynyshyng and performyng of oon towre at oon of the corners of the seid church, as shall be assigned unto him by the surveyor of the seid works; all the seid fynyshyng and performyng of the seid towre with fynyalls, ryfaat gabblets, batelments, orbys, or crosse quarters, and every other thyng belongyng to the same to be well and workmanly wrought made and sett up after the best handelyng and forme of goode workmanship, accordyng to a platt thereof made remayning in the kepyng of the seid surveyor. The seid John Wastell to provide and fynde at his cost and charge as moche good sufficyent and able ston of Weldon quarryes, as shall suffice for the performyng of the fynyalls of all the seid buttrasses, and also for the performyng and fynyshyng of oon of the towres, as is afore specified, together with lyme, sand, scaffolding, mooles, ordinances and evry other thyng concernyng the fynyshyng and performyng of all the buttrasses and towre aforeseid, as well workmen and laborers, as all manner of stuff and ordenances as shall be required or necessary for performance of the same, except the seid Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor granten to lend to the seid John Wastell
sum

sum parte of old scaffolding tymbre, and the use of certayne stuff and necessaryes there, as gynnes, whels, cables, hobynatts, sawes, and such other as shall be delyvered to him by indenture; and the seid John Wastell to delyvre the same agayne unto the seid surveyor as sone as the seid buttrasses and towre shall be performed. The seid John Wastell graunteth also and byndeth himself by these covenants to perform and clerely fynish all the seid buttrasses and towre on this side the feest of the Annunciation of our blessed Lady next ensuyng after the date hereof; and for the good and sure performyng of all these premysse, as is afore specified, the seid provost and scolers covenanten and granten to paye unto the seid John Wastell for the performyng of evry buttrasse 6*l.*—13*s.*—4*d.* which amownteth for all the seid buttrasses 140*l.* and for performyng of the seid towre 100*l.* to be paid in forme followyng; that is to sey, from tyme to tyme as moche money as shall suffice to pay the masons and other laborers ratelly after the numbere of workmen; and also for ston at suche times and in suche form as the seid John Wastell shall make his provisyon or receyte of the same ston, from tyme to tyme as the case shall requyre; provided alway that the seid John Wastell shall kepe continually sixty fre-masons working upon the same works, as sone as shall be possible for him to call them in by vertue of suche commissyon as the seid surveyor shall delyvre unto the seid John Wastell for the same entent; and in case ony mason or other laborer shall be found unprofytable or of ony suche ylle demeanor whereby the worke should be hyndred or the company mysfordred, not doing their duties accordyngly as they ought to doo, then the seid surveyor to indevor himself to performe them by such wayes as hath byn there used before this time; and also the forenamed Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor shall fynde as moche iron worke for the fynyalls of the seid buttrasses as shall amounte to five shillings for every buttrasse; that is in all 4*l.*—5*s.* And whatsoever iron werke shall be occupied and spent about the seid werkes and for suertie of the same above the seid five shillings for a buttrasse, the seid John Wastell to bere hytt at his own cost and charge; and for all and singuler covenants afore reherfed of the partye of the seid John Wastell wele and truly to be performed and kepte, he byndeth himself, his heirs and executors in 300*l.* of good and lawfulle money of England to be paid unto the seid Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor at the feste of Ester next comyng after the date of thes presentes; and in lyke wise for all and singuler covenantes afore reherfed of the partye of the seid provost, scolers and surveyor wele and truly to be performed and kepte, they bynde them their successor

and executors in 300*l.* of good and lawfull money of Englande to be paid unto the seid John Wastell at the seid ffeſte of Eſter, in witneſſe whereof the partyes aforeſaid to this preſent indenture interchangeably have ſett their ſeales the day and yere above wryten.

THIS INDENTURE made the thirde day of the moneth of May in the yere of the reigne of Henry the 8th by the grace of God kyng of England and Ffraunce, defendor of the ffeyth and lorde of Ireland the eightene, betwene the right worſhepfulle maſters Robert Haccombeyn doctour of divinitie and provost of the kynges college in the univerſitie of Cambridge, William Holgylle clerke maſter of the hoſpitale of Seint John Baptiſte called the Savoy beſydes London, and Thomas Larke clerke archdeacon of Norwyche on that oon partie, and Ffraunces Wylliamſon of the paryſhe of Seint Olyff in Southwerke, in the countie of Surrey glaſyer, and Symond Symondes of the paryſhe of Seint Margaret of the towne of Weſtmynſter in the countie of Middleſex on that other partie, witneſſeth, That it is covenanted, condeſcended and agreed betwene the ſeid parties by this indenture in manner and forme folowing, that is to wete, the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes covenante, graunte, and them bynde by theſe preſents that they ſhal be at their owne propre coſtes and charges wele, ſuerly, clenely, workmanly, ſubſtantly, curyously and ſufficyently glaſe and ſett up, or cauſe to be glaſed and ſett up foure wyndowes of the upper ſtory of the great church within the kynges college of Cambridge, that is to wete, two wyndowes on the oon ſyde of the ſeid church, and the other two wyndowes on the other ſyde of the ſame church with good, clene, ſure and perfeſte glaſſe and oryent colors and imagery of the ſtory of the old lawe and of the newe lawe after the forme, maner, goodenes, curyousitie and clenelyneſſe in every poynt of the glaſſe wyndowes of the kynges newe chapell at Weſtmynſter; and alſo accordyngly and after ſuche maner as oon Barnard Fflower glaſyer late deceaſed, by indenture ſhode bounde to doo; and alſo accordyngly to ſuche patrons otherwyſe called vidimus, as by the ſeid maſters Robert Haccombeyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke, or by any of them, to the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes or to either of them ſhal be delyvered, for to forme glaſſe, and make by the foreſeid foure wyndowes of the ſeid church; and the ſeid Ffraunces Wylliamſon and Symond Symondes covenante and graunte by theſe preſentes that two of the ſeid wyndowes ſhal be clerely ſett up and fully fyniſhed after the forme aboveſeid within two

yeres next ensuyng after the date of these presentes, and that the two other wyndowes resydue of the seid foure wyndowes shal be clerely sett up and fully fynyshe within three yeres next ensuyng after that—without any furder or longer delay. Furdermore the seid Ffraunces Wylliamson and Symond Symondes coveñaunte and graunte by these presentes that they shalle strongly and fuerley bynde all the seid foure wyndowes with double bands of leade for defence of great wyndes and other outrageous wethers; and the seid masters Robert Haccombeyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke coveñaunte and graunt by these presentes that the seid Ffraunces Wylliamson and Symond Symondes shall have for the glasse workmanship and setting up of every foot of the seid glasse by them to be provided, wrought, and sett up after the forme aboveseid sixtene pence sterlinges; and where the seid Ffraunces Wylliamson and Symond Symondes, and also John a More of the paryshe of Seint Margarett of the towne of Westmynster in the countie of Middlesex squyer, John Kellet of the same paryshe towne and countie yoman, Garrard Moynes of the paryshe of Seint Olyffe in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey joyner, and Henry Johnson of the paryshe of Seint Clement Danes without the barres of the newe temple of London in the countie of Middlesex cordwaner by their writtyng obligatory of the date of these presentes be holden and bounde to the seid masters Robert Haccombeyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke in the summe of two hundred pounds sterlinges to be paid at the ffeeste of the Nativitie of Seint John Baptiste, now next comyng after the date of these presentes, as in the same writtyng obligatory more plainly at large doothe appere; neverthelesse the same masters Robert Haccombeyn, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke for them and their executors coveñaunte and graunte by these presentes, that yf the said Ffraunces Wylliamson and Symond Symondes on their part wele and truly performe, observe, fulfille and kepe all and every the coveñaunts, bargaynes, graunts, and promyses and agreements aforeseid in manner and fourme as is above declared, that then the same writtyng obligatory shall be voyd and had for nought, and else it shall stande in full strengthe and effect. In witnesse whereof the seid parties to these indentures interchangeably have sett their sealles.

YOVEN the day and yere aboveseid.

THIS INDENTURE made the laste day of the moneth of Aprelle in the yere of the reigne of Henry the 8th by the grace of God kyng of England and
 4 Ffraunce,

Ffraunce, defendor of the ffeyth and lorde of Ireland the eightene, betwene the right worshepfulle masters Robert Haccombeyn doctur of divinitie and provost of the kynge's college in the universitie of Cambridge, master William Holgylle clerke master of the hospitalle of Seint John Baptiste called the Savoy besydes London, and master Thomas Larke clerke archdeacon of Norwych on that oon partie, and Galyon Hoone of the paryssh of Seint Mary Magdalen next Seint Mary Overey in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey glasyer, Richard Bownde of the parysse of Seint Clement Danes without the barres of the newe temple of London in the countie of Middlesex glasyer, Thomas Reve of the parysse of Seint Sepulchre without Newgate of London glasyer, and James Nycholson of Seint Thomas Spyttell or Hospitalle in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey glasyer on that other partie witnesseth, That it is covenanted, condescended and agreed between the seid parties by this indenture in manner and forme folowing, that is to wete, The seid Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson covenante, graunte, and them bynde by these presentes, that they shalle at their own propre costes and charges well, fuerly, clenely, workmanly, substantially, curiously and sufficiently glase and sette up, or cause to be glased and sett up eightene wyndowes of the upper story of the great church within the kynge's college of Cambridge, whereof the wyndowe in the este ende of the seid church to be oon, and the windowe in the weste ende of the same church to be another; and so seryatly the resydue with good, clene, sure and perfyte glasse and oryent colors and imagery of the story of the olde lawe and of the newe lawe after the forme, maner, goodenes, curiosytie, and clenelynes, in every poynt of the glasse wyndowes of the kynge's newe chapelle at Westminster; and also accordyngly and after suche maner as oon Barnard Flower glasyer late deceased, by indenture stode bounde to doo, that is to sey, fix of the seid wyndowes to be clerely sett up and fynysshed after the forme aforeseid within twelve moneths next ensuyng after the date of these presentes; and the twelve wyndowes residue to be clerely sett up and fully fynysshed within foure yeres next ensuyng after the date of these presentes; and that the seid Galyon, Richard, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson shalle fuerly bynde all the seid windowes with double bands of leade for defence of great wyndes and outrageous wetheringes; furdernore the seid Galyon, Richard, Thomas, Reve and James Nycholson covenante and graunte by these presentes, that they shall wele and suffyciently sett up at their owne propre costes and charges

all the glasse that now is there redy wrought for the seid wyndowes at such tyme and whan as the seid Galyon, Richard, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson shal be assigned and appoynted by the seid masters Robert Haccombeleyne, Wylliam Holgylle, and Thomas Larke or by any of them; and wele and suffyciently shall bynde all the same with double bands of leade for the defence of wyndes and wetheringes, as is aforeseid, after the rate of two pence every ffootte; and the seid masters Robert Haccombeleyne, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke covenante and graunte by these presentes, That the foreseid Galyon, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson shall have for the glasse workmanship and setting up twenty foot of the seid glasse by them to be provided, wrought, and sett up after the forme aboveseid eightene pence sterlinges; also the seid Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson covenante and graunte by these presentes, that they shalle delyver or cause to be delyvered to Ffraunces Wylliamson of the paryshe of Seint Olyff in Suthwerke in the countie of Surrey glasyer, and to Symond Symondes of the paryshe of Seint Margarete of Westmynster in the countie of Middlesex glasyer, or to either of them good and true patrons, otherwyse called a vidimus, for to fourme glasse and make by other four wyndowes of the seid churche, that is to sey, two on the oon side thereof and two on the other syde, whereunto the seid Ffraunces and Symond be bounde, the said Ffraunces and Symond paying to the seid Galyon, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson for the seid patrons otherwyse called a vidimus as moche redy money as shal be thought resonable by the foreseid masters William Holgylle and Thomas Larke; and where the said Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson by their writtyng obligatory of the date of these presentes be holden and bounden to the seid masters Robert Haccombeleyne, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke, in the some of five hundred markes sterlinges to be paide at the ffeiste of the nativite of Seint John Baptiste now next comyng after the date of these presentes, as in the writtyng obligatory more plainly at large may appere; neverthelesse the same masters Robert Haccombeleyne, William Holgylle and Thomas Larke for them and their executors wille and graunte by these presentes that yf the said Galyon Hoone, Richard Bownde, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson well and truly performe, observe, fullfille and kepe all and every the covenantes, bargaynes, graunts, promyses and aggreementes aforeseid in maner and forme as is above declared, that then

the seid writtyng obligatory shall be voyde and had for nought, and else it shall stand in full strength and effect: In witnesse whereof the seid parties to these indentures interchangeably have sett their sealles.

YOVEN the day and yere aboveseid.

** De concessione officii Danieli Mittens.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To all whome these presentes shall come, greeting;

Knowe yee that wee, haveing experience of the facultie and skill of Daniel Mittens in the art of picture draweing, of our especiall grace, certeine knowledge and meere motion, have given and granted, and by theise presentes, for us, our heirs and successors, doe give and graunte unto the said Daniel Mittens the office or place of one of our picture drawers of our chamber in ordinary, and him the said Daniel Mittens, one of our picture drawers of the chamber of us, our heires and successors, do appointe, constitute and ordaine by theise presentes, to have, houlde, occupy and enjoy the said office or place unto the said Daniel Mittens for and dureing his naturall life;

And further, of our more especiall grace and certeine knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and, by theise presentes for us, our heires and successors, doe give and graunte unto the saide Daniel Mittens for the exercising of the said office or place, the yearlie fee and allowance of twentie pounds of lawfull money of Englande by the yeare, to have and to holde, receive and enjoy the said fee and allowance of twentie pounds by the yeare, to the said Daniel Mittens and his assignes, for and dureing the naturall life of the said Daniel Mittens, out of the treasure of us our heires and successors, at the receipte of the exchequer of us our heires and successors, by the hands of the treasurer and chamberlaines of us our heires and successors there for the tyme being, att the foure usuall feasts of the yeare, that is to say, at the feasts of the nativite of Saint John Baptist, St. Michaell the Archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, by

* Rymer's Foedera, vol. xviii. p. 111. See vol. iii. p. 151, of this work.

even portions to be paid, the first payment thereof to begin from the feast of the annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary last past before the date hereof, together with all and all manner of other fees, profitts, advantages, rights, liberties, commodities and emoluments whatsoever to the said office or place belonging or of righte appertayneing, or which hereafter maie anie way be due belonging or apperteyneing ;

Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and wee doe by theise presentes, for us, our heires and successors, commaunde and authorize the saide treasurer, chauncellor, under-treasurer, and barons of the said exchequer for the tyme being, and all other the officers and ministers of the saide courte, and of the receipte there for the tyme beinge, that they, and every of them, to whom itt doth or shall appertaine, doe not only upon sighte of theise our letters pattents, or the inrollment of them, from tyme to tyme pay and deliver, or cause to be payed and delivered unto the said Daniel Mittens and his assignes the saide yearlie fee and allowance of twenty pounds as the same shall growe due, but doe alsoe give allowance thereof accordinge to the true intente and meaning of theise presentes : and theise our letters pattents, or the inrollment thereof, shall be yearlie and from tyme to tyme, as well to the treasurer and chamberlaines of our said exchequer, as to all other the officers and ministers of us, our heires and successors, to whome it shall apperteine, a sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe ;

Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our self at Westminster, the fowerth day of June.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

Pro Daniele Myttens.

REX, quarto die Junii, concessit Danieli Myttens the office of one of the picture drawers of the king's chamber during his lyff.

P. S.

De

* *De concessione speciali Francisco Crane militi.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To the treasurer, chancellor, undertreasurer, chamberlaines and barons of the exchequer, of us, our heires and successors now being, To the receivor generall of us, our heires and successors of our duchie of Cornwall for the time being, and to all other the officers and ministers of us, our heires and successors, to whome itt shall appertaine, and to everye of them, greeting.

Whereas upon our bargaine heretofore made by ourself, with our trustie and well-beloved servant sir Francis Crane knight, for three suits of gould tapestries by him delivered to our use, we stand indebted to the said sir Francis Crane in the somme of six thousand poundes of lawfull money of England, for satisfaction of which somme we are well pleased to give unto him an annuitie or yeerelie pension or allowance of one thousand pounds for ten years, or reasonable recompence or allowance for the forbearance of the seid debte of sixe thousand poundes, if wee shall fynde cause at anie time to pay in the same; and whereas we are graciousslie pleased to contribute one thousand poundes a yeare towards the furtherance, upholding and maintenance of the worke of tapestries, lately brought into this our kingdome by the said sir Francis Crane, and now by him or his workmen practised and put in use at Mortlake in our countie of Surrey;

Knowe yee that wee, as well in satisfaction of the said debte or somme of six thousand poundes, so as aforesaid mentioned to be by us oweing unto the said sir Francis Crane, as in performance of our royal intention, pleasure and purpose in the payment of the said contribution for the better maintenance of the said woorke of tapestries, of our especial grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, have given and graunted, and by theis presents, for us, our heires and successors, doe give and graunte unto the said sir Francis Crane one annuitie or yeerely pension of two thousand poundes of lawfull money of England by the yere,

To have, houlde, perceive, receive and take the said annuitie or yeerely pension of two thousand poundes of lawfull money of England by the yere to the said sir Francis Crane, his executors or assignes, from the feast of the

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 60. See vol. iii. p. 162, of this work.

byrth of our Lord God laste paste before the date hereof, for and dureing the terme, and untill the full ende and terme of ten yeares from thence next ensueing, fullie to be compleate and ended; to be perceived, had and taken at and from the handes of the receivor generall of us, our heires and successors for the tyme being of our said duchie of Cornwall, out of the rentes, somme and sommes of money reserved, due and payable, or hereafter to be due and payable unto us, our heires and successors, for or in respect of the preemption of tynne within the counties of Cornwall and Devon, and which shall from tyme to tyme be paid unto and be remayning in the handes of the said receivor for the tyme being, or at the receipt of the exchequer of us, our heires and successors, by the hands of the treasurer, undertreasorer and chamberlaines of the said exchequer for the tyme being or some of them, out of the treasure of us, our heires and successors from tyme to tyme remayneing in their or any of their handes, at the feastes of the nativitie of St. John Baptiste, and the byrth of our Lord God, by even and equal portions to be payde, the firste paymente thereof to be made at the feaste of the nativitie of St. John Baptiste next ensueing the date of theis presentes; wherefore our will and pleasure is, and wee do hereby for us our heires and successors straightlie charge and commaund the receivor generall of us our heires and successors of the said duchie of Cornwall for the tyme being, and also the treasurer, undertreasorer and chamberlaynes of the exchequer of us our heires and successors for the tyme being, that they or some of them, upon sight of theis our letters pattents, or the inroolment of them, doe from tyme to tyme paie and deliver, or cause to be payde and delivered unto the said sir Francis Crane, his executors or assignes, the foresaide annuitie or yeerlie pension of two thousand roundes of lafull money of England before by these presents given and graunted, accordinge to the tenor, effecte and true intent and meaning of theis our letters pattents.

And our further will and pleasure is, and wee doe hereby, for us, our heires and successors, give full power and authoritie unto, and also require and commaund, the treasurer, chancellor, undertreasorer and barons of the said exchequer of us, our heires and successors for the tyme being, or any other our officers to whom it shall or may appertaine, that they and everie of them doe from tyme to tyme make and give allowance and defalcation unto the said receivor generall for the tyme being, of his accompte and accompts to be made for the revenue within his chardge, and receipte of and for all such payments,

payments, somme and sommes of money as the said receiver shall from tyme to tyme paie and deliver to the said sir Francis Crane, his executors or assignes out of the rents, somme and sommes of money, payable or to be payable unto us, our heires or successors, for or in respecte of the said preemption of tynne, according to the true intente and meaning of theis presents, and theis presents or the inrollment thereof shall be as well unto the said receiver for the tyme being a sufficient warrant and discharge for the deliverie and payment thereof, as alsoe to the said treasurer, chancellor, undertreasorer, chamberlaines and barons of the exchequer, or anie other our officers to whome itt may appertayne, for the allowance thereof accordinglie, and shall be likewise a sufficient warrant and discharge to the said treasurer, undertreasorer and chamberlaines of the said exchequer for the time being, without any further or other warrant or declaration of the pleasure of us, our heires or successors, in that behalfe to be had, procured or obteyned; provided alwaies, and our intente and meaning is, that if wee, our heires or successors, shall at any tyme or tymes hereafter, during or within the said terme of ten yeares, paie or cause to be paie to the said sir Francis Crane, his executors or assignes, at one entire payment, soe much lawfull money of England as, together with such sommes of money which the said sir Francis Crane, his executors or assignes shall in the meane time receive in lieu of one thousand poundes per annum, parcel of the said annuities of two thousand poundes per annum, intended to the said sir Francis Crane for satisfaction of his said debte, shall make upp the full somme of six thousand poundes for the aforesaid debte, and soe much more as the interest thereof, to be accompted after the rate of eight poundes for a hundred by the yeare shall amounte unto in the meane tyme from the date hereof, That then and from thenceforth, all further payments of the saide one thousand poundes, intended for satisfaction of the aforesaid debte and all arrearages thereof then incurred, shall cease and determyne, but the other one thousand poundes, parcell of the said two thousand poundes, shall contynue and remayne in force, to be ymployed for and towards the maintenance and supportation of the said worke, according to our gracious intention in that behalfe, anie thing in theis presents contained to the contrarie notwithstanding.

And lastlie, our will and pleasure is, that theis our letters pattents, or the
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inrollment of them, shall be sufficient and of validitie, according to the true meaning of the same.

Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our self at Westminster the tenth daie of May.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

** De concessione dimissionis Francise Ducisse Richmond et Lenox et Francisco Crane.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To all to whome these presents shall come, greeting.

Whereas, our most deare and royall father, kinge James, of blessed memory, having bene, divers yeares since, informed of the great prejudice and daily losse which his loveing subjects did susteyne, by the use of private and unwarranted farthing tokens of lead, brasse and other mettale, which divers vintners, victuallers, tapsters, chaundlers, bakers and other inferior tradesmen, were then wont to obtrude and putt upon their chapmen and customers in the buying and selling of small commodities; and finding in his royall wisdom that, besides the inconvenience and losse that these tokens brought with them to the poorer sort of people, the use of them was not without some wrong to his royall prerogative, which ought not only to authorize all sorts of coyne, but whatsoever else in the nature of coyne should serve as the measure of buying and selling; out of these considerations, which were for the preservation of his majesties own honour and the good and benefitt of his loveing subjects, itt pleased his majesty thereupon to appoynt and ordeyne, by lettres patents under his great seale of England, that a convenient quantity of one uniforme sort of farthinge tokens should be exactly and artificially made in copper, with his majesties name and title thereupon, to be stamped, to be publiquely used, and to passe betweene man and man for farthings, and did

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 143.

settle and establish a rechange of them into money, whereby the poorer sort of people might buy and sell with more conveniencie, and the subject in generall receive ease without losse;

Nowe,

For that itt is found by experience had of the laudable use and constant rechange of those farthing tokens of copper into money, soe made by authority as aforesaid, that they are growne acceptable and pleaseing to all our subjects, and of very necessary and daily use instead of single money, both for charity to the poore and for the more easie tradeing in pettie commodities,

We have thought fitt to contynue and establish the use thereof by like letters patents, for the residue of the terme which our said royall father was pleased to graunt in that behalfe, in such manner as is hereafter specified.

Know yee therefore that wee, aswell in consideration of the premiffes, as for divers other good causes and considerations us hereunto especially movinge, of our especiall grace, certayne knowledge and meere motion, and of our prerogative royall, have given and graunted, and by these presents, for us our heires and successors, doe give and graunt unto our right trustie and welbeloved cosen, the lady Frances duchesse dowager of Richmond and Lenox, and to our welbeloved servant, sir Francis Crane knight, their executors, administrators and assignes, full free and absolute licence, power and authority that they the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, by themselves or any of them, or by their or any of their deputies, workmen or servants, shall and may, during the termes of yeares hereafter in these presents mencioned, make, in some convenient place at their or any of their pleasure or appointment, such a competent quantety of farthing tokens of copper as may be conveniently by them, or any of them, yssued amongst the loving subjects of us our heires and successors, within our realmes of England and Ireland, and the domynion of Wales, or any of them, within the termes of yeares hereafter mencioned, and the same, soe made, to utter, dispose, disperse, and issue within the said realmes and domynion or any of them, according to the true meaning of these presents, at anie time within the said termes of yeeres hereafter in these presents mentioned;

Z 2

And

And our will and pleasure is, that the said farthinge tokens shall be made exactly and arteficially of copper, by engines or instruments, haveing on the one side two scepters crossing under one diademe, and on the other side a harpe crowned, with our title Carolus Dei Gratia Magne Brittannie, Francie et Hibernie Rex, weighing six graines a-piece or more, at the discretion of the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators, deputies or assignes, with a privy marke from time to time to be sett uppon them, at the coyning or stamping of them, to discover the counterfeiting of any such like tokens by any others, which farthinge tokens wee doe hereby, for us our heires and successors, will and ordeyne to passe and to be generally used, betweene man and man, as tokens for the value of farthings, within our said realmes and domynion, in such manner and forme as in and by the said former letters patents is expressed.

And further of our more ample grace, certayne knowledge and meere motion, and for the considerations aforesaide, and to the intente that the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, shall and may have and enjoy the full benefit and profit intended unto them as by this our graunt, wee doe by these presents, for us our heires and successors, straightlie prohibite and forbid all and everie person and persons whatsoever (other than the said duchesse dowager of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, by themselves or their servants or deputies) to make or counterfeite such our farthinge tokens of copper, or any engines or instruments in resemblance of them, or any other tokens whatsoever, or to use or utter any other farthinge tokens or other tokens whatsoever, either made or counterfeited within our said realmes or domynion, or beyond the seas, or elsewhere, at any tyme after the commencement of these our letters patents, upon payne of forfeiture of all such farthinge tokens or other tokens, and of all such engines or instruments as shall be made, used, uttered, or found, contrary to the true meaning of these presents; and upon such further paynes, penalties, and imprisonments, as by the lawes and statutes of these our realmes of England or Ireland respectively, or by our prerogative royall can or may be inflicted upon them for their contempt and breach of our royall commaundment in this behalfe, the one moiety of all such forfeitures to be to us our heires and successors, and the other moiety thereof wee doe, for us our heires and successors, give and grant unto the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane,

Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, without any account to be given or rendered to us our heires or successors for the same;

And further alsoe, for the better execution of this our grant, wee doe by these our letters patents, for us our heires and successors, give and graunt unto the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, that they, by themselves, their deputies, servants or factors, or any of them, att all tymes and from tyme to tyme dureing the termes of yeares hereby graunted, taking a constable or other officer with them, shall and may enter into any shipp, bottome, vessell, boate, shopp, house, ware-house, or any other place whatsoever, where they, or any of them, shall have cause to make search within any of our said realmes and domynions by water or land, aswell within liberties as without, and there to searche and try by all waies and meanes for all such counterfeit farthinge tokens, or other tokens, engynes and instruments made for the makeing of the said tokens, as shall be brought in from the parts beyond the seas, or found to be made within any of our said realmes and domynion contrary to the true intent and meaning and purport of these presents; and finding any such tokens, instruments or engynes, to arrest, seize, carry away and deteyne the same to the use in these letters patents before mentioned and expresse;

To Have and to hold, perceive, use, exercise and enjoye all and singuler the aforesaide powers, liberties, priviledges, licences, graunts, authorities, and other the premisses, unto the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators, and assignes, from the day of the date hereof, unto the first day of August next coming, and from thenceforth for and dureing the whole terme and tyme of seventeen yeares then next ensueing and fully to be compleat and ended.

Yielding and paying, and the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, for themselves, their executors and administrators, doe covenant, promise and grant, to and with us our heires and successors, to yield and pay therefore yearly, unto us our heires and successors, the yerely rent or somme of one hundred marks of lawfull money of England, into the receipt of the exchequer of us our heires and successors at Westminster, at the feasts of the nativity of St. John Baptist, and the birth of our Lord God, or within twenty eight dayes next after the said feasts, by even and equall portions yerely

to be paid during the termes aforesaid, the first payment thereof to begin at the feast of the nativity of St. John Baptist, in the yere of our Lord God one thousand six hundred twenty-five, or within twenty eight dayes after the said feasts:

Provided always that if itt shall happen the said yerely rent of one hundred marks, or any parte thereof, to be behind and unpaid by the space of twenty-eight days next after either of the said feasts wherein the same ought to be paid as aforesaid, that then and from thenceforth this our present grant shall cease, be void and of none effect, any thing in these presents contayned to the contrary notwithstanding:

And further, of our more especiall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, and for the considerations aforesaid, wee have given and graunted, and by these presents, for us our heires and successors, doe give and graunt unto the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, all such profitts, gaynes, benefitts and advantages as shall be, from tyme to tyme during the termes of yeares aforesaid, made, gotten, raised and obteyned by the makeing, issueing or exchangeing of all such farthing tokens of copper in manner and forme aforesaid; to have, perceive, receive and take the said profit, gayne and benefitt, to be raised and made as aforesaid, to the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, to their owne proper use for ever, without any account or other thing to be given or rendered to us our heires and successors for the same, other than the yerely rent in and by these presents reserved, and the moiety or one halfe of the forfeitures which shall happen during the said termes as aforesaid;

And for the better distributing and disperfing of the said farthing tokens the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, for themselves their executors, administrators and assignes, doe covenant, promise and grant to and with us our heires and successors by these presents, that they the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators and assignes, shall not onely be content and ready, during all the tyme hereby granted, to deliver forth the rate of one and twenty shillings in farthing tokens for every twenty shillings in sterling money, which any our loving subjects shall be willing to give or disburse for the same, but alsoe, during

during the said termes, to deliver unto any our loveing subjects that shall find themselves furcharged with more of the farthing tokens heretofore made by the authority of the letters patents of our said deare father, as hereafter to be made by vertue of these presents, than he can conveniently utter for his use and occasions, the somme of twenty shillings in sterling and currant moneys for every twenty one shillings in farthing tokens, aswell of such as have been heretofore made by the authority aforesaid, as of such as shall be made by vertue of these presents, and so after that rate for all greater or lesser sommes, at the hands of all tradesmen, in all such place and places where the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, administrators or assignes shall issue or utter our said farthing tokens; and to the intent the said tokens may be brought to a more frequent and generall use for the good of our loving subjects without any inconvenience, according to our gracious intention: our will and pleasure is, that there be from tyme to tyme a convenient quantety of the said farthing tokens sent, and wee doe hereby command and authorize the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors, deputies and assignes, from tyme to tyme, to send such a convenient quantety of them into as many citties, burroughs corporate and markett townes within our said realmes and domynion, as they or any of them shall conceive may be fitt for the necessary use of the said severall places, and the same to be left in the hands of some discreet person or persons, together with sufficient meanes for the rechange of the tokens to be uttered to the citizens or inhabitants of the said citties, borroughs corporate and markett townes and other places, and such other as shall be there resiant or resort thither, if cause shall require; and our pleasure and command is that the chief officers and governors, with the ministers and constables of such citties, borroughs corporate and markett townes, doe endeavour that the said tokens may be there dispersed and freely passe betwixt man and man for the value of farthings as before is expressed:

And further wee doe hereby straightly charge and command all and singuler maiors, sheriffs, constables, head-boroughs, comptrollers, customers, searchers, waiters, and all other officers and ministers to whom it shall or may apperteyne, to be aiding and assisting in all lawfull and convenient manner unto the said duchesse of Richmond and Lenox and sir Francis Crane, their executors administrators and assignes, and their and every of their deputies, factors and servants, in the due execution of these our letters patents, upon payne of our
high

high displeasure, and such paynes, punishments and imprisonments as by the lawes and statutes of this our realme of England and Ireland, or by our prerogative royall, may or can be inflicted uppon them for their contempts in this behalfe:

And our further will and pleasure is, and wee doe hereby declare our intent and meaning to be, that all the farthing tokens of copper heretofore made, by vertue of the said letters patents of our said deare father, shall still passe and be yssued amongst our loveing subjects, within our said realmes of England and Ireland and domynion of Wales, for the value of farthings in such manner and forme as the same during the force of the said letters patents did passe and were yssued, notwithstanding the surrender and determination of the said letters patents, under such priviledges, powers, provisions, cautions, forfeitures, punishments and restraints, as before in these presents wee have limited and appointed for such farthen tokens hereafter to be made and issued by vertue of these presents.

Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our selfe att Westminster, the eleventh day of July.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

Pro Francisco Crane.

REX, vicesimo primo die Julii, concessit Francisco Crane militi officium cancellarii ordinis garterii infra castrum de Windfor in comitatu Berks, unâ cum custodiâ sigillorum ejusdem ordinis durante vita.

P. S.

A Grant of the Office of Master-Mason and Architect.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 675. See vol. iii. of this work, p. 164.

To all whome these presents shall come, greeting.

Knowe yee that wee, of our especiall grace, certeine knowledge and meere motion, and for divers other good causes and considerations us at this present moveing, have given and graunted, and, by these presents, for us our heirs and successors, doe give and graunte to our trusty and welbeloved servaunt Nicholas Stone the office and place of our master mason and architeckt for all our buildings and reparations within our honour and castle of Windsor, and him the said Nicholas Stone our said master mason and architeckt for all our said buildings and reparations within our honour and castle of Windsor aforesaid, wee doe make, ordaine, constitute and appointe by these presents,

To have hold execute and enjoy the said office and place of our master mason and architeckt for all our buildings and reparations within our honour and castle of Windsor aforesaid, to the said Nicholas Stone, by himselfe, or his sufficient deputy and deputies, for and dureing the terme of his naturall life;

And further, of our more ample grace, certeine knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and by these presents, for us, our heires and successors, wee doe give and graunt to the said Nicholas Stone for the executing of the seid office and place, the wages and fee of twelve pence of lawfull money of England by the day, in as large and ample manner as William Suthis, or any other person or persons heretofore, having executed and enjoyed the said office and place, hath, had or ought to have had and enjoyed; to have and yearly to receive the said wages and fee of twelve pence by the daye, to the said Nicholas Stone and his assignes, from the daye of the date of these presents, for and dureing the naturall life of him the said Nicholas Stone, out of the treasure of us, our heires and successors, by the hands of the treasorer and chamberlaines of us, our heires and successors there for the time being, at the fower usuall feasts or termes of the yeare, that is to say, at the feasts of the nativite of Saint John Baptist, Saint Michael the Archangell, the birth of our Lord God, and the annuntiation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by even and equall portions yearlie to be paid, together with all other profits, commodities and allowances to the same office and place due, incident, or in anie wise appertayneing, in as lardge and ample manner as the said William Suthis or any other person or persons heretofore haveing executed and enjoyed the said office hath had, or ought to have had and enjoyed.

Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnesse whereof, &c.

Witnesse our selfe at Westminster, the one and twentieth daye of Aprill.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

Pro Nicholao Stone.

THE king, the twenty-first day of Aprill, granteth to Nicholas Stone the office and place of master mason of all the king's buildings and reparations within the honor and castle of Windfor during his life. P. S.

De concessione officii Abrahamo Vanderdoort.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To all to whome, &c. greeting.

Whereas our welbeloved Abraham Vanderdoort esquire hath, by many chardgeable tryalls and long practice, attayned to the art, mistery, science and skill of imbossing and making of medales, great or smale, moulded or pressed, or in any other manner in gould, silver or brasse, which the former emperors and monarches of the world have heretofore beene wont to leave as monuments of antiquitie to their posterities, and are nowe alsoe growne in use amongst many of the princes of Christendome:

Knowe yee therefore that wee, being willing to appropriate to our selfe the service and imployment of the said Abraham Vanderdoort in that arte, mistery, science and profession, have of our especiall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, given and graunted; and by these presents, for us, our heires and successors, doe give and graunt unto the said Abraham Vanderdoort, the office or place of maister imbossier and maker of the medales of us, our heires and successors of all sizes and quantities to be wrought in gould, silver or brasse, moulded or pressed, or in other matter whatsoever: and to have the overseeing and keeping of the same, for the service of us, our heires and successors;

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 73. See vol. iii. p. 184 of this work.

and him the said Abraham Vanderdoort wee doe by these presents, for us, our heires and successors, constitute, appointe and ordaine to be the maister imbosser and maker of the medales of us, our heires and successors, of all sizes and quantities to be wrought in gould, silver or brasse, moulded or pressed, or in other manner whatsoever, and to have the overseeing and keeping of the same, for the service of us, our heires and successors;

To have, hould, occupie and enjoy the said office or place unto the said Abraham Vanderdoort and his assignes, for and dureing the natural life of him the said Abraham Vanderdoorte.

And further, of our especiall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and by theis presents for us, our heires and successors, doe give and graunte unto the saide Abraham Vanderdoorte, for the exerciseing of the saide office or place, the yearlie fee and allowance of fortie poundes of lawfull money of England by the yeare, to have, hould, receive and enjoy the said fee and allowance of fortie poundes by the yeare to the said Abraham Vanderdoorte, out of the treasure of us our heires and successors, at the receipte of the exchequer of us, our heires and successors, by the hands of the treasurer and chamberlaynes of us, our heires and successors there for the tyme being, at the fower usual feasts of the yeare, that is to saye, at the feaste of the nativite of Sainte John Baptiste, Sainte Michael the Archangell, the birth of our Lord and the annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, by even portions to be paid; the firste payment thereof to begin at the feaste of Sainte John Baptiste next coming after the date hereof, together with all and all manner of other fees, profitts, advantages, rightes, liberties, commodities and emoluments whatsoever to the said office or place belonging or of right apperteyning, or which hereafter may any way be due, belong or apperteyne; wherefore our will and pleasure is, and wee doe, by these presents, for us our heires and successors command and authorize the said treasurer, chancellor, undertreasurer and barons of the said exchequer for the time being, and all other the officers and ministers of the said court, and of the receyte there for the tyme being, that they and every of them, to whom itt doeth or shall apperteyne, doe not onely upon sighte of theis our lettres patents or the inrollment of them, from tyme to tyme, paie and deliver, or cause to be paid and delivered unto the said Abraham Vanderdoorte and his assignes the said yearly fee and allowance of fortie poundes as the same shall growe due, but doe alsoe give

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allowance

allowance thereof according to the true intent and meaning of these presents; and theis our lettres patents or the inrollment thereof, shall be yearlie and from tyme to tyme, aswell to the said treasurer and chamberlaines of our said exchequer, as to all other the officers and ministers of us, our heires and successors, to whome it shall apperteyne, a sufficient warrant and dischardge in this behalf:

Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our selfe att Westmynster, the fourteenth day of May.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

** De concessione ad vitam Abrahamo Vanderdoort.*

CHARLES by the grace of God, &c. To all whome, &c. greeting.

Whereas wee have appointed our servaunt Abraham Vanderdoort esquire to oversee and take care of all our pictures which are at Whitehall and other our houses of resort, to prevent and keepe them (so much as in him lyeth) from being spoiled or defaced, to order, marke and number them, and to keepe a register of them, to receive and deliver them, and likewise to take order for the makeing and copping of pictures as wee or the lord chamberlaine of our household shall directe; and to this end are pleased that hee shall have accesse at convenient times into our galleries, chambers and other roomes where our pictures are;

Knowe yee that wee, in consideration of the good and acceptable service done and to be done unto us by our said servaunt Abraham Vanderdoort in manner as aforesaid, of our especiall grace, certeyne knowledge, and meere motion, have given and graunted, and by theis presents for us, our heires and successors, doe give and graunt unto the said Abraham Vanderdoort the office or place of overseer of all the pictures of us, our heires and successors; and him the said Abraham Vanderdoort wee doe by these presents, for us, our heires and successors, constitute, ordayne, and appointe to be the overseer of all the pictures of us our heires and successors, to have, hold, occupy and

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 100. See vol. iii. p. 184 of this work.

enjoy

enjoy the said office or place unto the said Abraham Vanderdoort and his assignes, for and dureing the naturall life of him the said Abraham Vanderdoort.

And further, of our especiall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, wee have given and graunted, and by theis presents for us, our heires and successors, doe give and graunt unto the said Abraham Vanderdoort, for the exercising of the said office or place, the yearlie fee or allowance of fortie pounds of lawfull money of England by the yeare, to have, hold, receive and enjoy the said fee and allowance of fortie pounds by the yeare unto the said Abraham Vanderdoort and his assignes, for and dureing the naturall life of the said Abraham Vanderdoort, out of the treasure of us, our heires and successors, out of the receipte of the exchequer of us, our heires and successors, by the hands of the treasurer and chamberlaynes of us, our heires and successors there for the tyme being, at the fower usuall feasts of the yeare, that is to saye, at the feastes of the nativite of Sainte John Baptiste, Sainte Michael the Archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, by even portions to be payde; the firste paymente to begin at the feast of the nativite of St. John Baptiste nexte comeing after the date hereof:

Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and wee doe by theis presents for us, our heires and successors, commaunde and authorize the said treasurer, chauncellor, undertreasurer and barons of the said exchequer for the tyme being, that they and everie of them, to whome it doeth or shall apperteyne, doe not only uppon sight of theis our lettres patents, or the inrollment of them, from tyme to tyme, paye and deliver, or cause to be payde and delivered unto the said Abraham Vanderdoorte and his assignes the said yerely fee and allowance of fortie poundes, as the same shall growe due, but doe alsoe give full allowance thereof according to the true intent and meaning of theis presents; and theis our lettres patents, or the inrollment thereof, shal be yerely and from tyme to tyme, aswell to the said treasurer and chamberlaynes of our said exchequer, as to all other the officers and ministers of us, our heires and successors, to whome it shall or may apperteyne, a sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe;

Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our self at Westmynster the thirtieth day of May.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

De

De warranto speciali pro Georgio Duci Buckingham et aliis.*

CHARLES, by the grace of God, &c. To our right trusty and right entirely beloved cosen and counsellor

George duke of Buckingham our high admirall of England,

To our right trusty and right welbeloved cosen and counsellor

Henry earle of Holland,

To our right trusty and right welbeloved counsellor

Edward lord Conwey one of our principall secretaries of state,

And to our trusty and right welbeloved

Spencer lord Compton,

And

To our trusty and welbeloved servants

Sir Henry Mildmay knight, master of our jewell-house,

And

Endymion Porter one of the groomes of our bedchamber, and to all other our officers, ministers and loveing subjects whom ytt may any way concerne, greetinge.

Whereas wee have lately ymployed the said duke of Buckingham and earle of Holland as our ambassadors extraordinary to the States of the United Provinces, and for our speciall service have commaunded the said lord Compton to deliver into the hands of the said lord Conwey the severall jewells, hereafter particularly mentioned, being att that tyme in his custody (that is to say)

A great riche jewell of goulde, called The Mirror of Greate Brittain, having twoe faire table dyamonds, twoe other large dyamonds cutt lozen wise, garnished with small dyamonds and a pendant of a faire dyamond cutt in fau-cetts without foyle:

A faire jewell in fashion like a fether of goulde, having in the middest one greate dyamond and thirty other dyamonds of severall bignes, and five small dyamonds in a crosse:

A faire flower of goulde with three greate ballasses in the middest, a greate

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 236.

poynted dyamond and three great pearles fixe with a faire pearle pendant, called The Brethren:

A greate poynted dyamond with the collett taken from a collar of goulde, wherein yet remaines eighte greate rocke rubies and twenty greate pearles sett in twoes, with a long pearle pendant:

A broken collar of goulde of thirty peeces, whereof fifteen are roses and fifteen crowned cyphers of the late kinge and queens names, wherein are nowe remaining eleaven poynted dyamonds and nyne table dyamonds:

A jewell of goulde of the letter I*, haveing one longe fayre table dyamond and twoe lesser square table triangled dyamonds, and a rose dyamond, and a greate ovall pearle pendant:

The greate collar of ballast rubies, conteyninge twenty peeces of gould, whereof ten are sett with greate ballas rubies, and tenne with fixteene round pearles in eiche peece:

One greate saphire cutt in foffetts, one pendant saphire cutt in foffetts, one ballast ruby with a longe pearle pendant, one ballast ruby without foyle in a collett of goulde enamelled:

A greate amatist in a collett of goulde:

All which jewells the saide lord Compton according to our commaundment did deliver unto the saide lord Conwey and the saide lord Conwey by our commaundment did deliver them uppon or neare aboute the eighte day of November nowe last past unto the said Endymion Porter to be carried beyond the seas into Holland, and there to bee delivered unto the saide duke of Buckingham and earle of Holland by them twoe to be disposed of as wee have specially directed them for our service.

And whereas the saide sir Henry Mildmay the master of our jewell house, by our like especiall commaundment uppon or aboute the fixe and twentieth day of October nowe last past, did deliver out of his custody and charge unto the saide duke and earle, or their servants for them, theis severall parcells of riche plate and jewells hereafter particulerly mentioned in theis presents,

That is to saie,

* Probably for K. James.

Inprimis,

Inprimis, one bason of goulde; in the bottome there are sett two fayre dyamonds, twoe fayre rubies, twoe emeraulds, and seaventeene faire pearles, and the brymme of the same garnished with fower faire dyamonds, fower faire rubies, fower faire emeraulds, and forty eight clusters of pearles, there beinge fower faire pearles in every cluster; of the waichte of one hundred and thirteen ounces.

Item, one very faire layer of mother of perle, being a shell crazed in sundry places and limited againe, garnished with goulde, the foot thereof cutt eighte square, in the lower parte whereof is one dyamond without a foyle, fower rocke rubies, twoe fayre emraulds, and one saphire, and uppon the upper parte of the same square is one very faire dyamond without foyle, one faire rocke ruby, and twoe faire emraulds, the shanke thereof garnished with twoe very faire rubies, two very faire emraulds, and three very faire pearles pendant, the body thereof garnished with twoe very faire rubies, two faire emraulds, two faire dyamonds and six pearles, the handle being an antique man of goulde garnished with fixe rubies, one emerauld, one saphire, and one pearle pendant, layinge his one hand uppon a goodly ballace, and the other hand uppon a goodly rubi, and from the body to the same shell, garnished with twoe dyamonds, fower rubies and twoe very faire rubies, with twoe pearles pendant in twoe womens hands, houldinge betweene the other twoe hands a goodly ballace like a harte, the garniture of the same shell above the brymme and spoute downwards to the body with five dyamonds, two of them beinge greate, seaven rubies, fower emraulds, one emrauld pendant, one blewe saphire, and three pearles pendant, with two severall pearles sett, and a longe pearle sett in the topp over the saide harte of ballace—weighinge one hundred and threescore ounces:

Item, one bason and layer of goulde, the bason enamelled about the busshell and brymme, and the layer sutable, haveing forty eighte small dyamonds in the bason, and thirtie three small dyamonds, thirtie rubies, and twelve greate saphires in the layer—weighing two hundred and twoe ounces:

Item, a bason and ewer of goulde, sett wth dyamonds rubies and emraulds, and one greate ballace ruby in the middest of the ewer, the armes of Denmarke in the bason with Anna Regina—weighing one hundred threescore five ounces and a halfe:

Item, a faire boll of goulde, with a cover garnished with dyamonds rubies and

and emraulds, in the topp a wilde man with a ruby pendent in his hand, and Anna Regina within the cover, weighing fifty one ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, a standing cupp of gould, with a cover garnished with dyamonds rubies and emraulds all perfecte, having the armes of Denmarke within the cover, weighing fiftie ounces scante :

Item, one cupp of goulde, with a cover graven on the body, with an alter and an inscription over itt (*nil nisi vota*), and the similitude of a temple graven with a peramides on the topp of the cover, and a harnised man on the topp thereof holding an antique shield in his left hand ; weighing two hundred ounces and a halfe :

Item, one bafon and layer of goulde plaine, weighing one hundred fower-score and fixteene ounces :

Item, a paire of faire bolls and covers of goulde raised with talbotts on the sides, weighing one hundred and twentie ounces :

Item, a faire standing cupp of gould, garnished about the cover with eleaven dyamonds, and two poynted dyamonds about the cupp, seaventeene table dyamonds and one perle pendent uppon the cupp, with theis words *bound to obey and serve*, and *H. and I.* knitt togeather ; in the topp of the cover the queens armes, and queene Janes armes houlden by twoe boyes under a crowne imperiall ; weighing threescore and five ounces and a halfe :

Item, a cupp of goulde with a cover garnished with redd roses and full sett, and garnished with course ballaces or rubies and saphires, and one and twentie troches of perles, three pearles in every troche, weighing fiftie fixe ounces scante.:

Item, a highe salt of gould in the forme of a shippe, with a strikeing clocke in the cover garnished with dyamonds, rubies, saphires, emrauldes, jacints, amatists, ballaces and perles ; weighing one hundred threescore twoe ounces and a halfe :

Item, one salte of goulde, called *the Morris Daunce*, haveing the foote garnished with fixe greate saphires and fifteene course dyamonds, thirtie seaven course rubies, fortie twoe small garnishing perles, haveing uppon the shanke three great course saphires and three great course perles, uppon the border about the shanke twelve course dyamonds, eightene course rubies, and fiftie twoe

garnishing perles, and standinge about that five morris dauncers and a taberer, haveing amongst the morris dauncers and taberer thirteene small garnishinge perles and one ruby, the lady houlding the salte haveing uppon her garment from her foote to her face fiftye garnishinge perles and eightene course rubies, the foote of the same salte haveing fower course rubies and fower course dyamonds, the border about the middle of the same salte haveing fower course dyamonds, seaven rubies and eighte perles, and uppon the top of the said faulte fower dyamonds, fower rubies and three greate perles, haveing uppon the tyre of her head tenn course rubies, twelve course dyamonds and twentie nyne course garnishinge perles; weighing one hundred fifty one ounces and a halfe and halfe a quarter :

Item, one cupp of goulde called *the Dreame of Paris*, haveing uppon the cover thereof the image of Paris, Jupiter, Venus, Pallas and Juno, and Paris horse uppon the cover, garnished with eightene dyamonds greate and small, and in the five borders of the same cover thirtie twoe greate rubies, Jupiter garnished with tenn small rubies, and Paris helmett garnished with twoe small rubies, Venus and Pallas, either of them haveing one small rubie uppon their brest, Juno wanting her chaplett, the horse of Paris haveing eighte small rubies, alsoe uppon the five borders of the same fortie one great perles, Jupiter haveing his garment garnished with thirtie two small perles, Paris haveing one small perle uppon the topp of his cap, Venus having twoe perles hanging downe from her chaplett, Juno haveing uppon her chaplett hanging downe twoe small perles, and uppon her buttocks twoe small perles, the horse garnished with twenty seaven perles great and small, the cupp haveing upon the foote and shanke twentie sixe rubies greate and small, tenne dyamonds of divers sorts, fower saphires, and thirty eighte perles greate and small; weighing one hundred twenty and one ounces :

Item, a trencher salte of goulde in forme of a castle, garnished with dyamonds, rubies, emraulds and perles; weighing one and twentye ounces and a quarter :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing thirtie ounces :

Item, one cupp of goulde the cover and foote enamelled with eighte course dyamonds, fower on the cover, and fower lesser on the foote, and in the topp
of

of the cover a faire pointed emraulde and another knobb of goulde enamel'd like the emraulde ; weighing twentie eighte ounces and a quarter :

Item, one high falte of goulde with a cover of goulde, in the cover twelve ballace rubies, nine saphires, three dyamonds, and on the topp a woman haveing a rose dyamond in one hand, and in the other an arrowe with a dyamond at the end garnished with perles fixed and pendant, wanting fixe perles, nynteene small dyamonds in the coronett, the cover weighing threescore ounces ; the falte sett with forty five ballace rubies, thirtie fixe saphires, seaven small dyamonds, and garnished with perles fixed and pendant, wanting divers perles, weighing twoe hundred thirtie fower ounces scante ; weighing in toto twoe hundred fowerfcore fixe ounces and a quarter :

Item, one cupp of goulde, the cover and foote enamelled with eighte course dyamonds, fower on the cover, and fower lesser on the foote, and in the topp of the cover a faire pointed emrauld, and another knobb of gould enamelled like an emrauld ; weighing twentie eight ounces and a quarter :

Item, one cupp, the boll thereof aggett ovall fashion, called *the Constables Cupp*, with an aggett in the foote, all garnished with gould enamelled, sett with rubies and dyamonds, with a cover of goulde likewise enamelled and garnished with rubies and dyamonds, set about with fower antique heads of aggetts, in the inside one aggett cutt with twoe faces garnished with dyamonds ; weighing fiftie seaven ounces three quarters :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde with dropps and a branch of flowers in the topp enamelled like dayseys, weighing thirtie fixe ounces :

Item, one layer of goulde chafed with longe dropps, the spoute betweene a serpente garnished with rubies, perles and flowers enamelled with white and redd, wanting a ruby in the topp of the cover ; weighing fortie ounces scante :

Item, eighte great dishes of goulde with armes, weighing one hundred fowerfcore fower ounces and a quarter :

Item, fixe trencher plates of goulde with armes, weighing threescore and fowerteene ounces one quarter and halfe a quarter :

Item, twelve fruite dishes of gould with the armes of Denmarke, weighing one hundred and fowerfcore five ounces and a quarter.

Item, a posnett of goulde with a cover, weighing twentie ounces and a quarter scante :

Item, a boll and cover of goulde with roses and crownes, and a crowne with a crosse on the topp of the cover, weighing threescore nyne ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, one paire of goulde cupps with covers, haveinge blewe snake rings in the topp of theire covers, weighing thirtie ounces and a halfe :

Item, twoe trencher plates of goulde standinge uppon pillers, weighing one hundred and tenne ounces one quarter and a halfe :

Item, one porringer and cover of goulde, weighing twenty seven ounces three quarters and a halfe :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing thirtie one ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing twentie five ounces one quarter and a halfe :

Item, one cupp and cover of goulde, weighing twentie three ounces three quarters and a halfe :

Item, a collar of goulde, conteining seaventeene roses and seaventeene knotts, weighing twenty nyne ounces and three quarters :

Item, a bafon and ewer of goulde ovall fashion, weighing threescore eleaven ounces and a halfe :

Item, a gridiron of goulde, weighing twentie two ounces a quarter and a halfe :

Item, a cupp of aggott, with a cover garnished with gould and full of em-raulds, turqueffes, dyamonds, roses of dyamonds, rubies and perles, with a saphire on the topp, with a boy houldinge a speare ; weighinge fiftie three ounces and halfe a quarter :

Item, a lookinge glasse sett in goulde, garnished on the one side with twoe saphires, fower rubies and one emraulde, and on the other side with fower saphires and fower rubies, the steele of aggott, twoe little boyes, one of them houldinge

houldinge a perle and five perles hanginge: on the other parte of the body is a man on horsebacke, the body beinge a clocke within a cristall garnished with fower dyamonds and fiftie five rubies, with fower antique boyes enamelled white, twoe of them bearinge in either hand a perle; and the other twoe, the one haveinge twoe perles and the other hath one perle in their handes, wantinge fower perles in the faide antique boys; the base or foote standinge uppon fower rounde cristalls garnished with tenne rubies, and fower naked women of goulde standing att every corner one, and a man in the topp, beinge naked; weighing fowercore and seaventeene ounces three quarters and a halfe:

Item, one plate of goulde, graven on the one side with astronomy, and on the other side with a shippe, called the *Tryumphe*, with a case of murrey velvet, weighinge threescore and thirteen ounces:

Item, one layer, the foote body and handle of aggott, the body crased, garnished with gould and sett with dyamonds, rubies and amathists, one emraulde and one saphire, the foote having a border of small rubies rounde aboute itt; weighing twentie eighte ounces and halfe a quarter:

Item, a cupp of aggott with a cover of goulde like a tent, haveinge a morris daunce in the cover, sett with twentie saphires, nine small dyamonds, and seaventeene ballace rubies, garnished with perles fixed, and perles and beads of gould pendant; weighinge threescore and eighte ounces:

All which jewells and plate have beene received by the said duke and erle, to be disposed of by them for our especiall service according as wee have given unto them private directions:

Nowe forasmuch as the faide jewells and plate are of greate value, and many of them have longe contynued as itt were in a continuall discent for many years togeather with the crowne of England, and therefore it may not bee safe for the faide lord Compton, lord Conwey, sir Henry Mildmay and Endymion Porter, or any of them, to deliver them out of their severall charges, nor for the said duke and erle to receive the same and transporte the same beyonde the seas, and there to dispose them without speciall warrant from us for the doeinge thereof, which in tyme to come mighte bee perrillous unto them, unless wee shoulde by some publique instrument declare that all this was done by our especiall commaundment and for our especiall service:

Knowe

Knowe all men therefore that wee, for many weighty and important reasons and causes, much concerning us our honour and state, have authorised and commaunded the saide lord Compton, lord Conwey and sir Henry Mildmay and Endymion Porter, to deliver theis severall jewells and plate, before severally mentioned, in manner as aforesaide, unto the saide duke and erle or such of their servants as they shoulde appointe to keepe the same;

And that wee did likewise authorise and commaunde the said duke and erle to order and dispose of the said jewells and plate to such purposes, and in such manner as wee our selfe have in private to them particularly directed; and wee doe by theis presents declare and avowe the same, and that nothinge therein is done but by our owne ymmediate commaunde and for our owne ymmediate service; and our will and pleasure is, and wee doe by theis presents, for us our heires and successors, graunte that they the saide duke of Buckingham, erle of Holland, lord Conwey, lord Compton, sir Henry Mildmay, and Endymion Porter, and every of them, their heires, executors and administrators, and their and everie of their landes, goods and chattells, bee for ever freed as against us our heires and successors for the doeing and performinge of our will and pleasure touchinge the premisses, and that they and every of them be onely accomptable to us in our owne person for the disposing of the saide jewells and plate, and to none other nor in any other manner;

And theis presents, or the inrollment thereof, shal be unto them and every of them, and to all our officers and mynisters whom yt may any way concerne, a full and sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalfe.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our selfe att Hampton Courte the seaventh day of December.

Per ipsum Regem.

A Monsieur le Comte d'Hollande.

MONSEIGNEUR,

MONS. L'Abé de Scaglia m'a commendé de vous faire ceste despesche pour la necessité qu'il y a que les affaires soient avancées et pouffées, comme il dist,

dist, dans le grand chemin. Il y a un mois que j'ay envoyé une despêche a Monf. le Duc pour rendre compte de ce qu'il m'avoit enchargé et de ce que Monf. de Scaglia avoit a dire, la dicte despêche estant arivée trois jours apres le despart de Monseigneur le Duc; sa Maj. a pleu la lire et m'honorer de ces commends par une lettre que Monf. de Montagu m'a apportée du secretaire Canvué. En ma precedente lettre j'ay fait recitt de ce que ce pouvoit apprendre issi des plus fraiches nouvelles de France, et de ce que Monf. l'Abé de Scaglia avoit appris a Brusselles, estant le sommaire d'une tres remarquable disposition qu'avoit l'Infante et le marquis Spignola a un acomodement, luy aiant demandé s'ils se pouvoient asseurer que l'Angleterre leur donneroist bien deux mois de temps, pour receveoir les ordres requis d'Espagne. Or est il qu'en suite de la dernière lettre de Rubens, par la quelle il desiroist un entreveue de luy et de moye en Hollande, ie luy procuray un passeport du prince d'Oranges. Il se transporta de Brusselles a Breda, d'ou il mescript qu'il avoit ordre de ces maîtres de ne passer plus oultre que Zenenberghen, passe neutre, et ou autrefois ceux qui firent les premieres ouvertures de la France sentrevoioient, m'asseurant par sa lettre qu'il me feroist veoir clairement que ceste punctualité estoit fondée sur des raisons justes, equitables et tendantes a l'avancement de l'affaire: mais aiant en singuliere recommandation d'accompagner les ordres que Monf. le Duc m'a données, avecq les circonstances requises a la reputation de sa Maj. ie montray la lettre a Monf. Carleton, et luy dis que ie n'estois nullement d'avis de bouger de la Haye ou des environs, et fis response au dict S^r. Rubens que ie luy avois envoyé un passeport a sa requisition, en vertu duquel il pouvoit sans aucune difficulté se transporter luy et ses valets, en telle passe de la Hollande qu'il luy plaisait; que s'il faisoit difficulté de venir a la Haye, ie lirois trouver a Delf, ou Rotterdam, comme appert par les copies des lettres issi encloses. Il me fist response, et sçaveoir quil partoist promptement pour Brusselles pour receveoir aultres ordres, estant tres sensible de quelque ombrage que ie pourrais prendre, comme appert par cest lettre incluse quil escript a Monf. l'Abé de Scaglia, protestant que ceste resolution avoit esté prise pour le bien de l'affaire, ce qu'il m'eust tres particulierement fait entendre. Quelque jours apres il arriva a Delf, qui estoit le $\frac{11}{21}$ du mois de Juillet, où il m'a représenté que si Don Diego Messias, qui est encore a Paris, n'eust tardé si long temps, il n'eust pas désiré de me veoir avant son arrivée; parce que l'Infante, attendant par luy tout ordre, ne sçavoit que dire: mais craignant que l'Angleterre prinst quelque ombrage de la longueur d'Espagne, elle lavoit envoyé pour m'asseurer de son integrité, de son zelle,

zelle, et sincere intention. En un mot, pour faire cognoistre que les ordres eussent estes plustost envoyés si l'Espagne n'eust pris c'este resolution d'envoyer Don Diego Messia, lequel, a ce quil dist, a faict telle diligence qu'il est party le lendemain de ces fiançailles; le dict Don Diego aiant aussi tardé plus long temps par les chemains pour raison d'une fievre tierce laquelle le tient encore a Paris. La seconde raison pourquoy ils avoyent envoyé le Sr. Rubens estoit, pour entendre si l'on avoit avancé pour procurer a la concurrence des estats, et si l'on avoit medité sur les expedients necessaires, pour facilliter les affaires, ou les plus grandes difficultes et obstacles ce rencontreroient en celles de Hollande. Que l'Espagne avoit escript en ces termes: Vous continuerez de traiter avec Gerbier jusques a ce que Don Diego vienne, non seulement d'un acomodement entre l'Espagne et l'Angleterre, mais aussi pour l'Alesmagne et l'Hollande. Que l'Empereur mesme avoit escript tres exactement a l'Infante, que, si aucun traité passoit par ces mains, quil seroit tres content que les affaires d'Alesmagne s'acommodassent, et qu'il tesmoigneroit d'estre un prince Chrestien. Le dict Rubens faisant des grandes instances pour scaveoir a quel expediant l'on avoit pensez; je luy fis response que par l'escript qu'avoit esté envoyé le 9. de Mars, pour response de ceux que j'avois apportée de la part de l'Infante, la balle (comme dire) estoit mise a leur pietz, que c'estoit a eux de parler, que le temps ne permet pas puis que nous ne voions encore aultre certitude de leur part que parolles, de faire aucune ouverture; que bien estoit vray que Mons. Carleton se devoit disposer a faire tout debvoir, mais qu'il n'estoit possible d'avancer l'affaire sans que de la part d'Espagne l'on ne vist des tesmoignages efficaceux sur quoy il me dict que la serenissime Infante sçavoit bien quil ne se pouvoit rien faire sans les ordres requis et si long temps attendus; mais que son voyage, tendant a nous asseurer de la bonne intention, et nous leuer de toute doute, seroit acompagné de quelque advancement si, en attendant la venue de Don Diego Messias, il ce pouvoit trouver quelques expedians pour donner lumiere a l'acheminement du traité, et quainssi il retourneroit avecque quelque fruit. Je luy dis que pour corespondre aus asseurances qu'il apportoit de la bonne intention de l'Infante—que ie le pouvois asseurer de celle de sa Maj. Et puis qu'il avoit maintenant licence de ce promener par les villes de Hollande, que j'avrois loisir de veoir mons. Carleton lequel pouroit dire son sentiment sur quelques expedians; de la part duquel ie luy ay dict a son despart, qu'il severtuera tant que sera possible, a mediter sur les expedians necessaires; et quen attendant qu'il avoit pensé a deux, estant toutesfois dict par maniere de discours, scaveoir

ſçaveoir ſi pour l'Electorat il ſe pouvoit adjouſter uné voix davantage au college, et que le ſurvivant des deux ſuccederoit ; le ſecond, que dens lacommodement, afin d'intereſſer le prince, ſe rendaffe la ville de Breda. Quand aux plus difficiles comme ſe qui regarde ce mot de p'ays libre, et leſtroitte confederation ratifiée il y a deux ans, qu'il eſperoit de trouver jour, eſtant ſon intention de la propoſer au roy a mon retour, lors que le dict S^r. Rubens feroit veoir ce que Don Diego Meſſias apporteroit. Il a promis qu'il feroit toute diligence, et ſur ce ay eſté obligé d'attendre de ces premieres nouvelles, par advis de monſ. Carleton. J'ay fait entendre au dict Rub. la ligue que le roy de France pretend de faire avecq les princes catholiques d'Aleſmagne. L'argent quelle a promis de fournir aux eſtats ſur les premieres nouvelles quelle aura que l'armes des eſtats aura aſſiegée quelque place, de forte que monſ. Rubens avecq pluſieurs aultres diſcours qu'avons eu enſemble ſur la raiſon d'eſtaſt que le roy d'Eſpagne devoit pluſtoſt aveoir de ſouffrir un prince de la reliſion en Aleſmagne, ſen eſt allé avecq la puce a l'oreille, eſperant a la venue de Don Diego Meſſias, comme a un Meſſie. Les proteſtations qu'ils font, et la neceſſite qui les ſemble preſſer, donne de l'aparence, ſi ce neſt que l'Eſpagne trompe meſme l'Infante ; ce que ce cognoiſtra bien toſt, car Rubens a promis que ſ'il ſ'apercevoit de telle choſe il en adverteroit promptement.

J'avois fait mention en ma premiere lettre, que l'on pouvoit aiſement remarquer que pluſieurs de ce pa'ys panchoient du coſté de la France, et que la plus grand part avoyent une tres grande apprehenſion de ceſte rupture entre la France et l'Angleterre. Je m'eſtois adviſe denploier mon temps a faire quelque recoevil des meſmoires que j'ay des affaires paſſées ; et le communiquant avec monſ. l'abé de Scaglia, il a adioutté ce qu'il a creu eſtre convenable et utile, l'ayant reduit en uné faſſon de lunettes d'Hollande pour faire veoir la veritté et la forme des affaires. Je luy eſcript en langue Françoisé pour la traduire apres en Flamang avecq intention de le deſtribuer par eſcript parmy ceux qui ont le plus de pouvoir et de ſentiment en ce pa'ys, ſi telle eſtoit la volonte de ſa Maj. c'eſt pourquoy ie l'envoye ici jointe, vous ſuppliant den dire voſtre ſentiment.

L'ambaff. de Savoye m'a dict que les deſputés des eſtats ont eſtes inviſtez et portez eſcrire en France, touchant l'intereſt qu'ils ont de la mauvaiſe intelligence de ces deux couronnes. Que pourtant ils prient ſa Maj. doublier

les offences receves et de vouloir fuspendre les actes d'hostilité contre l'Angleterre, representant particulièrement que ce desordre portte la ruine de cest estats. Laquelle lettre a esté faicte par l'artifice du cardinal de Richelieu pour la faire imprimer a Paris, affin que ceux de la religion de France voient que les actions d'Angleterre sont mesmes odieuses a ces amis, affin qu'ils croient qu'il y a mesme de la desunion avecque ces estats, et faire paroistre qu'il a eu raison de portter le roy son maistre a des animosites contre l'Angleterre, puis que les estrangers mesmes cognoissent que la France par elle a esté offencée.

Nonobstant ceste ditte lettre que l'on croist estre sollicitée par Artsen lequel s'est faict cognoistre du tout François en ceste conjuncture; les estats cognoissent bien que l'Angleterre ne peut pour ces interets, n'y pour sa reputation permettre la perte de la Rochelle, comme aussi que la France aye grandes forces en mer, et destre pour les mesmes respects aussi bien interessez que l'Angleterre, qui donne assez de subject de croire quil y a de la necessité de les pousser, n'y ayant pas de doute, quilz suivroit tout a faict l'Angleterre en ce quelle voudroit traiter d'une paix d'Espagne, estants hors de toute sorte despoir d'assistance de la France, et font bien veoir le sentiment qu'ils en ont s'ayant la province d'Hollande esvertuée de fournir deux millions de livres, plus que par le passé pour suppleter a ce que la France manque. Le Sr. Rubens a veu lettres escriptes de France a l'Infante et marquis Spignola lesquelles sont dressées par le cardinal de Richelieu, disant lors que monf. de Montagu parloit au duc de Savoye touchant les affaires de la France, et l'Angleterre, que l'ambassadeur de France la resident estoit caché derriere la tapisserie pour oir tout ce que ce disoit, ceste fourbe estant controuvée pour faire croire que la France est recherchée par l'Angleterre et que mesmes la France est si esloignée de vouloir acommodement que ces ministres ne veulent pas paroistre ou sont ceux d'Angleterre, pour traiter avecques eux.

Le cardinal de Richelieu ayant ombrage du voiage de Messias, se disant en France que c'est pour traiter avecq l'Angleterre, il a faict promptement escrire une lettre a Artsen, si tost que l'armée des estats assiegeroient une plasse de l'ennemy que la France leur fera tenir cinq cents mille livres, esperant par ce moien et par les $\frac{60}{100}$ livres qu'ils ontourny au roy de Dennemarque d'apportter lenpeschement a l'accommodement des affaires entre l'Espagne et l'Angleterre, cest un argument que la France ne faict rien de bon que par crainte.

crainte et quand elle est forcée. Le bien qu' a desia aportté le bruiet de quelque traité avecque l'Espagne, maxime certain que l'entretien en est bon.

Les lettres de Paris du 25 font mention d'une soulevation qu'il y a eu dens Bourdeaux n'aiants voulu accepter les nouveaux edits. Ceux de Bourdeaux n'ont aussi voulu publier la desfence du commerce avecque l'Angleterre. Monf. l'abé de Scaglia m'a induit descrire qu'il feroist d'avis en ceste disposition de leur faire sçaveoir de les vouloir traiter en amis, a condition qu'ils soient obliger d'assister ce que le roy de la Grand Bretagne entreprendra a leur advantage. Monsieur de Rohan a faict responssé au roy par son agent que le roy luy avoit envoyé pour tirer promesse de luy qu'il n'eust pas a ce remuer. Il a respondu qu'il se fera recognoistre bon serviteur du roy pourveu que la Rochelle soit remise en toute sorte de liberté, ce que faict cognoistre au roy que la deliberation des armes que monf. de Rohan prend, est avecque le consentement des eglises de France. Il a fait retirer madame de Rohan de Geneve, et sen va en Italie affin que personne ne soupsonne quelle sollicite le roy pour son mary.

La Rochelle avoist faict pendre quelques uns qui avoient voulu persuader le peuple de s'unir avecque le roy.

Monf. de Guise est tres mal satisfait pour le commendement donné a monf. d'Angoulesme. Il estoit party vers Poitton environ quatre ou cinq mille hommes et doit estre la a la fin du mois de Juillet. Je ne puis obmettre de faire recitt de la bonne repartie que monf. l'abé de Scaglia a faict a l'embassadeur de France et celuy de Venise issi resident, lesquelles pressoient fort qu'il ce devoist entremettre en un accommodement, qu'il falloist procurer que la France vint a une suspension d'armes, sur quoy l'abe de Scaglia demende si la France avoist des piques longues de Calais a Douvre, car pour d'autres armes il n'en cognoissoit pas.

Jay representé a monf. de Scaglia ce que monf. Canoué m'a commandé de de la part du roy, le dict Scaglia m'a faict veoir en mesme temps ce quil escrivoit a son Altetze touchant les affaires, pour le tenir tousiours disposé au deffain de sa maj. et dy engager ces amis, ce qu'il avoit recommandé avecque toute l'ardeur que l'on pouvoist souhaister. Pour ce que regarde le voyage du baron de Puseol, il attend responssé d'un jour a autre, de tout ce que l'on

peut desirer de sa negotiation, estant party d'icy avecque toutes les instructions et memoires necessaires, il ne doute quil n'aye bien servy. Pour les affaires de Geneve il a dict a monf. de Montagu en ma presence comme il pourra asseurer son Altesse de tout ce que le roy luy a ordonné, et de plus que sa maj. est authourdhuy au point de rendre si grand service a ceux de son party en France qu'il luy donnera tant plus d'avantage et d'autorité parmy ceux de Geneve et ailleurs que l'on pouvoit attendre quelque bon succes. L'abe de Scaglia s'assurant que son maistre le trouvera bon, monsieur de Montagu s'en va bien instruit de ce qu'il aura a faire avecq Soissons, particulierement sur l'occasion de la maladie du roy, laquelle enpirant pouroit bien changer beaucoup de choses, autrement s'il tombe en fievre cartte comme l'on dict desia, cela fortifiera les mal contents de France, et donnera toute sorte d'avantage a ceux qui en sçavront profiter, et quelque sorte de minne qu'ils fassent ils sont a present bien enpeschez, car indubitablement yl y aura beaucoup de brouilliers dens toutes le provinces de la France qui les rendront inutilles au roy pour le secours qu'il en pouvoit avoir tiré, jusques a tant que l'on soit en estast de faire d'avantage, comme monf. de Scaglia croit que fera si les affaires de Savoye et de Genes sachevent.

L'abe de Scaglia avroit desiré de passer au plustost en Engleterre vers sa maj. mais est en ce point qu'il attend quelque responce de madame de Soissons, il desire de pouvoir conclure avecq monf. de Candalle qui luy a promis de s'unir avecq monf. le compte de Soissons, lequel n'attend qu'une responce pour establir ceste affaire la, mais il espere de partir dicy, au plus tard en quinze jours, ou trois semaines, et desire que le vaisseau revienne envers le dict temps.

L'ambass. de France a fort desiré de pouvoir escrire quelque chose du retour de monf. de Montagu, il s'est adresse a monf. de Scaglia lequel luy a fait des responses assez ridicules, en particulier luy a proposé de demander a monf. Carleton passeport pour asseurer les vaisseaux du roy de France qu'il voirdroit bien faire partir de ces ports.

J'avois touché en m'a precedente lettre comme l'ambass. de Venice et l'agent de Florence residant en Engleterre sont personnes qui interpretent en mal tout ce qui se faisoit en Engleterre, donnent les advis aux ennemis de la couronne, et estoient personnes dangereuses, en aiant souvent ouy des estranges

rapports. Monf. de Scaglia dict fur cela, qu'il faut veoir de mettre l'affaire tout bellement en tel eſtaſt que l'on aye a parler ſens portter prejudice a l'ambaff. de Venice qui eſt en France parce que les principales chofes que monf. l'abé de Scaglia a ſcû, il les a de celuy de Paris, lequel eſt maintenant ſuſpect a celuy d'Angleterre.

Mais touchant ceſt agent de Florence qui eſt a Londres, le fr. Vertſelin m'a ſouvent donné des advis pour les dire a monf. le Duc, ne pouvant le dict Vertſelin ſouffrir les malices leſquelles il faiſoit paroître. Et j'ay remarqué ſelon les paroles que le dict Vertſelin m'a dittes que ſens doute ceſt agent de Florence a faiſt ce petit livret intitullé La cronique des favoris, et dedie a monf. le duc de Buckingham, dens lequel ie trouve les meſmes termes que le Vertſelin m'a raconté. Monf. de Scaglia m'a faiſt tenir le livret que j'aporteray quand et moy, ſa maj. m'ayant faiſt l'honneur de me commander par le ſecretaire Canové d'en faire raport, a qui j'ay auffi eſcript un peu plus brièvement et pour ne manquer a mon deveoir ie n'ay voullu faillir de vous en donner la cognoiſſance.

Authourdhuy ſont venues les lettres de France vielles de 10 jours. Le roy eſt encore a Villeroy fort mal, ſa fievre eſt double tierce, avecque l'accident de la diſſanterie le rend en tres mauvais eſtaſt, les aſtrologues diſant ſa fin, toutes les affaires ceſſent et pluſieurs tant dehors que dedans ſont aux atentes; il fuſt dict au roy que le cardinal de Richelieu lavoit ſervy avecque beaucoup de paſſion, il dict ces mots, Il eſt vray ie le ſçay bien, mais le peuple ſe plaint fort.

Ils ont taché dacepter le gouvernement de Grandmont, mais il la reſuſe. Monf. D'Eſpernon c'eſt retiré a Bergerac, diſant puis qu'il ne peut empeſſcher la ſoulevation du peuple, qu'auffi ne veuſt il eſtre preſent ſi quelque mal arivoit.

Monſieur d'Angoulefme a eſte commendé de ſ'areſter a Nior qui eſt a 10 lieues de la Rochelle, ils ont levé toute les garniſons tant de Boulogne et quartiers circonvoifins pour les envoyer a monf. d'Angoulefme. Madame la conteſſe de Soiffons a mandé que le mariage luy plaift; mais dict a monf. de Scaglia quelle ne peut reſoudre que juſques a ce que ceſte maladie du roy prenne fin.

L'ambaffadeur

L'ambassadeur de Savoye a escript par homme expres la necessite qu'il y a que monf. le Compte se desclare et prenne resolution principalement durant la maladie du roy.

Don Diego Messias est fort malade a Paris d'une fievre tierce ; je crains fort un prolongement aux affaires, par ceste maladie.

Monsieur de Crecy aiant mande un courier pour faire sçaveoir au roy de l'armement de monf. de Savoye et l'ombrage que l'on devoit prendre de monf. de Soissons, le roy a mande a monf. de Crecy de ne bouger des frontieres et qu'il luy enveroient le regiment du Prince de Phalsbourg, le fils du cardinal de Guise qui fust tué a Blois, quil les reduiroit a trois mille, le regiment du cheu. de Sault a deux mille, et si cela ne suffit, quil luy donne ordre d'en faire encore cinq mille et cinq cents chevaux.

Monf. de Louviers estant mis en prison a la Bastille en l'occasion de Chalais a demande a parler au cardinal Richelieu, le mesme jour a este mené a la Conciergerie, où l'on faict son proces, ce dict qu'il doit avoir nomme plusieurs personnes et en particulier monf. le Grand Prieur et Vandome.

Monf. del Beuff sollicitte pour le gouvernement de la Picardie.

Le roy a este saigné quatre fois ; la fievre tierce redoublée, ne bouge pas du tout.

Le cardinal ce paigne de rage les cheveux et la barbe avecque les ongles, ne permet que personne aproche du roy, mesme la royne.

Cest iffi le sommaire de ce que les dernieres lettres disent.

Jespere que Vost. Exc. pardonnera a ma longue escripture partant du zelle
de, monseigneur,

Vostre tres humble tres obeissant

et tres oblige serviteur

ce 6 d'Aoust 1627, Haye.

B. GERBIER.

De

** De Concessione ad vitam Nicholao Lanieri et aliis.*

CHARLES by the grace of God, &c. To the treasurer and undertreasurer of our exchequer nowe being, and that hereafter for the tyme shalbe, greeting,

Whereas wee have beene graciously pleased, in consideration of service done, and to be done unto us by fundrie of our musicians, to graunt unto them the severall annuities and yearly pensions hereafter following, (that is to say) to Nicholas Lanieri master of our musick two hundred poundes yearly for his wages, to Thomas Foord fourescore poundes yearly for his wages, that is, for the place which he formerly held, fortie poundes yearely, and for the place which John Ballard late deceased held, and now bestowed upon him the said Thomas Foord, fortie poundes yearly, to Robert Johnson yearely for his wages fortie poundes and for stringes twentie poundes by the yeare, to Thomas Day yearely for his wages fortie poundes and for keeping a boy twenty fower poundes by the yeare, also to Alfonso Ferabosco, Thomas Lupo, John Laurence, John Kelly, John Coggeshall, Robert Taylor, Richard Deering, John Drewe, John Lanier, Edward Wormall, Angelo Notary and Jonas Wrench, to everie of them fortie poundes a peece yearely for their wages; and to Alfonso Bales and Robert Marthe, to each of them twentie poundes a peece yearely for their wages.

Theis are therefore to will and commaund you, out of our treasure in the receipt of our exchequer, to cause payment to be made to our said musicians above mentioned, and to every of them severally and respectively, the said severall annuities and allowances, as well presently upon the sight hereof for one whole year ended at the feast of the annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, last past before the date hereof, as alsoe from the feast hitherto, and soe from tyme to tyme hereafter at the fower usuall feastes or termes of the yeare, (that is to say) at the feast of the nativite of St. John Baptist, St. Michaell the Archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, by even and equall portions, during their naturall lives, and the lives of everie of them respectively, together with all fees, profitts, commodities, allowances and advantages whatsoever to the said places incident

** Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 728.*

and

and belonging, in as large and ample manner as any our musicians in the same places heretofore have had and enjoyed the same; and theis presents, or the inrollment thereof, shal be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe:

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our selfe at Westminster, the eleaventh day of July.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo, &c.

De Concessione Denizationis Francisco Cleyne et Philippo de Maecht.*

REX omnibus ad quos, &c. salutem.

Sciatis quod nos, de gratia nostra speciali, ac ex certa scientia et mero motu nostris, concessimus, ac per presentes pro nobis, heredibus et successoribus nostris, concedimus Francisco Cleyne et Philippo de Maecht in partibus transmarinis oriundis, seu quibus aliis nominibus vel cognominibus vocentur seu censeantur, vel quocunque alio nomine vel cognomine aut additione nominis vel cognominis eorum alter vocetur seu censeatur, quod ipsi posthac durantibus vitis suis sint indigene ac ligei nostri, ac heredum et successorum nostrorum regni nostri Angliæ, ac in omnibus teneantur reputentur tractentur habeantur et gubernentur, et eorum alter teneatur reputetur tractetur habeatur et gubernetur, tanquam fidelis ligeus noster heredum et successorum nostrorum infra hoc regnum nostrum Angliæ oriundus, et non aliter nec alio modo;

Ac quod ipsi omnes et omnimodas actiones sectas et querelas cujuscunque sint generis, in quibuscunque curiis locis et jurisdictionibus nostris heredum et successorum nostrorum habere exercere, eisque uti et gaudere, ac eis et in eisdem placitare et implacitare, respondere et responderi, defendere et defendi possint et valeant, et eorum alter possit et valeat, in omnibus et per omnia, sicut aliquis fidelis ligeus noster vel aliqui fideles ligei nostri in dicto regno nostro Angliæ oriundi;

Et insuper quod iidem Franciscus Cleyne et Philippus de Maecht terras tene-

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 96.

menta reversiones et servitia, ac alia hereditamenta quecumque infra dictum regnum nostrum Anglie et alia dominia nostra perquirere recipere habere tenere emere et possidere, ac eis uti et gaudere, eaque dare vendere alienare et legare cuicumque persone sive quibuscunque personis sibi placuerit ad libitum suum possint et valeant, et eorum alter possit et valeat licite et impune, adeo plene quiete libere integre et pacifice sicut aliquis ligeus noster vel aliqui ligei nostri infra dictum regnum nostrum Anglie nati;

Ac etiam quod iidem Franciscus Cleyne et Philippus de Maecht omnes et omnimodas libertates franchises et privilegia hujus regni nostri libere quiete et pacifice habere et possidere, eisque uti et gaudere possint tanquam ligei nostri, et eorum alter possit tanquam ligeus noster, infra dictum regnum nostrum Anglie oriundi, absque perturbatione impedimento molestia vexatione calumpnia seu gravamine nostri heredum et successorum nostrorum vel aliquorum aliorum quorumcunque; aliquo statuto actu ordinatione seu provisione in contrarium inde antehac editis factis ordinatis seu provis, aut aliqua alia re causa vel materia quacunque, in aliquo non obstante:

Proviso semper quod iidem Franciscus Cleyne et Philippus de Maecht homagium ligeum nobis faciant, ac Lott et Scott, prout alii ligei nostri faciunt et contribuunt, solvant et contribuant, et eorum alter solvat et contribuat ut est justum, solvantque iidem Franciscus et Philippus nobis heredibus et successoribus nostris custumas et subsidia pro bonis et marchandizis suis, prout alienigenę solvant et solvere consueverunt.

Proviso etiam semper quod iidem Franciscus et Philippus ad omnes et singulas ordinationes actus statuta et proclamationes hujus regni nostri, tam edita quam imposterum edenda, teneantur et obedientes sint, et eorum alter teneatur et obediens sit, juxta formam statuti in ea parte nuper editi et provis.

In cujus rei, &c.

Teste rege apud Westmonasterium vicesimo octavo die Maii.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

* *De Concessione ad Vitam Francisco Cleyne.*

CHARLES by the grace of God, &c. To all, to whome theis presents shall come, greeting:

Knowe yee that wee, for certeyne good causes and considerations us hereunto moving, of our especiall grace, certeyne knowledge and meere motion, have given and granted, and by theis presents for us our heires and successors doe give and graunte unto our trustie and welbeloved Francis Cleyne, a certeyne annuitie or pension of one hundred poundes by the year, to have hold and enjoy the said annuitie or pension of one hundred poundes of lawfull money of England by the yeare, to the said Francis Cleyne, from the feast of the blessed Virgin last past before the date hereof, for and during the terme of his naturall life, to be perceived and received by him the said Francis Cleyne or his assignes, out of the treasure of us our heires and successors, at the receipt of the exchequer of us our heires and successors, by the handes of the treasurer, undertreasurer and chamberlaynes of us our heires and successors there from tyme to tyme being, at the fower usual feastes or termes of the yeare, that is to say, at the feastes of the nativitie of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the archangell, the byrth of our Lord God, and the annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, by even and equall portions to be paid, Although expresse mention, &c.

In witnes, &c.

Witnes our selfe at Westminster, the fourth day of June.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

The following slight notices relating to artists who have worked for the English, but came not to England, or who are cursorily mentioned to have been here, are extracted from Descamps.

HUBERT JACOBS, of Delft, painted portraits of several English; and it is pretended that, to satisfy their natural impatience, he formed a hasty manner that prejudiced his works and reputation. Vol. ii. p. 36.

* Rymer, vol. xviii. p. 112.

John David de Heem, of Utrecht, a celebrated painter of flowers, had sold a capital piece to Vander Meer, another painter, for 2000 florins. Vander Meer being plundered by some troops, had no resource but in presenting that curiosity to king William, having inserted the monarch's head in the garland. The king brought it to England, having bestowed a lucrative employment on the donor. Vol. ii. p. 39.

Henry Pot, of Harlem, drew the portraits of the king and queen of England, and of the principal nobility—at what time is not specified—probably they were Charles II. and his mother, &c. during their exile. Vol. ii. p. 43.

John Lievens, born at Leyden in 1607, was an admired painter of portraits. The prince of Orange presented to the English ambassador (who gave it to the king) the picture of a student sitting by the fire, which pleased so much that Lievens came to England on the credit of it, drew most of the royal family and most of the nobility, though then but 24 (it was in 1630), and staid here three years. This is all the account I find of this painter in England, nor do I know any of his works here; yet the tradition is confirmed by a MS. catalogue of king Charles's pictures, in which are named, the student; portraits of the prince and princess; and a salutation of the virgin. Descamps, vol. ii. p. 117.

Palamedes Stevens, according to Descamps, is still more our own, having been born at London in 1607, though he never practised here. His father, an eminent sculptor of Delft, was celebrated for carving vases in porphyry, agate, jasper, and other precious materials, and was invited to England by James I. where the son was born, soon after which he was carried by his father to Holland, and died at the age of 31. Descamps, vol. ii. p. 118.

Nicholas de Heltstokade, of Nimeguen, painted the king of England. I suppose, Charles II. Ib. p. 112.

The directors of the Dutch East India-company gave 4000 florins for a picture of Gerard Dow, representing a woman with an infant on her lap, playing with a little girl; they presented it to Charles II. on his restoration; king William carried it back to Loo. Ib. 221.

Giles Schagen, of Alcmæer, was a great copyist, and painted portraits and sea-pieces. He was born in 1616, and Descamps says he was in England. Ib. 253.

King William gave 900 florins for a picture by *Mary Van Oosterwyck*.

John Henry Roos, born at Otterburg in the lower Palatinate in 1631, was a painter of landscape and animals, and, according to Descamps, came into England; but probably staid here very little time.

William Schellinks, according to the foregoing authority, was here too, but staid as little. He painted in Holland the embarkation of Charles II. at the restoration, which was reckoned his capital work.

John de Baan, born at Harlem 1633, became so considerable a portrait-painter that, on his arrival in England, Lely, who, if Descamps were to be credited, was the most jealous of his profession (which is a passion more likely to be felt by the worst artists than by the best), was exceedingly glad that De Baan returned soon to the Hague. He frequently drew king William and queen Mary, and painted king James in his passage through Holland. John de Baan died in 1702.

That neat and curious painter *Vander Heyden* was probably in England, for Descamps (vol. iii. p. 49.) mentions a view of the Royal-exchange by him.

Francisco Milè was here, but made no stay.

Robert du Val, who had been employed by king William at Loo, was sent over to clean the cartoons, and place them in Hampton-court. See his life in Descamps, vol. iii. p. 172.

John Van Hugtenburch, of Harlem, was employed by prince Eugene to paint his battles, and had a share in the designs for the triumphal tapestry at Blenheim.

Augustine Terwesten, of the Hague, born in 1649, visited England in the course of his studies.

John Vander Spriet, of Delft, painter of portraits, died at London. He is quite unknown. Vide Descamps, vol. iii. p. 261.

Simon Vander Does staid here but a very short time.

A LET.

A
L E T T E R
TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANIES
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANIES

OF

THOMAS CHATFIELD

L E T T E R

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANIES, &c.

SIR,

YOU have so clearly marked me out as the person whom T. Chatterton first addressed, in order to extricate himself from his irksome situation; and you have accompanied that description with so injurious a picture of my behaviour, that my appearing to the citation will certainly not subject me to the suspicion of vanity. Perhaps I do not think that an anonymous editor, who, to satisfy an idle curiosity, calls on a private man for an account of a private transaction, is much entitled to an answer; still less to a public answer: because, were such summons to be obeyed, the public would be troubled with ten thousand impertinent discussions. But as you have gone much farther, and, founding yourself on a very unjust assertion (I hope on misinformation), have called for the indignation of the public against me, it becomes necessary to my own character to clear it in as public a manner.

And though, sir, you are the person to whom I shall address my vindication, you will allow me to forget you for a moment, while I make an apology to your superior and mine, that public you appeal to, for the liberty I take in troubling them with the cause of so insignificant a person as I am. Your mention of me as the first to whom Chatterton applied, is not the first notice laid before the public of my having been involuntarily involved in his story. Rumours, grafted on circumstances not fathomed, have even represented me as the primary cause of his dismal catastrophe; in some publications the expressions have been so little weighed and so unguarded, as almost to insinuate this cruel and most unjust aspersions. Some of my friends have been so kindly hurt at the misrepresentation, as to advise me to give an open account of

of my conduct towards Chatterton, with which they were acquainted, and which they knew had been irreproachable. Conscious of my perfect innocence on that head, I chose to rest upon it. My time of life, aversion to controversy, and, above all, conviction that I am not of consequence enough to interest the attention of the public, made me decline the solicitation of my friends. You say, sir, that I am well known to the republic of letters: the description, I doubt, is too magnificent. A trifling writer, whose celebrity is confined to a very narrow sphere, scarce deserves that predication. However, my having been an author was an additional reason why I chose not to be so again, especially in my own cause. To be an author, indicates respect for the public; it implies ambition of meriting their regard. To cease to be an author, if one has not been totally an unsuccessful one, is a stronger mark of respect. It implies apprehension of forfeiting their approbation, when declining years may have impaired our faculty of pleasing. But there is a spacious difference between attempting to amuse the public by one's writings, and presuming to demand attention to one's self. This latter arrogance I dreaded; and it preponderated to make me silent. All I yielded to, was, to set down a faithful account of my intercourse with Chatterton, and to communicate it to some few persons. With that narrative I shall now indulge you, sir, as you express a wish to see it. If I violate my own law of not intruding the interests of a private man on the awful examination of the public, you, not I, sir, ought to be responsible. You, by your own confession ignorant of the circumstances of my transaction with Chatterton, have not only stigmatized it with the charge of having been contemptuous, but have most unwarrantably insinuated that that my behaviour calls for the indignation of the public. I shall examine your reasoning in support of that anathema presently—but, thus dragged out from a tranquil obscurity in which I had sought to pass the remnant of life, thus traduced before the most respectable of all auditories, the judgment of my countrymen, I must stand acquitted in the first instance of not having voluntarily presented myself before their tribunal. It would be wanting respect to what I shall ever reverence, the good opinion of mankind, if I declined submitting not only my cause, but my defence, to their judgment. It would be wearing that arrogance to all, which you unjustly charge me with towards one, an ingenious young man, but still more entitled to my respect as he was a poor and unhappy young man; though, as you will find, sir, during my acquaintance with him he appeared to me in none of those lights. You will find too, that, though I

was far from treating him either with contempt or neglect, he did not seem totally unworthy of both, as I could consider him under no aspect but that of a youth who endeavoured to impose upon me.

Having thus, sir, with the deference I owe to them, accepted the jury you have chosen for me, not excepting even to you, however prejudiced against me, for (as I flatter myself you have rather endeavoured to provoke me to gratify your curiosity, than meant me any ill-will, which, as you are totally unknown to me, I hope I have not deserved) I trust I shall bring you over to join in my acquittal. I will forbear to consider that I stand before my country, and will argue the case with you with the familiarity of equals; yet having the better of you by my being the person wronged, it shall be with that good humour which is the charity of innocence, and which, though prohibited from controversial, and rarely admitted into literary, disputes, is better suited to so ridiculous a subject as that which gave birth to this correspondence between you and me: I mean the question of the authenticity or forgery of the poems called Rowley's. Had that controversy never been agitated, you and I, sir, had probably remained unknown to each other. You seem more interested for the honour of Chatterton's abilities, than sedulous to prove that he and Rowley, if such a poet as the latter ever existed, were animated by so congenial a spirit, that the compositions of the one can hardly, very hardly, be discriminated from the other. You give us many specimens of prose and poetry which you maintain were indubitably Chatterton's. If they were, the wit of man can assign no reason why the rest ascribed to Rowley should not have been coined in the same mint. The same soul animates all, and the limbs that would remain to Rowley would indeed be "*disjecti membra poetæ*." Rowley would not only have written with a spirit by many centuries posterior to that of his age, but his mantle, escaping the hands of all his contemporaries and successors, must have been preserved nothing the worse for time, and reserved to invest Chatterton from head to foot. I, who rather smile at the importance bestowed on this fantastic controversy, assure you, that, as I was originally an actor in this interlude without my consent, so am I a spectator most indifferent how it shall terminate. It is of no consequence in my eyes, whether Rowley, an unknown monk of the fifteenth century, wrote like poets of a polished age, in the same metres and same numbers, though then neither used nor known, nor for many years afterwards; or whether Chatterton, an attorney's clerk at Bristol, could in his very youth

counterfeit the language of the fifteenth century. That he could is plain, for he did : and it is indubitably easier to copy the style of those who have gone before us, than to imitate that of those who will not be born till many ages after we shall be dead. But it is not my business to enter into the general spirit of this grave controversy, but to clear myself from having been the innocent cause of its remaining so embroiled. Still I am so much obliged to you for having owned that you know none of the circumstances of my part in the affair, and there is such honest simplicity in condemning a man first, and then desiring him to tell you his story, that it would be unpardonable to be angry with or to deceive you, and I give you my word I will be guilty of neither.

What relates to me is contained in the following passages of your preface : " One of his [Chatterton's] first efforts to emerge from a situation so irksome * to him, was an application to a gentleman well known in the republic of letters ; which, unfortunately for the public and himself, met with a very cold reception : and which the disappointed author always spoke of with a high degree of acrimony, whenever it was mentioned to him." pp. xviii. xix.

Again, p. xxi. " Perhaps the reader may feel some indignation against the person to whom his first application was made, and by whom he was treated with neglect and contempt. It were to be wished that the public was fully informed of all the circumstances attending that unhappy application ; the event of which deprived the world of works which might have contributed to the honour of the nation, as well as the comfort and happiness of their unfortunate author."

In these passages, sir, there are propositions of different kinds, which, amounting to a heavy charge on me, you will allow me to analyse. I am first taxed with giving a very cold reception to Chatterton's address. Within two pages, that coldness is grown to neglect and contempt : and within few words more, my contempt is swoln to the heavy accusation of driving the unhappy youth to despair and suicide.—I shudder, sir, and so ought you, not at the consequence of his dismal fate, the depriving the world of works that Chatterton

* He was bound apprentice to a lawyer, and he was of a profession which might be said to " possessed," says the preface, " all the vices and accelerate his pursuits in antiquities, yet so irregularities of youth, and his profligacy was averse was he to that profession that he could at least as conspicuous as his abilities. Although never overcome it." p. xviii.

might have written, and which you fondly imagine would have contributed to the honour of the nation ; but I shudder at having that dismal catastrophe imputed to my cruelty and arrogance—nor have you cause to exult at lightly calumniating an innocent person in so black a manner. I have reason to say, you calumniate me lightly ; for, if you knew the circumstances, would you be reduced to wish that the world were fully informed of them ? Would you not lay them before the world ? Or is it from tenderness to me that you suppress them ? I entreat you to tell all you know—conceal nothing. I am going to give my narrative. Canvass it as rigorously as you have accused me. Detect the most minute grain of falsehood—surely you had better grounds than the partial relation of a disappointed author, who you say never mentioned me without a high degree of acrimony !

To so serious an apostrophe as this I am almost ashamed to join remarks on the ludicrous conclusion of your peroratio : but can I help smiling at your lamentation over imaginary abortions which my freezing breath nipped in their præ-existent state ? Let me administer other comfort to you than you have bestowed on me. Recollect, sir, that premature genius is seldom equally great in its meridian. Psalmanaazar, the prototype of Chatterton, as you and I coincided in thinking, though he reformed his morals, and died a virtuous man, which we cannot be sure would have been Chatterton's case, seemed, though always a very sensible man, to have exhausted his inventive faculties in his creation of Formosa. The thread of my argument will suggest other consolations to you ; but the pain you have given to my sensibility will not allow me to indulge longer mirth. It is very seriously that I must ask you, whether it was the part of a wise man to credit the tales of an acrimonious and disappointed youth, and whose profligacy you say was so conspicuous ? Was it the part of a just man (for that part you could not receive from Chatterton) to couple his first unsuccessful application with his fatal exit, and load me with both ? Does your enthusiastic admiration of his abilities, or your regrets for the honour of England's poetry, warrant such a concatenation of ideas ? Was poor Chatterton so modest or so desponding as to abandon his enterprises on their being damped by me ? Did he not continue, pursue them ? Is this country so destitute of patrons of genius, or do I move in so eminent and distinguished a sphere, that a repulse from me is a dagger to talents ? Did not Chatterton come to London after that miscarriage ? Did he relinquish his counterfeiting propensity on its being lost on me ? Was he an inoffensive

ingenuous youth, smit with the love of the Muses, and soaring above a sordid and servile profession, whose early blossoms, being blighted by my insolence, withered in mortified obscurity, and, on seeing his hopes of fame blasted, sunk beneath the frowns of ignorant and insolent wealth? Or did he, after launching into all the excesses you describe, and vainly hoping to gratify his ambition by adulation to or satires on all ranks and parties of men, fall a victim to his own ungovernable spirit, and to the deplorable straits to which he had reduced himself? The interval was short, I own; but as every moment of so extraordinary a life was crowded with efforts of his enterprising genius, allow me to say with truth, that there was a large chasm between his application to me and his miserable conclusion. You know there was; and though my falling into his snare might have varied the area of his exploits, it is more likely that that success would rather have encouraged than checked his enterprises. When he pursued his turn for fabricating ancient writings, in spite of the mortification he received from me; it is not probable that he would have been corrected by success. Such is not the nature of success, when it is the reward of artifice. I should be more justly reproachable for having contributed to *cherish* an impostor, than I am for having accelerated his fate. I cannot repeat the words without emotions of indignation on my own account, and of compassion on his—but I have promised to argue calmly, and I will.

How will you be surprised, and, for your sake I hope, concerned (or you must be as unfeeling as you represent me), when you find that my share in Chatterton's fate is reduced simply to this? A lad at Bristol, whom I never saw then, before, or since, sends me two or three copies of verses in old English, which he tells me had been found there, and were lent to him by another person; acquaints me that he is clerk to an attorney, but, having more inclination to poetry, wishes that I would procure him a place that would enable him to follow his propensity: I suspect the poetry to be modern; he is angry, redemands it; I return it—and two years after, the youth is found dead—and by the strength of a warm imagination I am accused of blasting this promising genius, and of depriving the world of the lord knows what *Iliads* and *Lost Paradises*, which this youth might have procreated in his own or any other name—for in truth he was fonder of inventing great bards, than of being one.

Thus, sir, am I become perhaps the first instance of a person consigned to judgment.

judgment for not having been made a fool of ! But is it not hard that a man on whom a forgery has been tried unsuccessfully, should for that single reason be held out to the world as the assassin of genius ? If a banker to whom a forged note should be presented, should refuse to accept it, and the ingenious fabricator should afterwards fall a victim to his own slight of hand, would you accuse the poor banker to the public, and urge that his caution had deprived the world of some supposititious deed of settlement, that would have deceived the whole court of chancery, and deprived some great family of its estate ?

With me why are you offended ? You seem yourself to question the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley. Are you angry that I was not more a dupe than you ? If I suspected his forgeries, how did they entitle him to my assistance ? Are you sure that I was acquainted with Chatterton's genius or distresses ? Do you know certainly which of his productions were communicated to me ? Is it candid to accuse me of rejecting forgeries, when you give proofs of his having forged ?—I do not mean to use the term *forged* in a harsh sense : I speak of Chatterton's mintage, as forgeries of poems in ancient language ; and I am persuaded that when you condemn me for not having encouraged the coiner, you only mean to insinuate, that, if I had assisted him, I might have saved him from the dismal abyss into which he plunged. It is fair to interpret your words in this candid sense. What I complain of is, that you convert that possibility into positive despair in Chatterton, that you couple my rejection with his suicide, and by your innuendoes insinuate that there was something more in my repulse than the world is apprised of : and lest it should want a name, you have baptised it neglect and contempt.

I lament, sir, as much as you, that I was not deceived, if my being a dupe would have converted him into an honest man. I lament that his own impetuous temper and indiscretion prevented my ever seeing him ; but when you have perused my narrative, I think you will no longer be of opinion that I was in the wrong to decline all correspondence with him. He could appear to me in no light, but in that of a bold young man, who for his interest wanted to impose upon me, and who did not commence his intercourse with me in a manner to dazzle my judgment, or give me a high opinion of his own—I allude to the article of his list of great painters at Bristol. I saw he was, as he told me himself, a youth tied to a profession he did not like, and born with a taste for more ingenuous studies.—Consider, sir, what would be the condition.

dition of the world, what the satisfaction of parents, and what Peruvian mines must be possessed by the Mæcenases of the times, if every muse-struck lad who is bound to an attorney, every clerk

—born his father's soul to cross,
And pen a stanza when he should engross,

should have nothing to do but to draw a bill or a couplet on the patron of learning in vogue, and have his fetters struck off, and a post assigned to him under the government. The duties of office perhaps would not be too well executed by these secretaries of the Muses; and though Apollo's kingdom would certainly come, king George's would not be too well served. Mr. Pope, I know, laments the misapplication of talents, enumerates the deserters from Helicon, and tells us

How many Martials were in Pultney lost;

but this was irony and compliment, and Pope himself would have been sorry that his friend our great chief justice,

He with a thousand arts refin'd*,

should have quitted the bar, and been nothing but poet laureat.

There is another point, sir, which you forget to measure, my abilities in the character of a Mæcenas. My fortune is private and moderate; my situation, more private; my interest, none. I was neither born to wealth, nor to accumulate it: I have indulged a taste for expensive baubles, with little attention to oeconomy; it did not become me to give myself airs of protection; and, though it might not be generous, I have been less fond of the company of authors, than of their works. I have not the vanity to boast of virtues; but it is surely allowable to clear myself from such odious qualities, as infolence and cruelty, if I do not deserve the imputation. It is ingenuous, it is becoming, to confess our defects; arrogant, presumptuous, to vaunt our merits; for how can men conscious, as most men are, of a larger proportion of the former than of the latter, hope that a few meritorious actions will leaven or obliterate the mass of their faults? Indeed, what have we but our

* Vide Pope's Translation of "Intermissa Venus diu."

faults that we can call our own? Our talents are given to us by the Giver of all good—what virtues we have are the production of fear, prudence, experience, hypocrisy * and age. Some god-like natures there are, who love virtue for herself, and whom opulence and honours cannot corrupt; some whom trials and temptations exalt; and more, who in lowly spheres never deviate from the simplicity of truth and reason; but all these are precisely such as would not quarrel with my definition above, and are too modest not to be humble on their own conquest over themselves. In short, our frailties and weaknesses are so numerous, at least I am sure mine have been so, that benevolence ought to forbid exaggeration of the account.

You may lament, sir, as I do, that I was not better acquainted with the genius of Chatterton, but you will convince nobody that I deserve the indignation of the public for that ignorance. Had I known him thoroughly, I do not believe that my admiration of his talents would have absorbed all distrust of his character. The public is too equitable to condemn any man for not countenancing a suspicious subject, however shining his abilities. Omit the term *contempt*, which you have groundlessly ascribed to me, and tell me in what respect my behaviour to Chatterton deserves reproach. Was it culpable in me to doubt at first what so many have since doubted? And doubting, did not common prudence require that I should ask for farther satisfaction? Are unknown poets of so high an order, have they such chartered immunities, as to be dispensed from bringing a character from their last place? Was my asking for that satisfaction, contemptuous? Was my giving him advice, neglect? Was my returning his papers without a word of reproach on his arrogance, arrogant? You will not affirm it. Still less, sir, was I gifted

* It may sound like a paradox or a contradiction to assign hypocrisy, the counterfeit of virtue, as one of its sources; but nothing more is meant than this, that it produces the effects of virtue, and sometimes produces virtue itself. If false devotion affects charity, the poor are as much benefited as if the intention were sincere. Hypocrisy sometimes mellows to enthusiasm; as has been thought to have been the case of Cromwell, and more probably was so of Madame de Maintenon. Mad. de la Valiere was in love with the person of Louis, then young and handsome; but as he was on the verge of fifty when Mad. de Maintenon engaged him to marry her, ambition could be her only motive: and as she could only effectuate her plan by inspiring him with piety, her own must have been very problematic. Yet it became so habitual, that at last there can be little doubt of her sincerity. Hypocrisy made her a king's wife; but as she found ennui, not pleasure, on a throne, nothing higher was left but heaven; and, having found that all was vanity, what had been cant became reflection; and thus hypocrisy in her was the parent of virtue.

with.

with penetration enough, with such intuition into the powers of one I never saw, as, from two or three brief letters and two or three equivocal copies of verses, to conceive, to prophesy, that the writer would, if properly cherished, *prove the first of English poets*. p. xx.—but when I am tried by hyperbole, I cannot wonder the sentence should be bombast.

Might I be allowed to plead my own discretion against Chatterton's inspiration, which by the way he concealed from me, shrouding himself like a Pagan divinity under the mortal garb of an attorney's clerk, who had only borrowed some divine poems; I might urge in excuse for my caution, that this was the second time that I had been selected, I know not why, for communicating revelations of the Muses to mankind; and not having my mission acknowledged in the first instance, I was *restive*, as even prophets have been, in accepting the commission; especially as I suspected that the second dispensation was but a copy of the first. In short, sir, I was one of the first intrusted with specimens of Ossian's fragments, which though I implicitly credited, I had not found universally received. I had not zeal enough to embark a second time in a similar crusade. I have told you how indifferent I am to the controversy about Rowley's poems. I confess as fairly that I see no reason for thinking they were not all Chatterton's. The only argument of any weight on the other side, is the greatness of the phenomenon. Men can scarce conceive how at his age and under his disadvantages he could collect such foundation for his forgeries; for there lies the stress of the argument, not in his genius. You, sir, have proved that he had amassed such materials, and had sufficient genius to put them into shape. That some pieces produced by him as ancient or translations from old writers, were of his own invention, you affirm; yet he gave them at first as transcripts of old originals, and under other names. Are the poems ascribed to Rowley superior in merit to the compositions now allowed to be Chatterton's own? Have they more of the spirit of the antique? Have they any thing antique in them but single words? Is the phraseology, or turn of thinking, that of the fifteenth century? Did his producing some as Rowley's, without ever acknowledging the fraud, deserve any credit? Does an authority so prostituted deserve faith? Is there any other evidence, ancient or modern? Yes, it will be said, the ancient parchments. But is there not reason to believe that he did, what was much easier to perform, copy ancient hands as well as ancient language—ancient style I deny that he ever imitated happily.

Upon

Upon the whole, sir, I cannot agree with you, that Chatterton's premature fate has defrauded the world of any thing half so extraordinary as the miracles he wrought in almost his childhood. Had he lived longer, ample proofs of his forgeries, which proofs he destroyed in his rage, might have been preserved; and instead of the posthumous glory of puzzling the learned world, his name might now be only recorded as that of an arch-impostor. The learned persons, who still believe in Rowley, might be robbed of so great an ornament to a dark and monkish age. True antiquaries would not taste a genius, if they thought it a cotemporary. The elegance of Waller, the fire of Dryden, want in some eyes the unintelligible jargon of a barbarous century to make them captivate. Exanceastre^{*}, Godred Crovan, Ceolwolf and Tatwallin, are dearer to modern-Saxon eyes, than all the harmonious images in *Ælla*. They cannot bear to divest their Gothic repositories of such precious gems. Controversy too has its charms, and delights the learned world more than indisputable discoveries—but, trust me, sir, your friends and mine, the booksellers, have no cause to regret my not having been the dupe of Chatterton. He has made ten dupes for one, that he would have gained by imposing upon me. Yet the cause of Rowley's poems would not last an hour in a court of law. If Chatterton had pretended to find a hoard of crown-pieces, but stamped with the face and titles of Edward IV. and if it were proved that he had coined half of them, would a jury doubt a moment but that he had coined the other half? The metres ascribed to Rowley no more existed in the reign of Edward IV. than crown-pieces did.

There remains a charge insinuated at least, which I am still more desirous to repel, that of insensibility to Chatterton's distresses, and which will fall to the ground with the rest, on attending to dates. Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me. He was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and of coming to London, and of his other extravagancies. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt for making impression and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said, that I should

^{*} Exanceastre, Exeter. Godred Crovan is tions; Ceolwolf is one of his heroes, and Tatwallin, one of his bards. See his *Miscellanies*.

have been blameable to his mother, and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine muses: and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age. All of the house of forgery are relations; and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or most enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes. Yet it does not appear to my knowledge that his honesty in that respect was ever perverted. He made no scruple of extending the circulation of literary credit, and of bamboozling the misers of Saxon riches; but he never attempted to defraud, cheat, rob, unpoetically. He preserved dignity in despair; and indignant alone at the delusions of his own genius, he tore to scraps the unsuccessful monuments of his parts, and poisoned himself on being refused a loaf of bread.

It is that fierce and untameable spirit, that consciousness of superior abilities, that inattention to worldly discretion and its paths, that scorn of owing subsistence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions of genius, that I regret not having known; that I lament not having contributed to rescue from itself. Some faint efforts of advice you will find in my narrative I did attempt: nor were they delivered with contempt, arrogance, or cruelty. I should be ashamed with reason if I could charge myself with behaviour so unbecoming my own private situation, so unworthy of a man. But this part of my defence must be weak, as it must rest on my own asseveration, having kept no copies of my letters. Perhaps it may find collateral support from the silence of my accusers. Will any man charge me with positive insolence towards Chatterton? Did he accuse me of it in his most acrimonious moments? Did he impute to me any thing but distrust of his MSS.? To myself, he did impute arrogance—but on what grounds?—on my not having returned his papers on his first summons. The world must decide on the weight of that crime. I confess the charge: I tell it myself. To judge me fairly, every man must place himself in my situation. If I have related the exact truth, in what light was my behaviour supercilious or intemperate? Let all Chatterton's relations and friends tell all they know. Resting on my own innocence, I never saw, I never applied to one of them to suppress a tittle of my conduct. They are open to inquiries; let them be canvassed. No man living has had cause to resent my treatment of that unfortunate youth—except—those, who
enamoured.

enamoured with the resurrection of the imaginary Rowley, were by my accidental and inadvertent doubts not left in the undisturbed possession of a world of novel antiquities, nor suffered quietly to become the dupes of an impostor of eighteen.

You, sir, indeed, have hypothetically condemned my serving as a beacon (for I protest I have taken no pains to destroy the visionary fabric invented by Chatterton, but by telling my own story, which from the first moment I have related occasionally and consistently as I tell it now) to warn the learned world against supposititious ancients and fabricated antiquities. You caution all the literati not to make use of their senses, lest promising impostors should be nipped in the bud, and mankind should be deprived of new Rowleys, who, as Richardson said a little boldly of Milton, would literally be *ancients born some centuries after their time*.

I will detain you no longer from the perusal of my narrative, but to satisfy you on its authenticity. It was sent in May last to a gentleman who will attest the receipt of it. The relation at Bath to whom I applied for information about Chatterton, is a noble lady of virtue and character, who well remembers the circumstances of my application to her. Several persons of honour and veracity were present at the royal academy when I first heard of Chatterton's death, and will attest my surprise and concern, and bear witness to my having related the story of my correspondence with him exactly as in the subjoined narrative. Mr. Mason was privy to the whole: others will confirm my having always given the same account, both before and after Chatterton's death.

Corroborated by these authorities, do I flatter myself too much, sir, if I hope that you will not only retract your accusation, but restore me to that share of your good opinion which I lost by your having received so unjust a state of my behaviour to the poor youth in question? The unprejudiced public, I trust, will not think I merit their indignation, I sincerely ask their pardon for trespassing so long on their patience—but the length of my address is proof of my anxiety on being misrepresented to them: and they will be so gracious as to remember, that this memorial has been extorted from me, and not till I found that my innocence was not sufficient protection. If my countrymen acquit me, I shall be happy. If you, sir, join your voice to theirs, I shall not

think I have mispent the time I have employed to undeceive you. Perhaps I never drew the attention of the public towards myself to so good purpose; for to have one's name known, is of little use; to wipe off the aspersions of arrogance, is important; of inhumanity, very important indeed.

Here follows the promised Narrative.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. H. W. TO MR. W. B.

I AM far from determined to publish any thing about Chatterton. It would almost look like making myself a party. I do not love controversy. If I print, my chief reason would be, that both in the account of the poems, and in Mr. Warton's last volume, my name has been brought in with so little circumspection and accuracy, that it looks as if *my* rejection of Chatterton had driven him to despair; whereas I was the first person on whom he essayed his art and ambition, instead of being the last. I never saw him; there was an interval of near two years between his application to me, and his dismal end; nor had he quitted his master, nor was necessitous, nor otherwise poor than attornies clerks are, nor had he come to London, nor launched into dissipation, when his correspondence with me stopped.

As faithfully as I can recollect the circumstances, without dates, and without searching for what few memorandums I preserved relative to him, I will recapitulate his history with me.

Bathoe, my bookseller, brought me a paquet left with him. It contained an ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas *in alternate rhyme*, on the death of Richard the Ist, and I was told in very few lines that it had been found at Bristol with many other old poems; and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol.

Here I must pause, to mention my own reflections. At first I concluded that somebody, having met with my *Anecdotes of Painting*, had

had a mind to laugh at me, I thought not very ingeniously, as I was not likely to swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol. The ode, or sonnet, as I think it was called, was too pretty to be part of the plan; and, as is easy with all the other supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it very modern by changing the old words for new; though yet more difficult than with most of them—you see, I tell you fairly the case. I then imagined, and do still, that the success of Ossian's poems had suggested the idea. Whether the transmitter hinted, or I supposed from the subject, that the discovered treasure was of the age of Richard the Ist, I cannot take upon me to assert—yet that impression was so strong on my mind, that two years after, when Dr. Goldsmith told me they were then allotted to the age of Henry IV. or V. I said with surprise, “they have shifted the date extremely.” This is no evidence—but there is one line in the printed poems of Rowley that makes me more firmly believe that the age of Richard the Ist was the æra¹ fixed upon by Chatterton for his forgeries; for *that* line says,

Now is Cœur de Lion gone—

or some such words, for I quote by memory, not having the book at hand. It is very improbable that Rowley, writing in the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV. as is now pretended, or in that of Henry IV. as was assigned by the credulous before they had digested their system, should incidentally in a poem on another subject, say, *now* is Richard dead. I am persuaded that

¹ It is very remarkable that William of Wyrcestre, an edition of whose work was printed last winter, and who was a native of Bristol and often mentions Canninge, takes not the smallest notice of Rowley, though so bright an ornament of his native city, were the poems ascribed to him genuine. Gower and Lidgate flourished at the same time, and were well known—yet how barbarous, how inferior are their compositions, how dissimilar their language, to the works ascribed to Rowley! Is it credible that he should not have been heard of, when very indifferent poets were famous? The indefatigable Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to the age of Rowley than we do, and who dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity, never lighted upon so much as his name.

The manner of the revival of Rowley was as suspicious as possible; and not only rests upon the faith of a youth convicted of many similar forgeries, but was rendered more incredible by the dark conduct of the discoverer. Had a youth, enamoured of poetry, found a large quantity of old poems, what would he have done? Produced them cautiously and one by one, studied them and copied their style, and exhibited sometimes a genuine and sometimes a fictitious piece? or blazed the discovery abroad, and called in every lover of poetry and antiquity to participation of the treasure? The characters of imposture are on every part of the story; and were it true, it would still remain one of those improbable wonders, which we have no reason for believing.

Chatterton

Chatterton himself, before he had dived into Canning's history, had fixed on a much earlier period for the age of his forgeries.—Now I return to my narrative.

I wrote, according to the inclosed direction, for farther particulars. Chatterton, in answer, informed me that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he could pursue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered in his native city, and were in the hands of a person, who had lent him those he had transmitted to me; for he now sent me others, amongst which was an absolute modern pastoral in dialogue, thinly sprinkled with old words. Pray observe, sir, that he affirmed having received the poems from another person; whereas it is ascertained that the gentleman at Bristol who possesses the fund of Rowley's poems, received them from Chatterton.

I wrote to a relation of mine at Bath to enquire into the situation and character of Chatterton according to his own account of himself: nothing was returned about his character, but his own story was verified.

In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, who at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no symptom in them of their being the productions of near so distant an age; the language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient; for though I no doubt, to them, ascribed them to the time of Richard I., Mr. Gray nor Mr. Mason saw any thing in the poems that was not more recent than even the reign of Henry VIII.—And here let me remark how incredible it is that Rowley, a monk of a mere commercial town, which was all Bristol then was, should have purified the language and introduced a diversified metre more classic than was known to that polished courtly poet, lord Surry; and this in the barbarous turbulent times of Henry VI. and that the whole nation should have relapsed into the same barbarism of style and versification, till lord Surry, I might almost say, till Waller, arose. I leave to better scholars and better

Rowley is made to call it a city, which it was not till afterwards.

antiquaries

antiquaries to settle how Rowley became so well versed in the Greek tragedians. He was as well acquainted with Butler, or Butler with him, for a chaplain of the late bishop of Exeter has found in Rowley a line of Hudibras.

Well, sir, being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage, as interested me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him, that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him, that when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations. I told him also, that I had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS. I mentioned their reasons, particularly that there were no such metres known in the age of Richard I.—and that might be a reason with Chatterton himself to shift the æra of his productions.

He wrote me rather a peevish answer¹, said he could not contest with a person of my learning (a compliment by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having mentioned my having consulted abler judges), maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman. Remember this.

When I received this letter, I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or, perhaps not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in six weeks. I protest I do not remember which was the case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance, I will not utter a syllable of which I am not positively certain; nor will charge my memory with a little beyond what it retains.

Soon after my return from France, I received another letter from Chatter-

¹ See the First Letter from Chatterton, p. 236.

ton, the style of which was singularly impertinent¹. He demanded his poems roughly; and added, that I should not have *dared* to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted me with the narrowness of his circumstances.

My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer², expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice—but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him or them, till about a year and half after, when

Dining at the royal academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them; for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found this was the *trouvaille* of my friend Chatterton; and I told Dr. Goldsmith that this novelty was none to me, who might, if I had pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith: but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed; for, on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself. I heartily wished then that I had been the dupe of all the poor young man had written to me; for who would not have his understanding imposed on to save a fellow being from the utmost wretchedness, despair and suicide!—and a poor young man not eighteen—and of such miraculous talents—for, dear sir, if I wanted credulity on one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the improbabilities you please on the head of Chatterton, the impossibility on Rowley's side will remain. An amazing genius for poetry, which one of them possessed, might flash out in the darkest age—but could Rowley anticipate the phraseology of the eighteenth century? His poetic fire might burst through the obstacles of the times; like Homer or other original bards, he might have formed a poetical style—but would it have been precisely that of an age subsequent to him by some hundred years? Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in question more than I do—but except being better than most modern verses,

¹ See the Third Letter from Chatterton, p. 237.

² See Mr. Walpole's Letter to Chatterton, p. 237.

in what do they differ in the construction? The words are old, the construction evidently of yesterday; and by substituting modern words, aye, single words, to the old, or to those invented by Chatterton, in what do they differ? Try that method with any composition, even in prose, of the reign of Henry VI. and see if the consequence will be the same.—But I am getting into the controversy, instead of concluding my narrative, which indeed is ended.

You seem to think Chatterton might have assistance—I don't know but he might; but one of the wonderful parts of his prodigious story is, that he had formed disciples—yes, at eighteen. Some of his youthful companions have continued to walk in his paths, and have produced Saxon and other poems of antique cast; but not with the poetic spirit of their master: nor can it be discovered that Chatterton received instruction or aid from any man of learning or abilities. Dr. P. and Mr. L. have collected every thing relating to him that can be traced, and all tends to concentrate the forgery of Rowley's poems in his single person. They have numerous pieces of Chatterton's writing in various ways—nay, so versatile, so extensive, so commanding was his genius, that he forged architecture and heraldry; that is, could invent both in art and in folly.—In short, I do not believe that there ever existed so master a genius, except that of Psalmanaazar, who before twenty-two could create a language, that all the learned of Europe, though they suspected, could not detect.

Thus, sir, with the most scrupulous veracity, I have told you my share in that unhappy young man's story. With more pains I could add a few dates, but the substance would be identically the same. Rowley would be a prophet, a foreseer, if the poems were his; yet in any other light he would not be so extraordinary a phenomenon as Chatterton—whom, though he was a bad man, as is said, I lament not having seen. He might at that time have been less corrupted, and my poor patronage might have saved him from the abyss into which he plunged.—But, alas! how could I surmise that the well-being and existence of a human creature depended on my swallowing a legend; and from an unknown person? Thank God! so far from having any thing to charge myself with on Chatterton's account, it is very hypothetical to suppose that I could have stood between him and ruin. It is one of those possible events, which we should be miserable indeed if imputable to a conscience that had not the smallest light to direct it! If I went to Bengal, I might perhaps interpose and save the life of some poor Indian devoted by the fury of a British nabob;

nabob; but amiable as such Quixotism would be, we are not to sacrifice every duty to the possibility of realizing one conscientious vision. I believe I have tired you; I am sure I have wearied my own hand, which has written these seven pages without pausing; but when any thing takes possession of my mind, I forget my gouty fingers and my age—or perhaps betray the latter by my garrulity.—However, it will save me more trouble—I shall certainly never write a word more about Chatterton. You are my confessor; I have unburthened my soul to you, and I trust you will not enjoin me a public penance.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill,
May 23, 1778.

POSTSCRIPT.

I RECOLLECT another passage that I must add. A gentleman of rank, being struck with the beauty of the poems, and believing their antique originality, purchased a copy of them, and shewed it to me. I expressed my doubts—Now, then, said the person, I will convince you: here is a painter's bill that you cannot question. What think you, now? This, I replied, I do believe genuine; and I will tell you why—and taking down the first volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, I shewed him the identic bill printed some years before. This, said I, I know is ancient: Vertue transcribed it twenty years ago from some old parchments in the church of St. Mary, Ratcliffe, at Bristol.—That was the origin of Chatterton's list of great painters—and probably of his

That amongst those old parchments there might be some old poetry, is very possible. All I contend for is, that most of what Chatterton produced for Rowley's, was fictitious; especially all the pieces in modern metres, all that have nothing of antiquity but the simple words, as *Ælla*, *The Battle of Hastings*, *The Death of Sir Charles Baldwin*, &c. Chatterton was too great a poet for the age he copied; his soaring genius bestowed more elegance and harmony on Rowley than comported with the 15th century.

Rowley must either have polished the language so as to have made it adopted, or he would not have been understood. The idiom lent to him would have been more unintelligible to his contemporaries, than the old words sprinkled on the poems ascribed to him are to the present generation. Neither can any man of sense believe, that a master genius can write with amazing abilities in an age however barbarous, and yet never be heard of till some hundreds of years after his death. The more a man soars above his contemporaries, the

his other inventions. Can it be supposed that Vertue should have seen that old bill, and with his inquisitive and diligent turn, especially about painters, not have enquired whether there was nothing more? Vertue was even a versifier, as I have many proofs in his MSS. and searched much after Chaucer and Lidgate, of whom he engraved portraits—yet all Rowley's remains, it seems, were reserved for Chatterton, who, it cannot be denied, did forge poetry and prose for others; and who, as indubitably, was born a great poet—yet not a line of tolerable poetry in Rowley's own hand can be produced.—Did Chatterton destroy the originals to authenticate their existence? He certainly wrote his forgeries on the backs of old parchments, and there is both internal and external evidence against the antiquity of the poetry—but I will not take part in that dispute. Error, like the sea, is always gaining as much territory in one place as it loses in another, and it is to little purpose to make it change possessions.

the more he strikes, especially in a rude age. The more an age is polished, the more are men on a par, and the more difficult it is for genius to penetrate. The next are nearer to the first, than in those early ages, when authors are rare. Rivals depreciate the former, and their partisans contest the merit of their competitors. Homer on one hand, Shakespeare and Milton on the other, confirm this hypothesis. The Grecian's glory has rolled down to Us with unabated lustre; he did not lie unknown for centuries. Shakespeare was during his life obscured by the mock pretensions of Ben Jonson; and Milton's Paradise Lost was sold for fifteen pounds.

APPENDIX.

NUMBER I.

SINCE I wrote the preceding pages, I have been told that a gentleman at Bristol is in possession of my original letters to Chatterton in my own handwriting. Will he not be so candid as to produce them, when I declare he has my full consent? They will acquit or condemn me better than my asseverations or reasoning. If they are what I have represented them on recollection after nine years are past, nothing more is necessary to my defence. If the matter or style of them is contemptuous and arrogant, be the shame mine; I deserve it. It is impossible for me to recall words written nine years ago, and which, when written, I most certainly did not expect would be publicly discussed; but I have repeated the transaction so often in that long period of time, and have such perfect remembrance of my own feelings on that occasion, that I have no fear of my sentiments being produced.

Another reflection occurs to me, and probably will to my accusers. I have complained of Chatterton's unwarrantable letter to me, on my not returning his MSS. Shall I not be told that I probably did not restore to him *that* letter? I believe I did not; I believe I preserved it—but what has become of it in nine years, I cannot say. I have lost, or mislaid it. If I find it ¹, it shall be submitted to every possible scrutiny of the expert before I produce it as genuine—and though I hope to be believed that such letter I did receive, and did mention to several persons ² long before I was charged with ill-treatment of Chat-

¹ This letter was found by lord Orford's executors among waste papers, and is now subjoined to the other two letters which his lordship had left for publication.

² It should be remembered that I gave this

account while Chatterton was living, and he could have contradicted it, if false; for I gave it to any body that questioned me, the moment the MSS. began to be talked of, and I have no doubt but it came to Chatterton's knowledge.

terton, I desire no imputation should lie on his memory, beyond what his character and my unprovoked¹ assertions render probable. I could not feel regret on his re-demand of MSS. on which I had set no esteem. I might have preserved copies, both of the poems and of his letters, if I had been willing. No adequate reason can be given why I returned all promiscuously, but his insult and my own indifference. Every part of my narrative is consistent, not only with truth, but with Chatterton's character and the circumstances of his story. I have not the vanity to think that, to palliate my own conduct, I could weave a tale, that I have the boldness to say will not be found false in a single fact. Still less should I have let the accusation gather head, and increase to its present bulk, had I apprehended any detection. I have neither gone, written, or sent to Bristol. I have left Chatterton's fautors in undisturbed possession of all documents. I have not tried to suppress a single circumstance. On the contrary, I desire the whole of my correspondence with Chatterton may be ascertained. I demand the publicity of my letters to him. Let them be either printed, or deposited where every man may have recourse to them. Till that is done, and till *they* contradict me, I will trust to the candour of the public, that I shall not stand ill in their opinion for my conduct towards that unhappy youth. If my letters are suppressed; will it not induce a suspicion that the adherents to the authenticity of Rowley's poems, in anger to me for having been the first to stagger belief in their great Diana, have converted my distrust of their originality into pride and inhumanity?—But I am in no pain. The public have been called in as judges; and not being actuated by the prejudices of those whose interest it may be to support a fraud, or of those whose literary bigotry has attached them to a legend, will be under no difficulty to pronounce sentence. Nor is my cause so necessarily connected with Rowley's poems as to stand and fall together. If Rowley could rise from the dead and acknowledge every line ascribed to him, he could not prove that I used Chatterton ill. *I would take the ghost's word*; I am sure it would be in my favour.

Having thus fulfilled what was due to the public and to myself, I declare I will never trouble myself any farther about Chatterton and his writings; much less reply to any anonymous persons that shall choose to enter into the contro-

¹ I certainly had received no provocation ed me with his situation. If he gave me *that* from Chatterton, but his telling me I should not provocation, it was true: if he did not, I had have dared to retain his MSS. if he had not trust- no reason to invent it.

verfy. I do not think myself of consequence enough to take up the time of the public; and I have probably too few years to live, to throw away one of the remaining hours on so silly a dispute.

NUMBER II.

HAVING said, p. 212. that Chatterton alternately flattered and satirized all ranks and parties, the following list of pieces written by him, but never printed, will confirm that assertion. I have seen those pieces, copies of which are in the hands of a gentleman who favoured me with the list.

1. "Kew Gardens." This is a long satirical rhapsody of some hundred lines, in Churchill's manner, against persons in power, and their friends at Bristol.
2. "The Flight:" addressed to a great man; Ld. B—e. In 40 stanzas of six lines each. Thus endorsed. "Too long for the Political Register—Curtailed in the digressions—Given to Mr. Mortimer."
3. "The Dowager, a tragedy."—Unfinished—only two scenes.
4. "Verses addressed to the Rev. Mr. Catcot, on his book on the Deluge:" ridiculing his systems and notions.

OTHER PIECES IN MS.

1. "To a great lady." A very scandalous address; signed Decimus. On the back of this is written, "Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. by the Whisperer. 10s. 6d. a column."

2. "To C. Jenkinson, Esq." An abusive letter; signed Decimus: (or Probus, as it should seem from the indorsement) beginning thus,

"Sir,

"As the nation has been long in the dark in conjecturing the ministerial agent, &c."

I

3. "To

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3. "To Ld. Mansfield." A very abusive letter; signed Decimus: (or Ænenenius, as it should seem from the endorsement) beginning thus,

"My lord,

"I am not going to accuse you of pusillanimity, &c."

N. B. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark in the margin. "[Prosecution will lye upon this.]"

4. "An introductory essay" to a political paper set up by him, called the Moderator, in favour of administration: thus beginning,

"To enter into a detail of the reasons which induced me to take up the title of this paper, &c."

5. "To Lord North:" a letter signed the Moderator, and dated May 26th, 1770, beginning thus,

"My lord,

"It gives me a painful pleasure, &c." This is an encomium on administration for rejecting the lord mayor Beckford's remonstrance.

6. "A letter to the lord mayor Beckford," signed Probus; dated May 26, 1770. This is a violent abuse of government for rejecting the remonstrance, and begins thus,

"When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from an insupportable slavery." On the back of this essay, which is directed to Cary, is this endorsement,

"Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the North-Briton, 21 June, on account of the lord mayor's death.

					<i>£. s. d.</i>
"Lost by his death on this essay	—				1 11 6
"Gained in elegies	—				2 2 0
in essays	—				3 3 0
"Am glad he is dead by	—				3 13 6

NUMBER

NUMBER III.

AS the warmest devotees to Chatterton cannot be more persuaded than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at so very premature an age, I shall here subjoin the principal *eras* of his life, which when compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition, his humour, his vein of satire, and above all the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when, added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended—and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man possessed of such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which,ameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed. I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol; that meeting with Ossian's poems, his soul, which was all poetry, felt it was a language in which his invention could express itself; and having lighted on the names of Rowley and Canninge, he bent his researches towards the authors of their age; and as far as his means could reach, in so confined a sphere, he assembled materials enough to deceive those who have all their lives dealt in such uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. It is the taste in Rowley's supposed poems that will for ever exclude them from belonging to that period. Mr. Tyrwhit

and

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and Mr. Warton have convicted them of being spurious by technical criterions; and Rowley I doubt will remain in possession of nothing that did not deserve to be forgotten, even should some fragments of old parchments and old verses be ascertained antique.

Thomas Chatterton, born 20th of November — — — 1752

Educated at the bluecoat school at Bristol, where reading and writing and accompts are only taught.

Put clerk to an attorney, July — — — 1766

First taken notice of for a paper put into Forby's Bristol Journal, and said to be from an old MS. October 1st — — 1768

First inserted a little poem of his own and an extract from an old MS. in the Town and Country Magazine, February — — 1769

Sent specimens of several ancient poems to Mr. H. W. Said, there were many more, and offered to transcribe the whole, March — 1769

He was then aged 16 years and 4 months.

Went to London, April — — — 1770

Died, August — — — 1770

ADVERTISEMENT

RELATIVE TO

The Papers left for Publication on the Subject of CHATTERTON.

WHEN I wrote and published the letter to the editor of Chatterton's miscellanies, I could not find these few papers relative to Chatterton, which I had mislaid, and did not find but by accident four or five years afterwards. They prove, that speaking by memory I made two mistakes, yet neither of any consequence. I then thought the first ode sent me by Chatterton was written on the death of Richard I.; but it was on his absence, which however shows it was meant to pass for written in that age, and is only a still stronger proof of that intention—for, had it spoken of him as dead, it might have been written by a later poet; but speaking of him as *now* gone to war, it implied a cotemporary poet.

My other mistake by forgetfulness, was in saying I had burnt the last letter I was going to send to Chatterton—I did think so; but found it, though unfinished, with his *two letters*. Those two here preserved, and which consequently are curious, and ought to be kept, prove *under his own hand* the truth of what I have asserted, of having given him good advice. They contain also an early idea of his, of destroying, as he did at last, all his useless lumber of literature [*i. e.* probably his forged poetry], because it had not immediately enriched him, as he expected.

HORACE WALPOLE.

An ODE modernized from CHATTERTON.

HEART of lion, shake thy sword;
Bare thy slaughter-stained hand:
Chase whole armies with thy word,
Work thy will in holy land.

Barons here, with coursers prancing,
Boldly breast the pagan host:
See, thy thund'ring arms advancing,
See, they quail! their city's lost!

Heart of lion, sound the trumpet!
Sound the charge to farthest lands!
Fear flies sporting o'er the combat;
In thy banner terror stands.

These lines were modernized from those first sent to me by Chatterton; and which I returned without taking a copy. I had mislaid this paper, and did not find it till long afterwards. I had thought it spoke of Richard I. as dead; but it was addressed to him, and is a stronger proof that Chatterton at first had intended to give the poems as of the age of Richard I.; and the stanzas being in metre when designed for that age, is another evidence of the forgery.

H. W.

Three Original Letters from CHATTERTON to Mr. WALPOLE.

S I R,

I AM not able to dispute with a person of your literary character. I have transcribed Rowley's poems, &c. &c. from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity. St. Austin's minster was in Bristol. In speaking of painters in Bristol, I mean glass-stainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the present possessor, which is all I know of them.—Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law.

I am

Your most humble servant,

Bristol,
April 8, 1769.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

S I R,

BEING fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, a very able antiquary, who is now writing The history of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be sorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity.

Your very humble servant,

Bristol, Corn-street,
April 14, 1769.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P. S. If you will publish them yourself, they are at your service.

S I R,

I CANNOT reconcile your behaviour to me, with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir; and, did not you know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MS.¹:—No answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

July 24th.

¹ The MSS. were sent back the 4th of August.

Mr. WALPOLE's Letter to CHATTERTON, on his re-demanding his Manuscripts.

(Not sent.)

S I R,

I DO not see, I must own, how those precious MSS. of which you have sent me a few extracts, should be lost to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exist, from whence you say you copied your extracts, and from which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your first letter, I understood that the originals themselves were in your possession by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not chuse to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to say, cannot know much of antiquity if he believes in the authenticity of those papers) intends to make use of them, would he not do better to have recourse to the originals, than to the slight fragments you have sent me? You say, sir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me ask again, of what age are they? and how have they been transmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley or of the poetical monk, his ancient predecessor in such pure poetry? poetry, so resembling both Spenser and the moderns, and written in metre invented long since Rowley, and longer since the monk

wrote. I doubt Mr. Barrett himself will find it difficult to solve these doubts.

For myself, I undoubtedly will never print those extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, sir, I will have them copied, and will send you the copy. But having a little suspicion that your letters may have been designed to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the snare, you will allow me to preserve your original letters, as an ingenious contrivance, however unsuccessful. This seems the more probable, as any man would understand by your first letter, that you either was possessed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them; whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but those written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

I own I should be better diverted, if it proved that you have chosen to entertain yourself at my expence, than if you really thought these pieces ancient. The former would show you had little opinion of my judgment; the latter, that you ought not to trust too much to your own. I should not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I should be sorry for the latter, as you say, sir, that you are very young, and it would be pity an ingenious young man should be too early prejudiced in his own favour.

N. B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his demanding his MSS. but not chusing to enter into a controversy with him, I did not finish it, and, only folding up his papers, returned them.

HOR. WALPOLE.

Lord

Lord ORFORD's last Declaration respecting CHATTERTON.

Berkeley-square,
March 16, 1792.

A LETTER from me to Chatterton, dated March 28, 1769, appeared in The European Magazine for the past month of February¹. I believe it is a genuine one, and the first which I wrote to him on his first application to me: though, not having seen the original now, nor since it was written, nor having kept any copy of it, I cannot at the distance of so many years say more than that I do believe it is genuine.

¹ The letter printed in The European Magazine was as follows:

Arlington-street, March 28, 1769.

SIR,

I CANNOT but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me, of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

As a second edition of my Anecdotes was published but last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's

poems are to be found? I should not be sorry to print them; or, at least, a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The abbot John's verses, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words I do not understand.

You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John Ab Eyck's discovery of oil-painting. If so, it confirms what I had guessed, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir; but flatter myself, from the humanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will sometimes give me leave to consult you. I hope too you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged and

Obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole in Arlington-street.

As

As I have seen the death of Chatterton's mother mentioned lately in the papers, I conclude the original letter was found in her custody. Why it is now produced, I know not; but am glad it is. I have long defied my accusers to publish my letters to that young man; and do urge the possessors, if they have more, to print them likewise, as they ought in justice to me to do.

The letter now printed, is agreeable to what I have constantly affirmed, with the strictest truth, that I did not treat that unhappy young man with arrogance. I do as positively affirm that I wrote a subsequent letter to him with kind and good advice; and that in not one of the few letters that I did write to him, was an arrogant word. To an impertinent one from him I sent no answer, but returned his papers without a word of reply.

As the letter of mine now published criminales me with no arrogance, I take notice of it but with this view: If my letter of advice to him still exists, it ought to be published while I am alive, both for my sake and for that of the possessor, because, if withheld, nobody will believe it genuine; or must conclude it maliciously suppressed, that I may not have the satisfaction of seeing my steady veracity confirmed. Should a letter to arraign me be produced hereafter, nobody will suppose it was stifled out of tenderness to me, after so many *vain* attempts have been made to charge me with arrogance and cruelty towards Chatterton, of which I have cleared myself totally to the universal satisfaction of all who have given themselves the trouble to read my defence.

Should a posthumous letter hereafter appear, contradicting my assertions, when I shall not be alive to disprove it, it will carry its own condemnation in its front, and must be deemed a forgery. The advocates of Chatterton having dared, till confuted, to ascribe his death to me who never beheld him, would most assuredly not have stifled a letter that would have ascertained their own assertions, and the falsehood of my denials.

HORACE Earl of Orford.

P. S. The letter now printed corroborates what I said by memory in my defence, that from the antique air of the poems, and from the elegy on Richard the first, I had concluded them much antecedent to the date to which Chatterton

terton afterwards chose to allot them. As no one circumstance has come out to shake my veracity, but many to confirm it, and as no arrogance can be discovered in my first letter, is it probable that I should treat the poor lad with insolence afterwards without any provocation? True it is, that he did write to me in a manner that might have provoked me; and yet, so far from treating him arrogantly in return, I made not a word of reply, but returned his papers in silence. If *that* was the behaviour of arrogance, I am yet to learn the meaning of the term.

Remarks on a Letter signed SCRUTATOR, which appeared in the Cambridge Chronicle of June 16th 1792.

A LETTER in the Cambridge Chronicle, of June 16, 1792, signed Scrutator^r, and dated May 9th, swarms with blunders and false facts. A person totally

* The letter was as follows :

To the Printer of the CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

SIR,

June 16, 1792.

A WRITER in The Gentleman's Magazine for last month having thought proper to call in question the authenticity of a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, from the hon. Horace Walpole to Thomas Chatterton of Bristol, I think it incumbent upon me to transmit you an attested copy of the above letter, as the best answer to any doubts or denials which may be entertained about it. I have only to add, that besides the notary-public's attestation, this letter agrees very exactly with other letters of Mr. Walpole's hand-writing—and that from its allusions, both to the two letters from Chatterton, to which it is an answer, and from the text and notes accompanying them, it is utterly impossible but that it should be genuine.

The fate of this curious controversy has indeed been very hard. *Fashion*, somehow or other, seems to have influenced it more than conviction.

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tion—and the authority of a name or two of note in opposition to the authenticity of the poems, &c. has been substituted instead of fair enquiry and candid investigation.

In the present instance it appears, that so far back as the year 1769, Thomas Chatterton applied to the hon. Horace Walpole for his protection and patronage of the very curious specimens of ancient English poetry, &c. the whole of which he then tendered to him (Mr. W.) To these letters of application Mr. W. replied with many compliments, and in terms of much civility and deference, expressing his admiration of what Chatterton had already thought proper to communicate to him. Why, at any future period, this correspondence was to be *disavowed* on the part of Mr. W. is hard to conceive; but true it is, that in the year 1789, immediately after the death of Mr. Barrett, who, in his History of Bristol, had printed the two letters of Chatterton above alluded to, the following clause of a letter, or to the same purpose, from Mr. Walpole to a friend of his, was circulated with much

Ii

totally unknown to Mr. Horace Walpole, and signing a name of which he had never heard, disputed the authenticity of a letter, published as the first written by that gentleman to Thomas Chatterton, and which, though Mr. W. had kept no copy of it, he believes is genuine, as it perfectly agrees with the account he had given of it. Doctor Farmer has shown the absurdity of supposing that Mr. W. should for no possible reason deny a letter, of which he himself had given the first account by memory, and which is one of the many proofs of his veracity in his relation of his correspondence with Chatterton.

Scrutator, with officious and trifling pomp, took the useless pains to verify by a notary-public the authenticity of the letter, and of Mr. W.'s handwriting. It would be more worth while (though perhaps no very grateful office to Scrutator) to get sight of Mr. W.'s friendly letter of advice to Chatterton, and authenticate the writing of that too, of which Mr. W. has demanded the publication, and of the suppression of which he so justly complains.

Mr. W. was glad of seeing his first letter printed, and hoped it would be followed by the other. Scrutator exults in Mr. W. having been a momentary dupe of Chatterton—has not he said as much himself? He did not indeed remain so, like Scrutator, who, to support his own obdurate blindness, imputes the total exposure of the forgery of Rowley's poems to the authority of a name or two of note, and laments that those forgeries have not undergone fair enquiry and candid investigation. Can a falser assertion be advanced? Pamphlets upon pamphlets, volumes upon volumes, were written on that enquiry. Was the laborious Mr. Tyrwhit, who first defended and then gave

much industry about the University of Cambridge:

"Mr. Walpole gives all his friends full authority to say, that he never before saw those letters published by Mr. Barrett in his History of Bristol, as letters sent to him by Thomas Chatterton; and he wishes this to be generally known, lest, after his death, some pretended answers to them should be produced, as having been written by him."

I shall make no other observation, than that

the letter, which you lately published, is most undoubtedly genuine; that it has been compared, as I have said above, with the handwriting of Mr. Walpole upon many other occasions, with which it exactly agrees; and as such, being now given to the world before Mr. Walpole's death, that gentleman can have no reason to complain of his being deprived of the power of properly explaining this transaction himself.

SCRUTATOR.

Cambridge, May 9th.

them up, not a candid enquirer? Is the very learned, upright, and moderate Mr. Bryant not a fair investigator? Was the archæologist Dr. Milles biased by a name or two of note? If ever controversy was amply and candidly discussed, and utterly abandoned upon the fullest examination, the Chattertonian contest had that fate—the passionate dullness of Scrutator remains almost alone impenetrable by illumination from researches; and it is questionable, whether such a head could be purged of its Chattertonimania by the ablest and most ancient physician in the University of Cambridge.

Scrutator does avow himself hard of conception, as he certainly is, and cannot comprehend why Mr. W. should disavow his correspondence with Chatterton, after having given a clear and full account of it. It would be marvellous indeed, as has been said, if he should disallow his own assertions when verified—but Scrutator's statement is an entire blunder, if not a wilful misrepresentation. Here is the exact truth.

In poor Barrett's History of Bristol, he gave two new letters, which he said had been found among Chatterton's papers, and were the very originals pretended to have been sent to H. W. esq. They were so original, that no copy of them had ever been sent to Mr. W.; at least he never received them—and the probability is, that though Chatterton had designed to send them, yet finding Mr. W.'s distrust of Rowley's poems, he did not venture to send two pieces teeming with still grosser forgeries, and still more liable to detection. For instance, the lad, so very superficially tinctured with antique lore, in those letters ascribed the introduction of heraldry to Hengist, and of painted glass to one Afflem, who lived in the reign of K. Edmund.

On the publication of the two new letters, Mr. W. wrote to the late Dr. Lort, to desire he would deny Mr. W.'s having ever received them. That request was probably circulated by Dr. Lort at Cambridge; and out of a disavowal of two letters that Mr. W. *never* received, has sprung up his pretended denial of a letter that he actually did write himself, and has in print declared he did.

Is it blundering, or wilfully misrepresenting, when Scrutator states Mr. W.'s disavowal of having received the two new letters, as a corroboration of his denying his own letter? Was it possible to confound two circumstances so

dissonant, but by a head that confesses it does not conceive how Mr. W. could fall into so preposterous contradiction, and so destructive of his own unimpeached veracity in the narrative he has given of his correspondence with Chatterton?

But as Scrutator has bestowed such pains on authenticating Mr. W.'s first letter, he is called upon to be as just in verifying the friendly letter, and producing it while Mr. W. is living. If it exists, there can be no reason for withholding it—if it is not replete with as kind and wholesome advice as Mr. W. has asserted, let it be brought forth. Scrutator, so ready to load Mr. W. with contradictions, has probably not tenderness enough to spare him a more cruel detection; and when there is so much alacrity in charging him falsely, the presumption is, that a letter that would do honour to his sensibility is suppressed from malevolence. Should at any future period a letter of harsher complexion appear, than Mr. W. has affirmed he ever wrote to Chatterton, no notary-public, no similitude of hand-writing, which it is but too well known can be forged, will ever gain credit, when the possessor or fautors of the accusations above quoted are dared and defied to produce it at present. With so much industrious malice has Mr. W. been pursued, that no man living will believe that if he had treated Chatterton with harshness or arrogance, such a letter would have been suppressed. Mr. W.'s false accusers wanted even a shadow of truth to justify their assertions—would they have stifled a vindication of their charges, and left him to triumph in a detection of all their calumnies? So far from being able to fix a stain on him for his treatment of Chatterton, the bungler Scrutator is reduced to suppose, that he first notified and then denied his own letter, though to his credit; and then transfers Mr. W.'s denial of two letters which he never did receive, to a disavowal of a letter that he wrote, and declared he had written.

If Scrutator can believe that Mr. W. ever did deny his own letter, no wonder he still adheres to the authenticity of Rowley's poems. Incapable of reasoning himself, his head must be equally impervious to the arguments of others; and in proportion as he asserts false facts, he may have a propensity to believing them, especially if of his own coinage, as some men are more partial to their spurious issue than to their legitimate children.

If this is the case of Scrutator, he is heartily welcome to suppose, that his
confounding

confounding Mr. W.'s denial of the receipt of Chatterton's two embryo letters was a denial of his own actual letter, and that the verification of that letter by a notary-public is a corroboration of Mr. W.'s disavowal of it, though he never did disavow it, and does firmly believe it is his own genuine letter, and should be sorry not to have it thought so. He laughs at the ridiculous pains Scrutator has taken to identify it, and thinks, as others do think, that Scrutator himself wrote or procured the letter in the Magazine, which asserted that Mr. W. denied having ever written to Chatterton, though Mr. W. had in print declared, that he had wrote to that young man more than once:— So that, in fact, Scrutator may have only asserted and confuted himself, like a man that plays at cards alone, right hand against left—and to that merry pastime he is willingly abandoned.

A
NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED RELATIVE TO

THE QUARREL OF

MR. DAVID HUME AND JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

AS FAR AS MR. HORACE WALPOLE WAS CONCERNED IN IT.

NARRATIVE

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NARRATIVE, &c.

I WENT to Paris in September 1765. Mr. Hume was there, secretary to the English ambassador, the earl of Hertford. About that time the curate of Motiers in Switzerland had excited the mob against Rousseau, and it was no longer safe for him to stay in that country. He petitioned the magistrates of the place to imprison him, affirming that he was troubled with a rupture, and in so bad a state of health that it was impossible for him to travel. There was no law in Switzerland against ruptures, and the magistrates could not comply with his request. Mr. Hume was desired by some friends of Rousseau to procure him a retreat in England, and undertook it zealously. He spoke to me, and said, he had thoughts of obtaining permission for him to live in Richmond new park. I said, an old groom, that had been servant of my father, was one of the keepers there, had a comfortable little lodge in a retired part of that park, and I could answer for procuring a lodging there. We afterwards recollected that lord Bute was ranger of the park, and might not care to have a man who had given much offence by his writings to pious persons, appear to be particularly under his protection; on which we dropped that idea. Sir Gilbert Elliot was then at Paris, and going to England: to him Mr. Hume applied to look out for some solitary habitation for Rousseau, as the latter had desired.

The king of Prussia, hearing that Rousseau could not remain in Switzerland, had offered him a retreat in his dominions, which Rousseau declined. It happened that I was one evening at madame Geoffrin's in a mixed company, where the conversation turned on this refusal, and many instances were quoted of Rousseau's affected singularities, and of his projects to make himself celebrated by courting persecution. I dropped two or three things, that diverted the company, of whom monsieur Helvetius was one. When I went home, I reduced those thoughts into a little letter from the king of Prussia to Rousseau¹, and dining the next day with M. Helvetius, I showed it to him. He was much diverted with it, and pointed out one or two faults in the French, which I am far from pretending to write correctly. A day or two afterwards I showed it to two or three persons at madame de Rochfort's, who were all pleased with it, among whom the duc de Nivernois proposed the alteration of one verb. I showed the letter too to madame du Deffand, and she desired to communicate it to the president Henault, and he changed the construction of the last phrase, though the thought remained exactly the same. Madame de Jonfac, the president's niece, said, if I had a mind it should appear, she would disperse it without letting the author be known. I replied, No, it had never been intended for the public, was a private piece of pleasantry, and I had no mind it should be talked of. One night at madame du Deffand's, the latter desired me to read it to madame la marechale de Mirepoix, who liked it so much, that she insisted upon having a copy; and this, as far as I can remember, was the first occasion of the dispersion.

I have recounted circumstantially the trifling incidents of the corrections of

¹ The letter was as follows :

" Le Roi de PRUSSE à Monf. ROUSSEAU.

" MON CHERE JEAN JACQUES,

" Vous avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie ; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits ; la France vous a decreté.

" Venez donc chez moi : j'admire vos talents ; je m'amuse de vos reveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un veritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun : cela les fâchera,

sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible ; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits : et ce qui surement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persecuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

" Votre bon ami,

" FREDERIC."

the

the letter, because they were afterwards most unjustly the occasion of the letter being imputed to one who had not the smallest share in it, and who was aspersed from private pique. As soon as the letter made a noise, I was so afraid of affecting to write French better than I could, that I mentioned every where, and particularly to M. Diderot at baron Holbach's, that the letter had been corrected, though I did not tell by whom, for fear of involving others in a dispute; but I never, as M. D'Alembert has falsely asserted, avowed that I had had any assistance in the composition, which would have been an untruth. This attention of not committing others, has since most absurdly been complained of by D'Alembert. Has he set his name to every thing he has written? Do his principles lead him to betray every thing that has passed in confidence between him and others? But I shall unmask his motives, and detect his spleen. He had formerly been a great friend of madame du Deffand. She had brought to Paris a poor young gentlewoman, a mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, who lived with her as a companion. They had quarrelled (I neither know nor care about what) some time before I came to Paris, and had parted. Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse had talents, drew company and authors about her, and of the latter, D'Alembert was the most assiduous; and a total coolness ensued between him and madame du Deffand. The latter soon after my arrival had shown me great distinctions and kindness. Mr. Hume proposed to carry me to mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, where I might be sure of seeing D'Alembert. I said, I had not the honour of knowing mademoiselle de L'Espinasse; that madame du Deffand had been remarkably good to me, and as I understood they did not love one another, I did not care to disoblige madame du Deffand, nor to be involved in a quarrel with which I had nothing to do; and for monsieur D'Alembert, I was mighty indifferent about seeing him; that it was not my custom to seek authors, who are a conceited troublesome set of people, and that I was not come to Paris to pay homage to their vanity. This was by no means levelled particularly at D'Alembert, of whom I knew nothing, but so much my way of thinking, that in seven months and a half that I was at Paris, I would visit but two authors, whom I infinitely preferred to all the rest, which were the younger Crebillon and monsieur Buffon, the latter of whom is one of the most amiable, modest, humane men I ever knew. This neglect of D'Alembert and his friend, and my attachment to madame du Deffand, was not to be forgiven; and I am glad he did not forgive it, as it drew him to expose his peevish spite.

Mr. Hume remained some time longer at Paris ; and though he lodged in the same hotel with me, I declare, and Mr. Crawford is my witness, that I never showed or mentioned the king of Prussia's letter to him.

In the mean time, a passport had been obtained for Rousseau ; and notwithstanding he was incapable of travelling, he came to Paris in his Armenian habit, which he had worn some time, as he said, to conceal his rupture. He was lodged by the prince of Conti in the Temple ; several persons obtained his permission to visit him, though he made it a great favour, and yet he was so good as to indulge the curiosity of the multitude, by often walking in the public walks, where the singularity of his dress prevented his escaping their eyes. He staid a fortnight, till the parliament who had passed a decree against him began to complain of his residence in their jurisdiction. On their murmurs, the ministers alleged that the passport had been granted merely to facilitate his journey to England, and was not understood to extend beyond two or three days. The duchess of Choiseul told me, that the duke her husband was very angry that his indulgence had been abused, and at Rousseau's public exhibition of himself. I said, I hoped the duke would excuse Rousseau's delay, as I knew he had staid in complaisance to Mr. Hume, who had not been ready to depart. She replied, "Then he paid more deference to friendship than to obedience." Mr. Hume and Rousseau set out for England. They had not been there many days before accounts were written from thence to Paris of Rousseau's vanity and extravagant folly ; as of his complaining to Mr. Hume one afternoon that few persons had been to see him that day ; and of his refusing to settle in a gentleman's family, because the latter would not admit Rousseau's house-keeper to dine with his wife. I pitied Mr. Hume, and thought, as I had done before, that he would be heartily sick of his charge ; but Mr. Hume was beyond measure attached to him, and thought he could not do too much to please him and compensate for his past misfortunes.

Some few days before I left Paris, I went to madame Geoffrin ; she was writing in her closet : in the cabinet I found two persons, one of whom was talking with much warmth, and in the style in fashion, on religion. By the turn of his conversation, and by what I had heard of his person, I concluded this was D'Alembert. It was. I walked about the room, till madame Geoffrin came to us. D'Alembert went away, and this was the only time I saw him.

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The very day before I set out, I was showed in an English newspaper, Rousseau's ridiculous letter to the printer, in which he complains with so much bitterness of the letter of the king of Prussia. Before I went to bed, I wrote a letter to Rousseau, under the name of his own Emile, to laugh at his folly; but on reflection I suppressed this, as I had done a second letter in the name of the king of Prussia, in which I foretold the variety of events which would happen in England to interfere with the noise which Rousseau hoped to make there, which would occasion his being forgotten and neglected, and which consequently would soon make him disgusted with our country. These events were, politics, Mr. Pitt's return to power, horse-races, elections, &c. all easily foreseen, and which did happen of course, and which did contribute to make Rousseau weary of the solitude which he pretended to seek, which he had found, and which he could not bear.

After I came to England, Mr. Hume told me he had solicited Mr. Conway, one of the secretaries of state, to obtain for Rousseau from the king a pension of an hundred pounds a year. Mr. Conway asked, and the king consented to it; but in consideration of Rousseau's obnoxious writings, his majesty desired the pension should be a secret. Rousseau wished to have it public, and had not yielded then to receive it in a private manner. Afterwards followed Rousseau's extravagant quarrel with Mr. Hume, in the course of which Mr. Hume begged me to press Mr. Conway to obtain the pension in the way which would please Rousseau most. I willingly undertook it, urged Mr. Conway to pursue it, which he promised me to do; but I told Mr. Hume that he must by no means let Rousseau know that I had any share in it, as he probably would not care to owe it to me.

Then arrived Rousseau's long absurd letter to Mr. Hume, which most people in England, and I amongst the rest, thought was such an answer to itself, that Mr. Hume had no occasion to vindicate himself from the imputations contained in it. The gens de lettres at Paris, who aim at being an *order*, and who in default of parts raise a dust by their squabbles, were of a different opinion, and pressed Mr. Hume to publish on the occasion. Mr. Hume however declared he was convinced by the arguments of his friends in England, and would not engage in a controversy. Lord Mansfield told me, he was glad to hear I was of his opinion, and had dissuaded Mr. Hume from publishing. Indeed I was convinced he did not intend it: and when he came to

me one morning, and desired I would give him a letter under my hand to show to his friends, disculpating him from having been privy to the king of Prussia's letter, I willingly consented, and wrote one, which I gave him, and the beginning of which proved how strong my opinion was against his publishing.

I am sorry to say, that on this occasion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter, I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wished him to publish, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own spleen to Rousseau. I had no spleen to him, I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to serve him; and above all things, I despised the childish quarrels of pedants and pretended philosophers. This commencement of my letter was therefore a dissuasive against printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make use of part of my letter, and suffer it to be printed—and even without asking my consent? I had told him he might do what he pleased with it: but when he had desired it only to show, and when it advised him not to publish, could my words imply a permission to print my letter? Much less could they imply permission to curtail my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again, Was he at liberty to do this without asking and obtaining my consent? It is very true, I heartily despised Rousseau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been published, I should not have expressed my feeling in such harsh terms as *a thorough contempt*—at least I should have particularized the cause of that contempt, because the superiority and excellence of Rousseau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor should I have treated him with the same indifference as I should treat the present gens de lettres at Paris, the mushrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated with respect for them, and not to wound their vain and sensitive ears, suppressed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form suffered them to publish it. When it was published, he made an apology to me: his letters and my answers I shall annex to this narrative.

In consequence however of my contempt of controversy, with a proper scorn of D'Alembert's womanish motives, and in tenderness to Mr. Hume, I forbore to expose D'Alembert as he deserved. The little insects produced by this quarrel kept it up for some time in print, and Freron, who exists on such sour nutriment, attacked me in one of his journals, which to this hour I never saw; nor
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so much as heard of, till I was informed from Paris, that the duchess of Choiseul obliged him to make a public retraction, and, as well as the duke, was much incensed against D'Alembert, madame du Deffand being the duchess's particular friend. I immediately wrote to Paris to beg the duchess would suffer Freron and D'Alembert, or any of the tribe, to write what they pleased, and get what money they could by abusing me.

Rousseau remained for some months longer in Derbyshire, in a cottage near Mr. Davenport—but in the spring, Rousseau and his housekeeper suddenly departed. The post-master where he hired horses told him, Mr. Davenport would be much concerned at being quitted so abruptly. Rousseau replied, he took that method not to shock Mr. Davenport by his complaints.—However, he left a letter behind him for this last benefactor, not much inferior in reproaches to the one he had addressed to Mr. Hume. The chief cause of his discontent had been a long quarrel between his housekeeper and Mr. Davenport's cook-maid, who, as Rousseau affirmed, had always dressed their dinner very ill, and at last had sprinkled ashes on their victuals.

Rousseau, quitting his Armenian masquerade, crossed the country with his *gouvernante*, and arrived at Boston in Lincolnshire. There a gentleman who admired his writings waited on him, offered him assistance in money, and called him *the great Rousseau*. He replied with warmth, "No, sir, no, I am not *the great Rousseau*, I am the poor neglected Rousseau, of whom nobody takes any notice." Thus broke forth the true source of all his unhappiness. The brightest parts, the most established fame, could not satisfy him, unless he was the perpetual object of admiration and discourse; and to keep up this attention, he descended to all the little tricks of a mountebank.

From Boston he wrote to the lord chancellor Camden, to desire his lordship would send him a guard to conduct him to Dover. A guard! and in England! where he or any body may travel in the most perfect security! and where there was no sentence of law or decree of parliament against him!—And for what? To conduct him to France, where he was proscribed and liable to be apprehended by the first guard that should meet him. The chancellor smiled at his folly, and desired Mr. Fitzherbert to acquaint him, that he had no occasion for a guard, and might go with the utmost safety to Dover—and so he did.

From

From Dover he wrote to Mr. Conway the most extravagant of all his letters, and which indeed amounted to madness. In it he entreated Mr. Conway in the most earnest and pathetic terms to suffer him to quit England (from whence he would be sailed long before Mr. Conway could receive his letter); he intimated a violent apprehension that he was to be assassinated at sea; he promised, if he was permitted to depart, that he never would write a syllable against England, or the English; offered to deposit all his unprinted writings there, and, to prove his sincerity, demanded his pension (an odd request for a man going to perish), the acceptance of which, he said, would constitute him the greatest of villains, if he should ever afterwards abuse England: and he concluded his solicitation of leave to depart, with a promise of acquainting Mr. Conway how to direct to him, as soon as he should be landed at Calais.

Mr. Conway showed me this letter. I begged him, as soon as he should receive the direction, to acquaint Rousseau, that he was at full liberty to write what he pleased; that nobody wished to prevent his writing any thing he had a mind to say; and I begged Mr. Conway to obtain the pension, which he did, and which was granted.

Still wishing to compensate for any uneasiness I had given Rousseau by the king of Prussia's letter, and now really thinking him distracted enough to thrust himself on actual calamities, I wrote to the duchess of Choiseul to represent his case, to beg her protection for him, and to entreat that she would save him, if the parliament of Paris or the government should be disposed to exercise their resentment on him.

He arrived safely at Paris, was received by his old friend the prince of Conti, was for some time lodged near Meudon; and when I returned to Paris in August 1767, he lived very privately at a little distance from that capital on an estate belonging to the same prince, where I shall leave him, and conclude this idle history.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Paris,
Sept. 13, 1767.

LET-

L E T T E R S

Which passed between DAVID HUME, Esq. and the Hon.
HORACE WALPOLE, relative to ROUSSEAU.

L E T T E R I.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from D'Alembert, who tells me, that, on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me, with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D'Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the king of Prussia: I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not show it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray recollect, if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter and Rousseau's answer. Pray assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Saturday Forenoon.

DAVID HUME.

LETTER II.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Arlington-street,

July 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the king of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you staid there, out of delicacy to you; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.

DAVID HUME

LETTER III

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

A FEW posts ago I had a letter from M. D'Alembert, by which I learn, that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publish an account of my rupture with Rousseau, in consequence of a general discretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publish is the same with that which I left with lord Hertford, and which I believe you have seen. It consists chiefly of original papers, connected by a short recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. D'Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permission and at my desire. Among the papers published is your letter to me, justifying my innocence with regard to the king of Prussia's letter. You permitted me to make what use of it I pleased for my own apology; and as I knew that you could have no reason for concealing it, I inserted it without scruple in the narrative. My Parisian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the necessity which they found of extorting my consent. It appears particularly, that my antagonist had wrote letters of defiance against me all over Europe, and said, that the letter he wrote me was so confounding to me, that I would not dare to show it to any one without falsifying it. These letters were likely to make impression, and my silence might be construed into a proof of guilt. I am sure that my friends have judged impartially in this affair, and without being actuated by any prejudice or passion of their own; for almost all of them were at first as averse as I was to the publication, and only proceeded to it upon the apparent necessity which they discovered. I have not seen the preface; but the book will probably be soon in London, and I hope you will find that the reasons assigned by my friends are satisfactory. They have taken upon them the blame, if any appears to lie in this measure. I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh,

30th of Oct. 1766.

LETTER IV.

TO DAVID HUME, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 6, 1766.

YOU have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backside. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the fifth and Francis the first. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the Philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and
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had it been necessary, I could have added much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject, proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted too my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who I suppose has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his eloges and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear sir; I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely; I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY I received by the post a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rousseau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the necessity under which they found themselves to publish this narrative; and an appendix in D'Alembert's name, protesting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rousseau. I have no objection with regard to the first, but the second contains a clause which displeases me very much, but which you will probably only laugh at: it is that where he blames the king of Prussia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to use this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it possible that a man of his superior parts can bear you ill will because you are the friend of his enemy, madame du Deffand? What makes me suspect that there may be something true of this suspicion, is, that several passages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the translation, and rendered much less obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative sent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for surely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be translated in London, if there be hopes of selling a hundred copies of it. For this reason, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be published, in which case I shall give orders that all the passages altered in my narrative shall be restored.

Since I came here I have been told that you have had a severe fit of sickness, but that you are now recovered: I hope you are perfectly so. I am anxious to hear of your welfare; being with great sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Edinburgh,
4th of Nov. 1766.

DAVID HUME.

LETTER VI.

TO DAVID HUME, Esq.

INDEED, dear sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of madame du Deffand, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him any thing like a *superior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far, as to hate a friend of hers qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd, and impious, as to displace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are

really obliged to them : they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard madame du Defand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris, and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now). She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I who am an author must own this conduct very sensible; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake, do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business

sinews for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I had heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the king of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse; if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *præcipue sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature?—In short, my dear sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Arlington-street,

Nov. 11th, 1766.

P. S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on madame du Deffand's account; but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent scavant, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells: I hope you will receive it.

LETTER VII.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

I READILY agree with you, my dear sir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the necessity of consenting to this publication; but it had certainly become necessary. Even those who at first joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me and represented, that this strange man's defiance had made such impression, that I should pass universally for the guilty person, if I suppressed the story. Some of his greatest admirers and partisans, who had read my manuscript, concurred in the same sentiments with the rest. I never consented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I should have persevered in my refusal. One reason of my reluctance was, that I saw this publication, if necessary at Paris, was yet superfluous, not to say worse, at London. But I hope it will be considered that the publication is not, properly speaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in consequence of a discretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a distance to form a judgment in the case.

I am as sensible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have exposed themselves, by running every moment to the public with all their private squabbles and altercations; but surely there has been something very unexpected and peculiar in this affair. My antagonist, by his genius, his singularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the subject of general conversation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any person in it. I do not even except Voltaire, much less the king of Prussia and Mr. Pitt. How else could it have happened, that a clause of a private letter, which I wrote somewhat thoughtlessly to a private gentleman at Paris, should in three days time have been the only subject of conversation in that capital, and should thence have propagated itself every where as fast as the post could carry it? You know, that at first I was so little inclined to make a noise about this story, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the insult, which was really so ridiculous: but you very properly dissuaded me from this resolution; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly nobody will find fault with.

Having made this apology for myself (where, however, I expect to be absolved as much by your compassion as your judgment), I proceed to say something in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D'Alembert who suppressed that clause of your letter, but me, who did not transcribe it in the copy I sent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needlessly in a quarrel with these literati; and as that clause had no reference to the business in hand, I thought I might fairly secrete it. I wish I could excuse him as well on another head. He sent me above two months ago something like that declaration, and desired me to convey it to Rousseau; which I refused to do, and gave him some reasons of my refusal: but he replied to me, that he was sure my true secret reason was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be disagreeable to me to see such a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked also the omission of a phrase in the translation; and this omission could not be altogether by accident: it was where I mention your suppressing the king of Prussia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I said it was *agreeable to your usual politeness and humanity*. I have wrote to Becket the bookseller to restore this passage, which is so conformable to my real sentiments: but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I saw the Paris edition, I had desired Becket to follow it wherever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other respects but inconsiderable.

It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendship with madame du Deffand; because I can find no other ground for it. I see also, that in his declaration there is a stroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not understand, but I do; because he wrote me that he heard she was your corrector. I found these two persons in great and intimate friendship when I arrived at Paris: but it is strange how intemperate they are both become in their animosity; though perhaps it is more excusable in her, on account of her age, sex, and bodily infirmities. I am very sensible of your discretion in not citing me on this occasion; I might otherwise have a new quarrel on my hands.

With regard to D'Alembert, I believe I said he was a man of *superior parts*, not a *superior genius*; which are words, if I mistake not, of a very different import. He is surely entitled to the former character, from the works which

you and I have read: I do not mean his translation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I suppose neither you nor I have read, his Geometry and Algebra. I agree with you, that in some respects Rousseau may more properly be called a superior genius; yet is he so full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny even him that appellation. I fancy D'Alembert's talents and Rousseau's united might fully merit such a eulogy.

In other respects, D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refusing great offers from the Czarina and the king of Prussia, he has shewn himself above interest and vain ambition. He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, suitable to a man of letters. He has five pensions: one from the king of Prussia, one from the French king, one as member of the academy of sciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of these is not 6000 livres a year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I scarce know a man, who, with some few exceptions (for there must always be some exceptions), is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philosophical* character.

You see I venture still to join these two epithets as inseparable and almost synonymous; though you seem inclined to regard them almost as incompatible. And here I have a strong inclination to say a few words in vindication both of myself and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepossession has seized you to beat in so outrageous a manner your nurses of mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude against science and literature? For my part, I can scarce acknowledge any other ground of distinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progress in learning and the arts. I do not say between one man and another; because the qualities of the heart and temper and natural understanding are the most essential to the personal character; but being, I suppose, almost equal among nations and ages, do not serve to throw a peculiar lustre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius; and there may no doubt be, in particular instances, a great ridicule in these affectations: but the sentiment in general was equally conspicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flourishing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century.

If the case be now otherwise, it is what we are to lament and be ashamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at best but half civilized, and is now relapsing fast into barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. I beg you also to consider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages.—But I find I am launching out insensibly into an immense ocean of common-place; I cut the matter therefore short, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and had every day cooked your dinner of horseflesh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but at the same time, that reading, conversation, and travel have detracted nothing from those virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Edinburgh,
20th of Nov. 1766.

DAVID HUME.

P. S. The French translation of this strange piece of mine (for I must certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.

REMINISCENCES,

WRITTEN IN 1788,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF

MISS MARY AND MISS AGNES B—Y.

Il ne faut point d'esprit pour s'occuper des vieux evenemens.

VOLTAIRE, vol. lv. lett. lvi. p. 114.

REMINISCENCES.

W. R. T. E. N. 1783

FOR THE MUSEUM OF

MISS MARY AND MISS AGNES D—Y.

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REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

YOU were both so entertained with the old stories I told you one evening lately, of what I recollected to have seen and heard from my childhood of the courts of king George the first, and of his son the prince of Wales (afterwards George the second) and of the latter's princess, since queen Caroline; and you expressed such wishes that I would commit those passages (for they are scarce worthy of the title even of anecdotes) to writing, that, having no greater pleasure than to please you both, nor any more important or laudable occupation, I will begin to satisfy the repetition of your curiosity.—But observe, I promise no more than to *begin*; for I not only cannot answer that I shall have patience to continue, but my memory is still so fresh, or rather so retentive of trifles which first made impression on it, that it is very possible my life (turned of seventy-one) may be exhausted before my stock of remembrances; especially, as I am sensible of the garrulity of old age, and of its eagerness of relating whatever it recollects, whether of moment or not. Thus, while I fancy I am complying with you, I may only be indulging myself, and consequently may wander into many digressions for which you will not care a straw, and which may intercept the completion of my design. Patience, therefore, young ladies; and if you coin an old gentleman into narratives, you must expect a good deal of alloy. I engage for no method, no regularity, no polish. My narrative will probably resemble siege-pieces, which are struck of any promiscuous metals; and, though they bear the impress of some sovereign's name, only serve to quiet the garrison for the moment, and afterwards are merely hoarded by collectors and virtuosos, who think their series not complete, unless they have even the coins of base metal of every reign.

As I date from my nonage, I must have laid up no state-secrets. Most of the facts I am going to tell you, though new to you and to most of the present age, were known perhaps at the time to my nurse and my tutors. Thus my stories will have nothing to do with history.

Luckily there have appeared within these three months two publications, that will serve as precedents for whatever I am going to say: I mean, *Les fragmens* of the correspondence of the duchess of Orleans, and those of the Memoires of the duc de St. Simon. Nothing more *decoufu* than both. They tell you what they please—or rather what their editors have pleased to let them tell.

In one respect I shall be less satisfactory. They knew and were well acquainted, or thought they were, with the characters of their personages. I did not at ten years old penetrate characters; and as George I. died at the period where my reminiscence begins, and was rather a good sort of man than a shining king; and as the duchess of Kendal was no genius, I heard very little of either when he and her power were no more. In fact, the reign of George I. was little more than the proem to the history of England under the house of Brunswic. That family was established here by surmounting a rebellion; to which settlement perhaps the phrensy of the South Sea scheme contributed, by diverting the national attention from the game of faction to the delirium of stock-jobbing; and even faction was split into factions by the quarrel between the king and the heir apparent—another interlude which authorises me to call the reign of George I. a proem to the history of the reigning house of Brunswic, so successively agitated by parallel feuds.

Commencions.

As my first hero was going off the stage before I ought to have come upon it, it will be necessary to tell you, why the said two personages happened to meet just two nights before they were to part for ever; a rencounter that barely enables me to give you a general idea of the former's person and of his mistress's—or, as has been supposed, his wife's.

As I was the youngest by eleven years of sir Robert Walpole's children by his first wife, and was extremely weak and delicate, as you see me still, though with no constitutional complaint till I had the gout after forty, and as my two

sisters¹ were consumptive and died of consumptions, the supposed necessary care of me (and I have overheard persons saying, "That child cannot possibly live") so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness: and as the infinite good nature of my father never thwarted any of his children, he suffered me to be too much indulged, and permitted her to gratify the first vehement inclination that ever I expressed, and which, as I have never since felt any enthusiasm for royal persons, I must suppose that the female attendants in the family must have put into my head, *to long to see the king*. This childish caprice was so strong, that my mother solicited the duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kissing his majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover.—A favour so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old, was still too slight to be refused to the wife of the first minister for her darling child: yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private and at night.

Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the countess of Walsingham², on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the duchess of Kendal: apartments occupied by George II. after his queen's death, and by his successive mistresses, the countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

Notice being given that the king was come down to supper, lady Walsingham took me alone into the duchess's anti-room, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down, and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

The person of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man rather pale, and exactly like to his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark eye wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the duchess; but as I could not

¹ Katherine Walpole, and Mary viscountess of Kendal, created countess of Walsingham, and afterwards married to the famous Philip Stan-

² Melusina Schulemberg, niece of the duchess hope earl of Chesterfield.

avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady; but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was.

My childish loyalty, and the condescension in gratifying it, were, I suppose, causes that contributed very soon afterwards to make me shed a flood of tears for that sovereign's death, when with the other scholars at Eton college I walked in procession to the proclamation of the successor, and which (though I think they partly fell because I imagined it became the son of a prime-minister to be more concerned than other boys) were no doubt imputed by any of the spectators who were politicians, to my fears of my father's most probable fall, but of which I had not the smallest conception; nor should have met with any more concern than I did when it really arrived in the year 1742, by which time I had lost all taste for courts and princes and power, as was natural to one who never felt an ambitious thought for himself.

It must not be inferred from her obtaining this grace for me, that the duchess of Kendal was a friend to my father. On the contrary, at that moment she had been labouring to displace him, and introduce lord Bolinbroke¹ into the administration; on which I shall say more hereafter.

It was an instance of sir Robert's singular fortune, or evidence of his talents, that he not only preserved his power under two successive monarchs, but in spite of the efforts of both their mistresses² to remove him. It was perhaps still more remarkable, and an instance unparalleled, that sir Robert governed George the first in Latin, the king not speaking English³, and his minister no German, nor even French. It was much talked of, that sir Robert, detecting one of the Hanoverian ministers in some trick or falsehood before the king's face, had the firmness to say to the German, "Mentiris, impudentissime!"—The

¹ The well-known Henry St. John, viscount Bolinbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, on whose death he fled and was attainted.

² The duchess of Kendal and lady Suffolk.

³ Prince William (afterwards duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birth-day, the king asked him at what hour he rose. The prince replied, "when the chimney-sweepers went about." "Vat is de chimney-sweeper?" said the king. "Have

you been so long in England," said the boy, "and don't know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there"—pointing to lord Finch, afterwards earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly swarthy and dark,

—"the black funereal Finches."

Sir Ch. Williams's Ode to a Number of Great Men, 1742.

good-humoured monarch only laughed, as he often did when sir Robert complained to him of his Hanoverians selling places, nor would be persuaded that it was not the practice of the English court; and which an incident must have planted in his mind with no favourable impression of English disinterestedness. "This is a strange country!" said his majesty: "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!"

I have said that the duchess of Kendal was no friend of sir Robert, and wished to make lord Bolinbroke minister in his room. I was too young to know anything of that reign, nor was acquainted with the political cabals of the court, which however I might have learnt from my father in the three years after his retirement; but being too thoughtless at that time, nor having your laudable curiosity, I neglected to inform myself of many passages and circumstances, of which I have often since regretted my faulty ignorance.

By what I can at present recollect, the duchess seems to have been jealous of sir Robert's credit with the king, which he had acquired, not by paying court, but by his superior abilities in the house of commons, and by his knowledge in finance, of which lord Sunderland and Craggs had betrayed their ignorance in countenancing the South Sea scheme; and who, though more agreeable to the king, had been forced to give way to Walpole, as the only man capable of repairing that mischief. The duchess too might be alarmed at his attachment to the princess of Wales, from whom, in case of the king's death, her grace could expect no favour. Of her jealousy I do know the following instance: Queen Anne had bestowed the rangership of Richmond new park on her relations the Hydes for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of shooting, bought out the term of the last earl of Clarendon and of his son lord Cornbury, and frequently shot there, having appointed my eldest brother lord Walpole ranger nominally, but my father in reality, who wished to hunt there once or twice a week. The park had run to great decay under the Hydes, nor was there any mansion¹ better than the common lodges of the keepers.

¹ The earl of Rochester, who succeeded to the title of Clarendon on the extinction of the elder branch, had a villa close without the park; but it had been burnt down, and only one wing was.

keepers. The king ordered a stone lodge, designed by Henry earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himself, but merely as a banqueting-house¹, with a large eating-room, kitchen and necessary offices, where he might dine after his sport. Sir Robert began another of brick for himself and the under-ranger, which by degrees he much enlarged, usually retiring thither from business, or rather, as he said himself, to do more business than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays. On that edifice, on the thatched house, and other improvements, he laid out fourteen thousand pounds of his own money. In the mean time, he hired a small house for himself on the hill without the park; and in that small tenement the king did him the honour of dining with him more than once after shooting. His majesty, fond of private² joviality, was pleased with punch after dinner, and indulged in it freely. The duchess, alarmed at the advantage the minister might make of the openness of the king's heart in those convivial unguarded hours, and at a crisis when she was conscious sir Robert was apprised of her inimical machinations in favour of Bolinbroke, enjoined the few Germans who accompanied the king at those dinners, to prevent his majesty from drinking too freely. Her spies obeyed too punctually, and without any address. The king was offended, and silenced the tools by the coarsest epithets in the German language. He even before his departure ordered sir Robert to have the stone-lodge finished against his return.—No symptom of a falling minister, as has since been supposed sir Robert then was, and that lord Bolinbroke was to have replaced him, had the king lived to come back. But my presumption to the contrary is more strongly corroborated by what had recently passed. The duchess had actually prevailed on the king to see Bolinbroke secretly in his closet. That intriguing Proteus, aware that he might not obtain an audience long enough to efface former prejudices and make sufficient impression on the king against sir Robert, and in his own favour, went provided with a long memorial, which he left in the closet, and begged his majesty to peruse coolly at his leisure. The king kept the paper—but no longer than till he saw sir Robert, to whom he

was left. W. Stanhope earl of Harrington purchased the ruins and built the house, since bought by lord Camelford.

¹ It was afterwards enlarged by princess Amelia, to whom her father George II. had granted the reversion of the rangership after lord Walpole. Her royal highness sold it to George III. for a pension on Ireland of 1200l. a

year, and his majesty appointed lord Bute ranger for life.

² The king hated the parade of royalty. When he went to the opera, it was in no state, nor did he sit in the stage box, nor forwards, but behind the duchess of Kendal and lady Walsingham, in the second box, now allotted to the maids of honour.

delivered

delivered the poisoned remonstrance.—If that communication prognosticated the minister's fall, I am at a loss to know what a mark of confidence is.

Nor was that discovery the first intimation that Walpole had received of the measure of Bolinbroke's gratitude. The minister, against the earnest representations of his family and most intimate friends, had consented to the recall of that incendiary from banishment¹, excepting only his re-admission into the house of lords, that every field of annoyance might not be open to his mischievous turbulence. Bolinbroke, it seems, deemed an embargo laid on his tongue would warrant his hand to lanch every envenomed shaft against his benefactor, who by restricting had paid him the compliment of avowing that his eloquence was not totally inoffensive. Craftsmen, pamphlets, libels, combinations, were showered on or employed for years against the prime minister, without shaking his power or ruffling his temper: and Bolinbroke had the mortification of finding his rival had abilities to maintain his influence against the² mistresses of two kings, with whom his antagonist had plotted in vain to overturn him.

¹ Bolinbroke at his return could not avoid waiting on sir Robert to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelsea; but whether tortured at witnessing Walpole's serene frankness and felicity, or suffocated with indignation and confusion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more.

² George II. parted with lady Suffolk, on princess Amelia informing queen Caroline from Bath that the mistress had interviews there with lord Bolinbroke. Lady Suffolk, above twenty

years after, protested to me that she had not once seen his lordship there; and I should believe she did not, for she was a woman of truth: but her great intimacy and connexion with Pope and Swift, the intimate friends of Bolinbroke, even before the death of George I. and her being the channel through whom that faction had flattered themselves they should gain the ear of the new king, can leave no doubt of lady Suffolk's support of that party. Her dearest friend to her death was William afterwards lord Chetwynd, the known and most trusted confidant of lord Bolinbroke. Of those political intrigues I shall say more in these Reminiscences.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE the first, while electoral prince, had married his cousin the princess¹ Dorothea, only child of the duke of Zell; a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the Confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful count Konismark², the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatized a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., on his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Konismark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room—the count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up; George II. entrusted the secret to his wife queen Caroline, who told it to my father: but the king was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his mistress; nor did lady Suffolk ever hear of it, till I informed her of it several years afterwards. The disappearance of the count made his mur-

¹ Her names were Sophia Dorothea; but I call her by the latter to distinguish her from the princess Sophia, her mother-in-law, on whom the crown of Great Britain was settled.

² Konismark behaved with great intrepidity

and was wounded at a bull-feast in Spain. See Letters from Spain of the comtesse Danois, vol. ii. He was brother of the beautiful comtesse de Konismark, mistress of Augustus second king of Poland.

der suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances.

The second George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purposed, as was said, had the former survived, to have brought her over and declared her queen dowager¹. Lady Suffolk has told me her surprise, on going to the new queen the morning after the news arrived of the death of George I. at seeing hung up in the queen's dressing-room a whole length of a lady in royal robes; and in the bedchamber a half length of the same person, neither of which lady Suffolk had ever seen before. The prince had kept them concealed, not daring to produce them during the life of his father. The whole length he probably sent to Hanover²; the half length I have frequently and frequently seen in the library of princess Amelia, who told me it was the portrait of her grandmother. She bequeathed it with other pictures of her family to her nephew the landgrave of Hesse.

Of the circumstances that ensued on Konismark's disappearance I am ignorant; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or separation: nor do I know or suppose that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality when a sovereign has reason or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the gordian knot of matrimony thrown in the way of an absolute prince would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering

¹ Lady Suffolk thought he rather would have made her regent of Hanover; and she also told me, that George I. had offered to live again with his wife, but she refused, unless her pardon were asked publicly. She said, what most affected her was the disgrace that would be brought on her children; and if she were only pardoned, that would not remove it. Lady Suffolk thought she was then divorced, though the divorce was never published; and that the old elector consented to his son's marrying the duchess of Kendal with the left hand—but it seems strange that George I. should offer to live again with his wife, and yet be divorced from her. Perhaps George II. to vindicate his mother, supposed that offer and her spirited refusal.

parating and keeping in each country whatever belonged to England or Hanover. Lady Suffolk told me, that on his accession he could not find a knife, fork and spoon of gold which had belonged to queen Anne, and which he remembered to have seen here at his first arrival. He found them at Hanover on his first journey thither after he came to the crown, and brought them back to England. He could not recollect much of greater value; for on queen Anne's death, and in the interval before the arrival of the new family, such a clearance had been made of her majesty's jewels, or the new king so instantly distributed what he found, amongst his German favourites, that, as lady S. told me, queen Caroline never obtained of the late queen's jewels but one pearl-necklace.

² George II. was scrupulously exact in se-

husband our Henry VIII. Sovereigns, who narrow or let out the law of God according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws no doubt to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany; and the code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand—as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinance to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety—but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit.—Shocking consequence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal.

Separated the princess Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled duchess of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the duchess of Kendal with his left hand. As the princess Dorothea died only some months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was scarcely deferred till then; and the extreme outward devotion of the duchess, who every Sunday went seven times to Lutheran chapels, seemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during queen Anne's reign, the duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did retain her for a whole year, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son too, George II. had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German casuistry might allow her husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed in bed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary

tary adieu constituted adultery; and therefore of a formal divorce I must doubt—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided, till future search into the Hanoverian chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance.

I have said that the disgraced princess died but a short time before the king. It is known that in queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George the first to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the duke and duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive lest the duchess of Kendal should be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the denunciation, that on the eve of his last departure he took leave of his son and the princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons he hated. He did sometimes do much justice to his son as to say, "Il est fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur."—For queen Caroline, to his confidants he termed her *cette diablesse madame la princesse*.

I do not know whether it was about the same period, that in a tender mood he promised the duchess of Kendal, that if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess on his death so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Isleworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and tenderness of duty, till the royal bird or she took their last flight.

George II. no more addicted than his father to too much religious credulity, had yet implicit faith in the German notion of vampires, and has more than once been angry with my father for speaking irreverently of those imaginary bloodsuckers.

The duchess of Kendal, of whom I have said so much, was, when made-
 O o 2
 moifelle

moiselle Schulemberg, maid of honour to the electress Sophia, mother of king George I., and destined by king William and the act of settlement to succeed queen Anne. George fell in love with mademoiselle Schulemberg, though by no means an inviting object—so little, that one evening when she was in waiting behind the electress's chair at a ball, the princess Sophia, who had made herself mistress of the language of her future subjects, said in English to Mrs. Howard (afterwards countess of Suffolk), then at her court, "Look at that mawkin, and think of her being my son's passion!" Mrs. Howard, who told me the story, protested she was terrified, forgetting that mademoiselle Schulemberg did not understand English.

The younger mademoiselle Schulemberg, who came over with her and was created countess of Walsingham, passed for her niece; but was so like to the king, that it is not very credible that the duchess, who had affected to pass for cruel, had waited for the left-handed marriage.

The duchess, under whatever denomination, had attained and preserved to the last her ascendant over the king: but notwithstanding that influence he was not more constant to her than he had been to his avowed wife; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over, was madame Kilmansegge, countess of Platen, who was created countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte married to lord viscount Howe, and mother of the present earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but princess Amelia treated her daughter Mrs. Howe upon that foot, and one evening when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample, as the duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eye-brows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio! They were food for

* Caroline, the eldest of lady Howe's children, had married a gentleman of her own name, John Howe, esq. of Hanslop in the county of Bucks.

all the venom of the Jacobites; and indeed nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted even in their hearing about the public streets¹.

On the other hand, it was not till the last year or two of his reign that their foreign sovereign paid the nation the compliment of taking openly an English mistress. That personage was Anne Brett, eldest daughter by her second husband of the repudiated wife of the earl of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage the poet. Miss Brett was very handsome, but dark enough by her eyes, complexion, and hair, for a Spanish beauty. Abishag was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathsheba, who seemed to maintain her power, as other favourite sultanas have done, by suffering partners in the sovereign's affections. When his majesty should return to England, a countess's coronet was to have rewarded the young lady's compliance, and marked her secondary rank. She might, however, have proved a troublesome rival, as she seemed so confident of the power of her charms, that, whatever predominant ascendant the duchess might retain, her own authority in the palace she thought was to yield to no one else. George the first, when his son the prince of Wales and the princess had quitted St. James's on their quarrel with him, had kept back their three eldest daughters, who lived with him to his death, even after there had outwardly been a reconciliation between the king and prince. Miss Brett, when the king set out, ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. Anne, the eldest of the princesses, offended at that freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett as imperiously reversed that command. The king died suddenly, and the empire of the new mistress and her promised coronet vanished. She afterwards married sir William Leman, and was forgotten before her reign had transpired beyond the confines of Westminster!

¹ One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." I mention this, because, on the death of princess Amelia, the newspapers revived the story and told it of her, though I had heard it threescore years before of one of her grandfather's mistresses.

CHAPTER III.

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences in the reign of George the first, was the open quarrel between him and his son the prince of Wales. Whence the dissension originated; whether the prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind against his father, or whether hatred of his father occasioned his devotion to her, I do not pretend to know. I do suspect from circumstances, that the hereditary enmity in the house of Brunswic between the parents and their eldest sons dated earlier than the divisions between the two first Georges. The princess Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity: in the earlier part of her life she had professed much zeal for the deposed house of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of hers in print, addressed, I think, to the chevalier de St. George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no prospect of being benefited by the deposition of a crowned head, to choose to think royalty an indelible character. The queen of Prussia, daughter of George the first, lived and died an avowed Jacobite. The princess Sophia, youngest child of the queen of Bohemia, was consequently the most remote from any pretensions to the British crown¹—but no sooner had king William procured a settlement of it after queen Anne on her electoral highness, than nobody became a stauncher whig than the princess Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the expelled Stuarts. It is certain that during the reign of Anne, the elector George was inclined to the tories; though after his mother's death and his own accession he gave himself to the opposite party. But if he and his mother espoused different factions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her grandson the electoral prince²; and it is true, that the demand made by the prince of his writ of summons to the house of lords as duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was so offensive to

¹ It is remarkable, that either the weak propensity of the Stuarts to popery, or the visible connection between regal and ecclesiastic power, had such operation on many of the branches of that family, who were at a distance from the crown of England, to wear which it is necessary to be a protestant, that two or three of the

daughters of the king and queen of Bohemia, though their parents had lost every thing in the struggle between the two religions, turned Roman catholics; and so did one or more of the sons of the princess Sophia, brothers of the protestant candidate, George the first.

² Afterwards George the second.

queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the elector his father. Were it certain, as was believed, that Bolinbroke and the Jacobites prevailed on the queen^{*} to consent to her brother coming secretly to England, and to seeing him in her closet, she might have been induced to that step, when provoked by an attempt to force a distant and foreign heir upon her while still alive.

The queen and her heiress being dead, the new king and his son came over in apparent harmony; and on his majesty's first visit to his electoral dominions, the prince of Wales was even left regent; but never being trusted afterwards with that dignity on like occasions, it is probable that the son discovered too much fondness for acting the king, or that the father conceived a jealousy of his having done so. Sure it is, that on the king's return great divisions arose in the court, and the whigs were divided—some devoting themselves to the wearer of the crown, and others to the expectant. I shall not enter into the detail of those squabbles, of which I am but superficially informed. The predominant ministers were the earls of Sunderland and Stanhope. The brothers-in-law, the viscount Townshend and Mr. Robert Walpole, adhered to the prince. Lord Sunderland is said to have too much resembled as a politician the earl his father, who was so principal an actor in the reign of James the second, and in bringing about the revolution. Between the earl in question and the prince of Wales grew mortal antipathy; of which an anecdote told to me by my father himself will leave no doubt. When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two courts, and my father became first lord of the treasury a second time, lord Sunderland in a *tête-à-tête* with him said, "Well, Mr. Walpole, we have settled matters for the present; but we must think whom we will have next" (meaning in case of the king's demise). Walpole replied, "Your lordship may think as you please, but my part is taken;" meaning to support the established settlement.

Earl Stanhope was a man of strong and violent passions, and had dedicated himself to the army; and was so far from thinking of any other line, that

^{*} I believe it was a fact, that the poor weak queen, being disposed even to cede the crown to her brother, consulted bishop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the consequence of such a step. He replied, "Madam,

you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three." This sentence, dictated by common sense, her majesty took for inspiration, and dropped all thoughts of resigning the crown.

when

when Walpole, who first suggested the idea of appointing him secretary of state, proposed it to him, he flew into a furious rage, and was on the point of a downright quarrel, looking on himself as totally unqualified for the post, and suspecting it for a plan of mocking him. He died in one of those tempestuous sallies, being pushed in the house of lords on the explosion of the South Sea scheme. That iniquitous affair, which Walpole had early exposed, and to remedy the mischiefs of which he alone was deemed adequate, had replaced him at the head of affairs, and obliged Sunderland to submit to be only a coadjutor of the administration. The younger Craggs¹, a showy vapouring man, had been brought forward by the ministers to oppose Walpole; but was soon reduced to beg his assistance on one² of their ways and means. Craggs caught his death by calling at the gate of lady March³, who was ill of the small-pox; and being told so by the porter, went home directly, fell ill of the same distemper, and died. His father, the elder Craggs, whose very good sense sir R. Walpole much admired, soon followed his son, and his sudden death was imputed to grief; but having been deeply dipped in the iniquities of the South Sea, and wishing to prevent confiscation and save his ill-acquired wealth for his daughters, there was no doubt of his having dispatched himself. When his death was divulged, sir Robert owned that the unhappy man had in an oblique manner hinted his resolution to him.

The reconciliation of the royal family was so little cordial, that I question whether the prince did not resent sir Robert Walpole's return to the king's service. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland that would in futurity have exceedingly hampered the successor, as it was calculated to do; nor do I affect to ascribe sir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the prince: personal and just views prompted his opposition, and the commoners of England were not less indebted to him than the prince. Sunderland had devised a bill to restrain the crown from ever adding above six peers to a number limited⁴. The actual peers were far from disliking the measure; but Walpole, taking fire, instantly communicated his dissatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He spoke, he

¹ James Craggs, jun. buried in Westminster-abbey, with an epitaph by Pope.

² I think it was the sixpenny tax on offices.

³ Sarah Cadogan, afterwards duchess of Richmond.

⁴ Queen Anne's creation of twelve peers at once, to obtain a majority in the house of lords, offered an ostensible plea for the restriction.

wrote,

wrote, he persuaded, and the bill was rejected by the commons with disdain; after it had passed the house of lords.

But the hatred of some of the junto at court had gone farther, horridly farther. On the death of George the first, queen Caroline found in his cabinet a proposal of the earl of Berkeley¹, then, I think, first lord of the admiralty, to seize the prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he should never be heard of more. This detestable project, copied probably from the earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles the second with regard to his queen, was in the hand-writing of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the earl of Harrington²; and so deep was the impression deservedly made on the mind of George the second by that abominable paper, that all the favour of lord Harrington, when secretary of state, could never obtain the smallest boon to his brother, though but the subordinate transcriber. George the first was too humane to listen to such an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conspirators to leave such an instrument behind him;—and if virtue and conscience will not check bold bad men from paying court by detestable offers, the king's carelessness or indifference in such an instance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect.

Among those who had preferred the service of the king to that of the heir apparent, was the duke of Newcastle³; who, having married his sister to lord Townshend, both his royal highness and the viscount had expected would have adhered to that connection—and neither forgave his desertion.—I am aware of the desultory manner in which I have told my story, having mentioned the reconciliation of the king and prince before I have given any account of their public rupture. The chain of my thoughts led me into the preceding details, and, if I do not flatter myself, will have let you into the motives of my dramatis personæ better than if I had more exactly observed chronology; and as I am not writing a regular tragedy, and profess but to relate facts as I recollect them; or (if you will allow me to imitate French writers of

¹ James Berkeley earl of Berkeley, knight of the garter, &c.

² William Stanhope, first earl of Harrington of that family.

³ Thomas Holles Pelham duke of Newcastle,

lord chamberlain, then secretary of state, and lastly first lord of the treasury under George the second; the same king to whom he had been so obnoxious in the preceding reign. He was obliged by George the third to resign his post.

tragedy), may I not plead that I have unfolded my piece as they do, by introducing two courtiers to acquaint one another, and by bricole the audience, with what had passed in the penetralia before the tragedy commences?

The exordium thus duly prepared, you must suppose, ladies, that the second act opens with a royal christening. The princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son. The prince had intended his uncle the duke of York bishop of Osnaburg should with his majesty be godfathers. Nothing could equal the indignation of his royal highness when the king named the duke of Newcastle for second sponsor, and would hear of no other. The christening took place as usual in the princess's bedchamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bedchamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmother; on the other the prince, and the princess's ladies. No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremony, than the prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the duke of Newcastle; and, holding up his hand and forefinger in a menacing attitude, said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you;" meaning in broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged."—"What was my astonishment," continued lady Suffolk, "when, going to the princess's apartment the next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at my breast, and told me I must not pass! I urged, that it was my duty to attend the princess. They said, No matter; I must not pass that way."

In one word, the king had been so provoked at the prince's outrage in his presence, that it had been determined to inflict a still greater insult on his royal highness. His threat to the duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge; and to prevent a duel he had actually been put under arrest—as if a prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject. The arrest was soon taken off; but at night the prince and princess were ordered to leave the palace, and retired to the house of her chamberlain the earl of Grantham, in Albermarle-street.

CHAPTER IV.

AS this trifling work is a miscellany of detached recollections, I will, ere I quit the article of George the first, mention two subjects of very unequal import, which belong peculiarly to *his* reign. The first was the deprivation of Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. Nothing more offensive to men of priestly principles could easily have happened: yet, as in a country of which the constitution was founded on rational and liberal grounds, and where thinking men had so recently exerted themselves to explode the prejudices attached to the persons of kings and churchmen, it was impossible to defend the bishop's treason, but by denying it; or to condemn his condemnation, but by supposing illegalities in the process: both were vehemently urged by his faction, as his innocence was pleaded by himself. That punishment and expulsion from his country may stagger the virtue even of a good man, and exasperate him against his country, is perhaps natural, and humanity ought to pity it. But whatever were the prepossessions of his friends in his favour, charity must now believe that Atterbury was always an ambitious, turbulent priest attached to the house of Stuart, and consequently no friend to the civil and religious liberties of his country: or it must be acknowledged, that the disappointment of his ambition by the queen's death, and the proscription of his ministerial associates, had driven on attempts to restore the expelled family in hopes of realizing his aspiring views. His letters published by Nichols breathe the impetuous spirit of his youth. His exclamation on the queen's death, when he offered to proclaim the pretender at Charing-cross in pontificalibus, and swore, on not being supported, that there was the best cause in England lost for want of spirit, is now believed also. His papers deposited with king James's in the Scottish college at Paris, proclaimed in what sentiments he died; and the fac-similes of his letters published by sir David Dalrymple leave no doubt of his having in his exile entered into the service of the pretender. Culpable as he was, who but must lament that so classic a mind had only assumed so elegant and amiable a semblance as he adopted after the disappointment of his prospects and hopes? His letter in defence of the authenticity of lord Clarendon's history, is one of the most beautiful and touching specimens of eloquence in our language.

It was not to load the character of the bishop, nor to affect candour by applauding his talents, that I introduced mention of him; much less to impute to him any consciousness of the intended crime that I am going to relate. The person against whom the blow was supposed to be meditated, never in the most distant manner suspected the bishop of being privy to the plot—No: animosity of parties, and malevolence to the champions of the house of Brunswic, no doubt suggested to some blind zealots the perpetration of a crime, which would necessarily have injured the bishop's cause, and could by no means have prevented his disgrace.

Mr. Johnstone, an ancient gentleman, who had been secretary of state for Scotland, his country, in the reign of king William, was a zealous friend of my father, sir Robert, and who, in that period of assassination plots, had imbibed such a tincture of suspicion, that he was continually notifying similar machinations to my father, and warning him to be on his guard against them. Sir Robert, intrepid and unfuspicious¹, used to rally his good monitor; and, when serious, told him, that his life was too constantly exposed to his enemies to make it of any use to be watchful on any particular occasion; nor, though Johnstone often hurried to him with intelligence of such designs, did he ever see reason, but once, to believe in the soundness of the information. That *once* arrived thus: A day or two before the bill of pains and penalties was to pass the house of commons against the bishop of Rochester, Mr. Johnstone advertised sir Robert to be circumspect; for three or four persons meditated to

¹ At the time of the Preston rebellion, a Jacobite who sometimes furnished sir Robert with intelligence, sitting alone with him one night, suddenly putting his hand into his bosom and rising, said, "Why do not I kill you now?" Walpole starting up replied, "Because I am a younger man and a stronger." They sat down again and discussed the person's information. But sir Robert afterwards had reasons for thinking that the spy had no intention of assassination, but had hoped, by intimidating, to extort money from him. Yet if no real attempt was made on his life, it was not from want of suggestions to it. One of the weekly journals pointed out sir Robert's frequent passing Putney-bridge late at night, attended but by one or two servants, on his way to New-park, as a proper place: and af-

ter sir Robert's death, the second earl of Egmont told me, that he was once at a consultation of the opposition, in which it was proposed to have sir Robert murdered by a mob, of which the earl had declared his abhorrence. Such an attempt was actually made in 1733, at the time of the famous excise-bill. As the minister descended the stairs of the house of commons on the night he carried the bill, he was guarded on one side by his second son Edward, and on the other by general Charles Churchill; but the crowd behind endeavoured to throw him down, as he was a bulky man, and trample him to death; and that not succeeding, they tried to strangle him by pulling his red cloak tight—but fortunately the strings broke by the violence of the tug.

affassinate him as he should leave the house at night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the notice. The morning after the debate Johnstone came to sir Robert with a kind of good-natured insult, telling him, that though he had scoffed his advice, he had for once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert understood not what he meant, and protested he had not given more credit than usual to his warning. "Yes," said Johnstone, "but you did; for you did not come from the house last night in your own chariot." Walpole affirmed that he did. But his friend persisting in his asseveration, sir Robert called one of his footmen, who replied, "I did call up your honour's carriage; but colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up first, your honour stepped into that, and your own came home empty." Johnstone triumphing on his own veracity, and pushing the examination farther, sir Robert's coachman recollected, that as he left Palace-yard three men much muffled had looked into the empty chariot. The mystery was never farther cleared up; and my father frequently said, it was the only instance of the kind in which he had ever seen any appearance of a real design.

The second subject that I promised to mention, and it shall be very briefly, was the revival of the order of the bath. It was the measure of sir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-six ribbands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant too to stave off the demands for garters, and intended that the red should be a step to the blue; and accordingly took one of the former himself. He offered the new order to old Sarah duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson the duke, and for the duke of Bedford, who had married one of her grand-daughters*. She haughtily replied, they should take nothing but the garter. "Madam," said sir Robert coolly, "they who take the bath will the sooner have the garter." The next year he took the latter himself with the duke of Richmond, both having been previously installed knights of the revived institution.

Before I quit king George the first, I will relate a story very expressive of his good-humoured presence of mind.

On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke. At a distance in view

* Wriothesly duke of Bedford had married duke of Bridgewater, by lady Elizabeth Churchill, lady Anne Egerton, only daughter of Scroop daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

was a chateau of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and begged the honour of his majesty's accepting a dinner, while his carriage was repairing; and, while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the king see in one of the rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of the sovereigns of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the king instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.

CHAPTER V.

THE unexpected death of George the first on his road to Hanover was instantly notified by lord Townshend, secretary of state, who attended his majesty, to his brother sir Robert Walpole, who as expeditiously was the first to carry the news to the successor and hail him king. The next step was, to ask who his majesty would please should draw his speech to the council—"Sir Spencer Compton," replied the new monarch.—The answer was decisive—and implied sir Robert's dismissal. Sir Spencer Compton was speaker of the house of commons, and treasurer, I think, at that time to his royal highness, who by that first command implied his intention of making sir Spencer his prime minister. He was a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts—as his conduct immediately proved. The poor gentleman was so little qualified to accommodate himself to the grandeur of the moment, and to conceive how a new sovereign should address himself to his ministers, and he had also been so far from meditating to supplant the premier,

* Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington, was so far from resenting sir Robert's superior talents, that he remained stedfastly attached to him; and when the famous motion for

premier, that in his distress it was to sir Robert himself he had recourse, and whom he besought to make the draught of the king's speech for him. The new queen, a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two candidates, and who had silently watched for a moment proper for overturning the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the king how prejudicial it would be to his affairs, to prefer to the minister in possession a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute his office. From that moment there was no more question of sir Spencer Compton as prime minister. He was created an earl, soon received the garter, and became president of that council, at the head of which he was much fitter to sit than to direct. Fourteen years afterwards he again was nominated by the same prince to replace sir Robert as first lord of the treasury, on the latter's forced resignation; but not as prime minister, the conduct of affairs being soon ravished from him by that dashing genius the earl of Granville, who reduced him to a cypher for the little year in which he survived, and in which his incapacity had been obvious.

The queen, impatient to destroy all hopes of change, took the earliest opportunity of declaring her own sentiments. The instance I shall cite will be a true picture of courtiers. Their majesties had removed from Richmond to their temporary palace in Leicester-fields on the very evening of their receiving notice of their accession to the crown; and the next day all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss their hands: my mother amongst the rest, who, sir Spencer Compton's designation, and not its evaporation, being known, could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row:—but no sooner was she descried by her majesty, than the queen said aloud, "There I am sure I see a friend!"—The torrent divided and shrunk to either side; "and as I came away," said my mother, "I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased."

for removing sir Robert was made in both houses, lord Wilmington, though confined to his bed, and with his head blistered, rose and went to the house of lords, to vote against a measure that avowed its own injustice by being grounded only on popular clamour.

It was the town residence of the Sidneys: earls of Leicester, of whom it was hired, as it was afterwards by Frederic prince of Wales on a similar quarrel with his father: he added to it Saville-house, belonging to sir George Saville, for his children.

The

The pre-occupation of the queen in favour of Walpole must be explained. He had early discovered, that in whatever gallantries George prince of Wales indulged or affected, even the *person* of his princess was dearer to him than any charms in his mistresses: and though Mrs. Howard (afterwards lady Suffolk) was openly his declared favourite, as avowedly as the duchess of Kendal was his father's, sir Robert's sagacity discerned that the power would be lodged with the wife, not with the mistress; and he not only devoted himself to the princess, but totally abstained from even visiting Mrs. Howard; while the injudicious multitude concluded, that the common consequences of an inconstant husband's passion for his concubine would follow; and accordingly warmer, if not public, vows were made to the supposed favourite than to the prince's consort. They especially who in the late reign had been out of favour at court, had, to pave their future path to favour, and to secure the fall of sir Robert Walpole, sedulously, and no doubt zealously, dedicated themselves to the mistress: Bolinbroke secretly, his friend Swift openly, and as ambitiously, cultivated Mrs. Howard: and the neighbourhood of Pope's villa to Richmond facilitated their intercourse; though his religion forbade his entertaining views beyond those of serving his friends. Lord Bathurst, another of that connection, and lord Chesterfield, too early for his interest, founded their hopes on Mrs. Howard's influence; but astonished and disappointed at finding Walpole not shaken from his seat, they determined on an experiment that should be the touch-stone of Mrs. Howard's credit. They persuaded her to demand of the new king an earl's coronet for lord Bathurst—She did—the queen put in her veto—and Swift in despair returned to Ireland, to lament queen Anne and curse queen Caroline, under the mask of patriotism, in a country he abhorred and despised.

To Mrs. Howard Swift's ingratitude was base. *She* indubitably had not only exerted all her interest to second his and his faction's interests, but loved queen Caroline and the minister as little as they did. Yet, when Swift died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by no means flattering, which was published in his posthumous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard (become lady Suffolk) said to me in her calm, dispassionate manner, "All I can say is, that it is very different from one that he drew of me and sent to me many years ago, and which I have, written by his own hand."

Lord Chesterfield, rather more ingenuous, as his character of her, but under a feigned

a feigned name, was printed in his life, though in a paper of which he was not known to be the author, was not more consistent. Eudofia, described in the weekly journal called *Common Sense*, for September 10, 1737, was meant for lady Suffolk—yet was it no fault of hers that he was proscribed at court; nor did she perhaps ever know, as he never did till the year before his death, when I acquainted him with it by his friend sir John Irwin, why he had been put into the queen's *Index expurgatorius*. The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield one twelfth-night at court had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforwards lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from court; and, finding himself desperate, went into opposition. My father himself long afterwards told me the story, and had become the principal object of the peer's satiric wit, though he had not been the mover of his disgrace. The weight of that anger fell more disgracefully on the king, as I shall mention in the next chapter.

I will here interrupt the detail of what I have heard of the commencement of that reign, and farther anecdotes of the queen and the mistress, till I have related the second very memorable transaction of that æra; and which would come in awkwardly, if postponed till I have dispatched many subsequent particulars.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the first council held by the new sovereign, Dr. Wake, archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his majesty put it into his pocket, and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind or the courage to demand the testament's being opened, or at least to have it registered. No man present chose to be more

hardy than the person to whom the deposit had been trusted—perhaps none of them immediately conceived the possible violation of so solemn an act so notoriously existent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers only by degrees informed the public, that the will was burnt, at least that its injunctions were never fulfilled.

What the contents were was never ascertained. Report said, that forty thousand pounds had been bequeathed to the duchess of Kendal; and more vague rumours spoke of a large legacy to the queen of Prussia, daughter of the late king. Of that bequest demands were afterwards said to have been frequently and roughly made by her son the great king of Prussia, between whom and his uncle subsisted much inveteracy.

The legacy to the duchess was some time after on the brink of coming to open and legal discussion. Lord Chesterfield marrying her niece and heiress the countess of Walsingham, and resenting his own proscription at court, was believed to have instituted, or at least to have threatened, a suit for recovery of the legacy to the duchess, to which he was then become entitled: and it was as confidently believed that he was quieted by the payment of twenty thousand pounds.

But if the archbishop had too timidly betrayed the trust reposed in him from weakness and want of spirit, there were two other men who had no such plea of imbecility, and who, being independent and above being awed, basely sacrificed their honour and integrity for positive sordid gain. George the first had deposited duplicates of his will with two sovereign German princes—I will not specify them, because at this distance of time I do not perfectly recollect their titles; but I was actually some years ago shown a copy of a letter from one of our ambassadors abroad to a secretary of state at that period, in which the ambassador said, one of the princes in question would accept the proffered subsidy, and had delivered, or would deliver, the duplicate of the king's will. The other trustee was no doubt as little conscientious and as corrupt.—It is pity the late king of Prussia did not learn their infamous treachery!

Discouraging once with lady Suffolk on that suppressed testament, she made the only plausible shadow of an excuse that could be made for George the second

cond—She told me, that George the first had burnt two wills made in favour of his son. They were probably the wills of the duke and duchess of Zell; or one of them might be that of his mother the princess Sophia.

The crime of the first George could only palliate, not justify, the criminality of the second; for the second did not punish the guilty but the innocent. But bad precedents are always dangerous, and too likely to be copied.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL now resume the story of lady Suffolk, whose history, though she had none of that influence on the transactions of the cabinet that was expected, will still probably be more entertaining to two young ladies, than a magisterial detail of political events, the traces of which at least may be found in journals and brief chronicles of the times. The interior of courts and the lesser features of history are precisely those with which we are least acquainted, I mean of the age preceding our own. Such anecdotes are forgotten in the multiplicity of those that ensue, or reside only in the memory of idle old persons, or have not yet emerged into publicity from the porte-feuilles of such garrulous Brantômes as myself. Trifling I will not call myself; for, while I have such charming disciples as you two to inform; and though acute or plodding politicians, for whom they are not meant, may condemn these pages; which is preferable, the labour of an historian who toils for fame and for applause from he knows not whom; or my careless commission to paper of perhaps insignificant passages that I remember, but penned for the amusement of a pair of such sensible and cultivated minds as I never met at so early an age, and whose fine eyes I do know will read me with candour, and allow me that mite of fame to which I aspire, their approbation of my endeavours to divert their evenings in the country? O Guicciardin! is posthumous renown so valuable as the satisfaction of reading these court-tales to the lovely B—ys?

Henrietta Hobart was daughter of sir Henry, and sister of sir John Hobart,

Hobart, knight of the bath on the revival of the order, and afterwards by her interest made a baron; and since created earl of Buckinghamshire.

She was first married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of more than one earl of Suffolk; to which title he at last succeeded himself, and left a son by her, who was the last earl of that branch. She had but the slender fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter; and Mr. Howard's circumstances were the reverse of opulent. It was the close of queen Anne's reign: the young couple saw no step more prudent than to resort to Hanover, and endeavour to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereigns of England. Still so narrow was their fortune, that, Mr. Howard finding it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian ministers, Mrs. Howard is said to have sacrificed her beautiful head of hair to pay for the expence. It must be recollected, that at that period were in fashion those enormous full-bottomed wigs which often cost twenty and thirty guineas. Mrs. Howard was extremely acceptable to the intelligent princess Sophia—but did not at that time make farther impression on the electoral prince, than on his father's succession to the crown to be appointed one of the bedchamber-women to the new princess of Wales.

The elder whig politicians became ministers to the king. The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen of that party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court of the prince and princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-woman in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties. Lord Chesterfield, then lord Stanhope, lord Scarborough, Carr lord Hervey, elder brother of the more known John lord Hervey, and reckoned to have superior parts, general (at that time only colonel) Charles Churchill, and others not necessary to rehearse, were constant attendants: Miss Lepelle, afterwards lady Hervey, my mother lady Walpole, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity and pretty, Mrs. Howard, and above all for universal admiration, miss Bellenden, one of the maids of honour. Her face and person were charming; lively she was almost to etourderie; and so agreeable she was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her cotemporaries who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew. The prince frequented the waiting-room, and soon felt a stronger inclination for her than he ever entertained but for his princess. Miss Bellenden by no means felt a reciprocal passion. The prince's gallantry was

was by no means delicate; and his avarice disgusted her. One evening sitting by her, he took out his purse and counted his money. He repeated the numeration: the giddy Bellenden lost her patience and cried out, "Sir, I cannot bear it! if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." The chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the person of his royal highness. In fact, her heart was engaged; and so the prince, finding his love fruitless, suspected. He was even so generous as to promise her, that if she would discover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privity, he would consent to the match, and would be kind to her husband. She gave him the promise he exacted, but without acknowledging the person; and then, lest his highness should throw any obstacle in the way, married, without his knowledge, colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, and who long afterwards succeeded to the title of Argyle at the death of duke Archibald. The prince never forgave the breach of her word; and whenever she went to the drawing-room, as from her husband's situation she was sometimes obliged to do, though trembling at what she knew she was to undergo, the prince always stepped up to her, and whispered some very harsh reproach in her ear. Mrs. Howard was the intimate friend of miss Bellenden, had been the confidante of the prince's passion, and, on Mrs. Campbell's eclipse, succeeded to her friend's post of favourite—but not to her resistance.

From the steady decorum of Mrs. Howard, I should conclude that she would have preferred the advantages of her situation to the ostentatious eclat of it: but many obstacles stood in the way of total concealment; nor do I suppose that love had any share in the sacrifice she made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from disliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthless. The king, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a silly idea he had entertained of gallantry being becoming, than by a love of variety; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconstancy proved he was not governed: but so awkwardly did he manage that artifice, that it but demonstrated more clearly the influence of the queen. With such a disposition, secrecy would by no means have answered his majesty's views: yet the publicity of the intrigue was especially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's, and vociferously demanded her to be restored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thrust out, he sent a letter to her by the archbishop of Canterbury reclaiming her, and the

the archbishop by *his* instructions consigned the summons to the queen, who had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival.

Such intemperate proceedings by no means invited the new mistress to leave the asylum of St. James's. She was safe while under the royal roof: even after the rupture between the king and prince (for the affair commenced in the reign of the first George), and though the prince, on quitting St. James's, resided in a private house, it was too serious an enterprise to attempt to take his wife by force out of the palace of the prince of Wales. The case was altered, when, on the arrival of summer, their royal highnesses were to remove to Richmond. Being only woman of the bedchamber, etiquette did not allow Mrs. Howard the entrée of the coach with the princess. She apprehended that Mr. Howard might seize her on the road. To baffle such an attempt, her friends John duke of Argyle, and his brother the earl of Ilay, called her in the coach of one of them by eight o'clock in the morning of the day, at noon of which the prince and princess were to remove, and lodged her safely in their house at Richmond. During the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of twelve hundred a year.

These now little-known anecdotes of Mr. Howard's behaviour I received between twenty and thirty years afterwards from the mouth of lady Suffolk herself. She had left the court about the year 1735, and passed her summers at her villa of Marble-hill at Twickenham, living very retired both there and in London. I purchased Strawberry-hill in 1747; and being much acquainted with the houses of Dorset, Vere, and others of lady Suffolk's intimates, was become known to her; though she and my father had been at the head of two such hostile factions at court. Becoming neighbours, and both, after her second husband's death, living single and alone, our acquaintance turned to intimacy. She was extremely deaf, and consequently had more satisfaction in narrating than in listening; her memory both of remote and of the most recent facts was correct beyond belief. I, like you, was indulgent to, and fond of old anecdotes. Each of us knew different parts of many court-stories, and each was eager to learn what either could relate more; and thus, by comparing notes, we sometimes could make out discoveries of a third

* The same thing has happened to me by books. A passage lately read has recalled some other formerly perused; and both together have

opened to me or cleared up some third fact, which neither separately would have expounded.

circumstance,

circumstance, before unknown to both. Those evenings, and I had many of them in autumnal nights, were extremely agreeable; and if this chain of minutiae proves so to you, you owe perhaps to those conversations the fidelity of my memory, which those repetitions recalled and stamped so lastingly.

In this narrative will it be unwelcome to you, if I subjoin a faithful portrait of the heroine of this part? Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair; was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and those charms she retained with little diminution to her death at the age of 79. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth and her accurate memory were always in unison, and made her too circumstantial on trifles. She was discreet without being reserved; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connections, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned; her friends even affecting to suppose that her connection with the king had been confined to pure friendship.—Unfortunately, his majesty's passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love for a woman who was deaf¹—sentiments he had expressed in a letter to the queen, who, however jealous of lady Suffolk, had latterly dreaded the king's contracting a new attachment to a younger rival, and had prevented lady Suffolk from leaving the court as early as she had wished to do. "I don't know," said his majesty, "why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman of whom I am weary."

Her credit had always been extremely limited by the queen's superior influence, and by the devotion of the minister to her majesty. Except a barony, a red ribband, and a good place for her brother, lady Suffolk could succeed but

¹ Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and, if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation—and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too—but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

in very subordinate recommendations. Her own acquisitions were so moderate, that, besides Marble-hill which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds, her complaisance had not been too dearly purchased. She left the court with an income so little to be envied, that, though an economist and not expensive, by the lapse of some annuities on lives not so prolonged as her own, she found herself straitened; and, besides Marble-hill, did not at most leave twenty thousand pounds to her family. On quitting court, she married Mr. George Berkeley, and outlived him.

No established mistress of a sovereign ever enjoyed less of the brilliancy of the situation than lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the queen, disclaimed by the minister, she owed to the dignity of her own behaviour, and to the contradiction of *their* enemies, the chief respect that was paid to her, and which but ill-compensated for the slavery of her attendance, and the mortifications she endured. *She* was elegant; her lover the reverse, and most unentertaining, and void of confidence in her. His motions too were measured by etiquette and the clock. He visited her every evening at nine; but with such dull punctuality, that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand, if the stated minute was not arrived.

But from the queen she tasted more positive vexations. Till she became countess of Suffolk, she constantly dressed the queen's head, who delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices, though always apologizing to *her good Howard*. Often her majesty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once, that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dressing, has snatched off her handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's."

It is certain that the king always preferred the queen's person to that of any other woman; nor ever described his idea of beauty, but he drew the picture of his wife.

Queen Caroline was said to have been very handsome at her marriage, soon after which she had the small-pox; but was little marked by it, and retained a most pleasing countenance. It was full of majesty or mildness as she pleased,
and

and her penetrating eyes expressed whatever she had a mind they should. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands beautifully small, plump and graceful. Her understanding was uncommonly strong; and so was her resolution. From their earliest connection she had determined to govern the king, and deserved to do so; for her submission to his will was unbounded, her sense much superior, and his honour and interest always took place of her own: so that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill-employed. She was ambitious too of fame; but, shackled by her devotion to the king, she seldom could pursue that object. She wished to be a patroness of learned men: but George had no respect for them or their works; and her majesty's own taste was not very exquisite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any studies. Her generosity would have displayed itself, for she valued money but as the instrument of her good purposes: but he stinted her alike in almost all her passions; and though she wished for nothing more than to be liberal, she bore the imputation of his avarice, as she did of others of his faults. Often when she had made prudent and proper promises of preferment, and could not persuade the king to comply, she suffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being supposed to be governed by her; and that silly parade was extended even to the most private moments of business with my father: whenever he entered, the queen rose, curtsied and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the king condescended to bid her stay—on both occasions she and sir Robert had previously settled the business to be discussed. Sometimes the king would quash the proposal in question; and yield after re-talking it over with her—but then he boasted to sir Robert that he himself had better considered it.

One of the queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the king believed she paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended plans, saying, he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. He little suspected the aids sir Robert furnished to her from the treasury. When she died, she was indebted twenty thousand pounds to the king.

Her learning I have said was superficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The king, with a bluff Westphalian accent, spoke English correctly. The queen's chief study was divinity; and she had rather weakened

her faith than enlightened it. She was at least not orthodox; and her confidante lady Sundon, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance towards the less-believing clergy. The queen however was so sincere at her death, that when archbishop Potter was to administer the sacrament to her, she declined taking it, very few persons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the anti-room crowded round him, crying, "My lord, has the queen received?" His grace artfully eluded the question, only saying most devoutly, "her majesty was in a heavenly disposition"—and the truth escaped the public.

She suffered more unjustly by declining to see her son, the prince of Wales, to whom she sent her blessing and forgiveness—but conceiving the extreme distress it would lay on the king, should he thus be forced to forgive so impenitent a son, or to banish him again if once recalled, she heroically preferred a meritorious husband to a worthless child.

The queen's greatest error was too high an opinion of her own address and art: she imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her, were imposed upon; and she had the additional weakness of thinking that she could play off many persons without being discovered. That mistaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offensive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealousies between the ministers, that each might be more dependent on herself, was no sound wisdom. It was the queen who blew into a flame the ill-blood between sir Robert Walpole and his brother-in-law lord Townshend. Yet though she disliked some of the cabinet, she never let her own prejudices disturb the king's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the mistress. Lord Ilay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for sir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in spite of his attachment to lady Suffolk.

The queen's great secret was her own rupture, which till her last illness nobody knew but the king, her German nurse Mrs. Mailborne, and one other person. To prevent all suspicion, her majesty would frequently stand for some

While the queen dressed, prayers used to be waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain Dr. Madox (afterwards bishop of Worcester) begin the service. He said archly, "And a very

some minutes in her shift talking to her ladies ; and though labouring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariable a rule never to refuse a desire of the king, that every morning at Richmond she walked several miles with him ; and more than once when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise, threw her into such fits of perspiration as vented the gout—but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper. It was great shrewdness in sir Robert Walpole, who, before her distemper broke out, discovered her secret. On my mother's death, who was of the queen's age, her majesty asked sir Robert many physical questions—but he remarked, that she ofteneft reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, “ Now, Horace, I know by possession of what secret lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the queen.” He was in the right. How lady Sundon had wormed herself into that mystery was never known. As sir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibson bishop of London, he often met with troublesome obstructions from lady Sundon, who espoused, as I have said, the heterodox clergy ; and sir Robert could never shake her credit.

Yet the queen was constant in her protection of sir Robert, and the day before she died gave a strong mark of her conviction that he was the firmest support the king had. As they two alone were standing by the queen's bed, she pathetically recommended, not the minister to the sovereign, but the master to the servant. Sir Robert was alarmed, and feared the recommendation would leave a fatal impression—but a short time after the king reading with sir Robert some intercepted letters from Germany, which said that now the queen was gone sir Robert would have no protection: “ On the contrary,” said the king, “ you know she recommended *me* to you.” This marked the notice he had taken of the expression; and it was the only notice he ever took of it: nay, his majesty's grief was so excessive and so sincere, that his kindness to his minister seemed to increase for the queen's sake.

The queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakness: the behaviour of her eldest son was a real thorn. He early displayed his aversion to his mo-

very proper altar-piece is here, madam!” Queen lain stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did Anne had the same custom ; and once ordering not proceed ? He replied, “ he would not whistle the door to be shut while she shifted, the chap- the word of God through the key-hole.”

ther, who perhaps assumed too much at first; yet it is certain that her good sense and the interest of her family would have prevented if possible the mutual dislike of the father and son, and their reciprocal contempt. As the opposition gave into all adulation towards the prince, his ill-poised head and vanity swallowed all their incense. He even early after his arrival had listened to a high act of disobedience. Money he soon wanted: old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough¹, ever proud and ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter lady Diana Spencer, afterwards duchess of Bedford, to the prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the duchess's lodge in the great park at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

Youth, folly, and indiscretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large sum of ready money, might have offered something like a plea for so rash a marriage, had it taken place: but what could excuse, what indeed could provoke, the senseless and barbarous insult offered to the king and queen by Frederick's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night when she was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent risk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaired palace and bed at St. James's?

¹ That woman, who had risen to greatness and independent wealth by the weakness of another queen, forgot, like the duc D'Epernon, her own unmerited exaltation, and affected to brave successive courts, though sprung from the dregs of one. When the prince of Orange came over to marry the princess royal Anne, a boarded gallery with a pent-house roof was erected for the procession from the windows of the great drawing-room at St. James's cross the garden to the Lutheran chapel in the friary. The prince being indisposed and going to Bath, the marriage was deferred for some weeks, and the boarded gallery remained, darkening the windows of Marlborough-house. The duchess cried, "I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his orange chest!"—which it did resemble. She did not want that sort of wit², which ill-temper, long knowledge of the world, and insolence can sharpen—and envying the favour which she no longer possessed, sir R. Walpole was often the object of her satire. Yet her great friend lord Godolphin, the treasurer, had enjoined her to preserve very different sentiments. The duchess and my father and mother were standing by the earl's bed at St. Albans as he was dying. Taking sir Robert by the hand, lord Godolphin turned to the duchess and said, "Madam, should you ever desert this young man, and there should be a possibility of returning from the grave, I shall certainly appear to you."—Her grace did not believe in spirits.

² Baron Gleichen, minister from Denmark in France, being at Paris soon after the king his master had been there, and a French lady being so ill-bred as to begin censuring the king to him, saying, "Ah! monsieur, c'est une tete!"—"Couronnée," replied he instantly, stopping her by so genteel a hint.

Had

Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing to kill his wife and the heir of the crown? A baby that wounds itself to vex its nurse is not more void of reflection. The scene which commenced by unfeeling idiotism closed with paltry hypocrisy. The queen, on the first notice of her son's exploit, set out for St. James's to visit the princess by seven in the morning. The gracious prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach—still dumb!—but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her majesty's hand.—Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt!

After the death of the queen, lady Yarmouth came over, who had been the king's mistress at Hanover during his latter journeys—and with the queen's privacy, for he always made her the confidante of his amours; which made Mrs. Selwyn once tell him, he should be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, for she knew he would tell the queen. In his letters to the latter from Hanover, he said, "You must love the Walmoden, for she loves *me*." She was created a countess, and had much weight with him, but never employed her credit but to assist his ministers, or to convert some honours and favours to her own advantage. She had two sons, who both bore her husband's name; but the younger, though never acknowledged, was supposed the king's, and consequently did not miss additional homage from the courtiers. That incense being one of the recommendations to the countenance of lady Yarmouth drew lord Chesterfield into a ridiculous distress. On his being made secretary of state, he found a fair young lad in the anti-chamber at St. James's, who seeming much at home, the earl, concluding it was the mistress's son, was profuse of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal still of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The shrewd boy received all his lordship's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himself:—at last he said, "I suppose your lordship takes me for master Louis; but I am only sir William Russel, one of the pages."

The king's last years passed as regularly as clock-work. At nine at night, he had cards in the apartment of his daughters, the princesses Amelia and Caroline, with lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household. Every Saturday in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond;

Richmond: they went in coaches and fix in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe.

His last year was glorious and triumphant beyond example; and his death was most felicitous to himself, being without a pang, without tasting a reverse, and when his sight and hearing were so nearly extinguished, that any prolongation could but have swelled to calamities.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM tempted to drain my memory of all its rubbish, and will set down a few more of my recollections, but with less method than I have used even in the foregoing pages.

I have said little or nothing of the king's two unmarried daughters. Though they lived in the palace with him, he never admitted them to any share in his politics; and if any of the ministers paid them the compliment of seeming attachment, it was more for the air than for the reality. The princess royal Anne, married in Holland, was of a most imperious and ambitious nature, and on her mother's death, hoping to succeed to her credit, came from Holland on pretence of ill health: but the king, aware of her plan, was so offended, that he sent her to Bath as soon as she arrived, and as peremptorily back to Holland—I think, without suffering her to pass two nights in London.

Princess Amelia, as well-disposed to meddle, was confined to receiving court from the duke of Newcastle, who affected to be in love with her, and from the duke of Grafton, in whose connection with her there was more reality.

Princess Caroline, one of the most excellent of women, was devoted to the queen, who, as well as the king, had such confidence in her veracity, that on

any disagreement amongst their children, they said, "Stay, send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth."

The memorable lord Hervey had dedicated himself to the queen, and certainly towards her death had gained great ascendance with her. She had made him privy seal; and as he took care to keep as well with sir Robert Walpole, no man stood in a more prosperous light. But lord Hervey, who handled all the weapons¹ of a court, had also made a deep impression on the heart of the virtuous princess Caroline; and as there was a mortal antipathy between the duke of Grafton and lord Hervey, the court was often on the point of being disturbed by the enmity of the favourites of the two princesses. The death of the queen deeply affected her daughter Caroline; and the change of the ministry four years after dislodged lord Hervey, whom for the queen's sake the king would have saved, and who very ungratefully satirised the king in a ballad as if he had sacrificed him voluntarily. Disappointment, rage, and a distempered constitution carried lord Hervey off, and overwhelmed his princess: she never appeared in public after the queen's death; and, being dreadfully afflicted with the rheumatism, never stirred out of her apartment, and rejoiced at her own dissolution some years before her father.

Her sister Amelia leagued herself with the Bedford faction during the latter part of her father's life. When he died, she established herself respectably; but enjoying no favour with her nephew, and hating the princess dowager, she made a plea of her deafness, and soon totally abstained from St. James's.

The duke of Cumberland never or very rarely interfered in politics. Power he would have liked, but never seemed to court it. His passion would have been to command the army; and he would, I doubt, have been too ready to aggrandize the crown by it. But successive disgusts weaned his mind from all pursuits; and the grandeur of his sense² and philosophy made him indifferent

¹ He had broken with Frederic prince of Wales on having shared the favours of his mistress, miss Vane, one of the queen's maids of honour. When she fell in labour at St. James's and was delivered of a son, which she ascribed to the prince, lord Hervey and lord Harrington each told sir Robert Walpole that he believed himself father of the child.

² The duke in his very childhood gave a mark of his sense and firmness. He had displeased the queen, and she sent him up to his chamber. When he appeared again, he was sullen. "William,"

different to a world that had disappointed all his views. The unpopularity which the Scotch and Jacobites spread against him for his merit in suppressing the rebellion, his brother's jealousy, and the contempt he himself felt for the prince, his own ill-success in his battles abroad, and his father's treacherous sacrifice of him on the convention of Closter-seven, the dereliction of his two political friends lord Holland and lord Sandwich, and the rebuffing spite of the princess dowager; all those mortifications centering on a constitution evidently tending to dissolution, made him totally neglect himself, and ready to shake off being, as an incumbrance not worth the attention of a superior understanding.

From the time the duke first appeared on the stage of the public, all his father's ministers had been blind to his royal highness's capacity, or were afraid of it. Lord Granville, too giddy himself to sound a young prince, had treated him arrogantly, when the king and the earl had projected a match for him with the princess of Denmark. The duke, accustomed by the queen and his governor Mr. Poyntz to venerate the wisdom of sir Robert Walpole, then on his death-bed, sent Mr. Poyntz the day but one before sir Robert expired to consult him how to avoid the match. Sir Robert advised his royal highness to stipulate for an ample settlement. The duke took the sage council—and heard no more of his intended bride.

The low ambition of lord Hardwicke, the childish passion for power of the duke of Newcastle, and the peevish jealousy of Mr. Pelham, combined on the death of the prince of Wales to exclude the duke of Cumberland from the regency (in case of a minority), and to make them flatter themselves that they should gain the favour of the princess dowager by cheating her with the semblance of power. The duke resented the slight, but scorned to make any claim. The princess never forgave the insidious homage, and, in concurrence with lord Bute, totally estranged the affection of the young king from his uncle, nor allowed him a shadow of influence.

liam," said the queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading."—"Reading what?" "The bible."—"And what did you read there?" "About Jesus and Mary."—"And

what about them?" "Why, that Jesus said to Mary, Woman! what hast thou to do with me?"

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE done with royal personages. Shall I add a codicil on some remarkable characters that I remember? As I am writing for young ladies, I have chiefly dwelt on heroines of your own sex. They too shall compose my last chapter. Enter the duchesses of Marlborough and Buckingham.

Those two women were considerable personages in their day. The first, her own beauty, the superior talents of her husband in war, and the caprice of a feeble princess, raised to the highest pitch of power; and the prodigious wealth bequeathed to her by her lord, and accumulated in concert with her, gave her weight in a free country. The other, proud of royal though illegitimate birth, was from the vanity of that birth so zealously attached to her expelled brother the pretender, that she never ceased labouring to effect his restoration: and as the opposition to the house of Brunswic was composed partly of principled jacobites, of tories, who either knew not what their own principles were, or dissembled them to themselves; and of whigs, who from hatred of the minister both acted in concert with the jacobites, and rejoiced in their assistance; two women of such wealth, rank, and enmity to the court, were sure of great attention from all the discontented.

The beauty of the duchess of Marlborough had always been of the scornful and imperious kind, and her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, she cut off those commanding tresses and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there; nor stop till it had totally estranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her mistress. The duchess was often seen to give her majesty her fan and gloves and turn away her own head, as if the queen had offensive smells.

Incapable of due respect to superiors, it was no wonder she treated her children and inferiors with supercilious contempt. Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger duchess ex-

posed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph, of her own composition and bad spelling, to Congreve in Westminster-abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, "I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*." With her youngest daughter the duchess of Montagu old Sarah agreed as ill.—"I wonder," said the duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so alike!" Of her grand-daughter the duchess of Manchester, daughter of the duchess of Montagu, she affected to be fond. One day she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And she has a mother!" answered the Manchester, who was all spirit, justice and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications sprung from a grand-daughter. The most beautiful of her four charming daughters, lady Sunderland¹, left two² sons, the second duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became her heir, and Anne lady Bateman, and lady Diana Spencer whom I have mentioned, and who became duchess of Bedford. The duke and his brother, to humour their grandmother, were in opposition, though the eldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and not more economy than was to be expected from a young man of warm passions and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister lady Bateman had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox the first lord Holland, and both had great influence over the duke of Marlborough. What an object would it be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortune, should owe the obligation to her! Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a

¹ Lady Sunderland was a great politician; and having like her mother a most beautiful head of hair, used while combing it at her toilet to receive men whose votes or interest she wished to influence.

² She had an elder son who died young, while only earl of Sunderland. He had parts, and all the ambition of his parents and of his family (which his younger brothers had not); but

George II. had conceived such an aversion to his father that he would not employ him. The young earl at last asked sir Robert Walpole for an ensigncy in the guards. The minister, astonished at so humble a request from a man of such consequence, expressed his surprise—"I ask it," said the young lord, "to ascertain whether it is determined that I shall never have any thing." He died soon after at Paris.

handfome

handsome young lady, who unluckily was daughter of lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather the victorious duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of lady Bateman, she blackened the face, and wrote on it, "Now her outside is as black as her inside." The duke she turned out of the little lodge in Windsor park; and then pretending that the new duchess and her female cousins, eight Trevors, had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made with waxen figures representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm.

Her fury did but increase when Mr. Fox prevailed on the duke to go over to the court. With her coarse intemperate humour she said, "That was the Fox that had stolen her goose." Repeated injuries at last drove the duke to go to law with her. Fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingsgate with which she was animated herself, she appeared in the court of justice, and with some wit and infinite abuse treated the laughing public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandson in his suit demanded a sword set with diamonds given to his grandfire by the emperor. "I retained it," said the bel-dame, "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

I will repeat but one more instance of her insolent asperity, which produced an admirable reply of the famous lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond ear-rings as a bribe for procuring a considerable post in queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and, decked with those jewels, paid a visit to the old duchess; who, as soon as she was gone, said, "What an impudent creature, to come hither with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied lady Mary Wortley, who was present, "how should people know where wine is sold, unless a bush is hung out?"

The duchess of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. as the Marlborough was by the favour of his daughter. Lady Dorchester¹, the mother of the former, endeavoured to curb that pride, and, one should

¹ Lady Dorchester is well-known for her wit, some," said she; "and if we have wit, he has not and for saying that she wondered for what James enough to find it out."—But I do not know chose his mistresses: "We are none of us hand- whether it is as public, that her style was gross and

should have thought, took an effectual method, though one few mothers would have practised: "You need not be so vain," said the old profligate, "for you are not the king's daughter, but colonel Graham's." Graham was a fashionable man of those days, and noted for dry humour. His legitimate daughter the countess of Berkshire was extremely like to the duchess of Buckingham: "Well! well!" said Graham, "kings are all-powerful, and one must not complain; but certainly the same man begot those two women." To discredit the wit of both parents, the duchess never ceased labouring to restore the house of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it. Frequent were her journeys to the continent for that purpose. She always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become thread-bare—and so it remained!

Finding all her efforts fruitless, and perhaps aware that her plots were not undiscovered by sir Robert Walpole, who was remarkable for his intelligence, she made an artful double, and resolved to try what might be done through him himself. I forget how she contracted an acquaintance with him.—I do remember that more than once he received letters from the pretender himself, which probably were transmitted through her. Sir Robert always carried them to George II. who endorsed and returned them. That negotiation not succeeding, the duchess made a more home push. Learning his extreme fondness for his daughter (afterwards lady Mary Churchill), she sent for sir Robert, and asked him if he recollected what had not been thought too great a reward to lord Clarendon for restoring the royal family? He affected not to understand her—"Was not he allowed," urged the zealous duchess, "to match his daughter to the duke of York?" Sir Robert smiled, and left her.

Sir Robert being forced from court, the duchess thought the ^{*} moment favourable,

and shameless. Meeting the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Orkney, the favourite of king William, at the drawing-room of George the first, "God!" said she, "who would have thought that we three whores should have met here?" Having after the king's abdication married sir David Collyer, by whom she had two sons, she said to them, "If any body should call

you sons of a whore, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Susan lady Bellasis, another of king James's mistresses, had wit too and no beauty. Mrs. Godfrey had neither. Grammont has recorded why she was chosen.

^{*} I am not quite certain that, writing by memory

favourable, and took a new journey to Rome; but conscious of the danger she might run of discovery, she made over her estate to the famous Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath), and left the deed in his custody. What was her astonishment, when on her return she re-demanded the instrument—It was mislaid—He could not find it—He never could find it! The duchess grew clamorous. At last his friend lord Mansfield told him plainly, he could never show his face unless he satisfied the duchess. Lord Bath did then sign a release to her of her estate. The transaction was recorded in print by sir Charles Hanbury Williams in a pamphlet that had great vogue, called A congratulatory letter, with many other anecdotes of the same personage, and was not less acute than sir Charles's Odes on the same hero. The duchess dying not long after sir Robert's entrance into the house of lords, lord Oxford, one of her executors, told him there, that the duchess had struck lord Bath out of her will, and made him, sir Robert, one of her trustees in his room. "Then," said sir Robert laughing, "I see, my lord, that I have got lord Bath's place before he has got mine." Sir Robert had artfully prevented the last. Before he quitted the king, he persuaded his majesty to insist as a preliminary to the change, that Mr. Pulteney should go into the house of peers, his great credit lying in the other house; and I remember my father's action when he returned from court and told me what he had done—"I have turned the key of the closet on him"—making that motion with his hand. Pulteney had jumped at the proffered earldom, but saw his error when too late; and was so enraged at his own oversight, that, when he went to take the oaths in the house of lords, he dashed his patent on the floor and vowed he would never take it up—But he had kissed the king's hand for it, and it was too late to recede.

But though madam of Buckingham could not effect a coronation to her will, she indulged her pompous mind with such puppet-shows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough: she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad who died under age; and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster-abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial that she wrote to old Sarah of

mory at the distance of fifty years, I place that it did not take place before sir Robert's fall. journey exactly at the right period, nor whether Nothing material depends on the precise period.

Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the duke. "It carried my lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have consulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds."

One of the last acts of Buckingham's life was marrying a grandson she had to a daughter of lord Hervey. That intriguing man, fore, as I have said, at his disgrace, cast his eyes every where to revenge or exalt himself. Professions or recantations of any principles cost him nothing : at least the consecrated day which was appointed for his first interview with the duchess made it presumed, that to obtain her wealth, with her grandson for his daughter, he must have sworn fealty to the house of Stuart. It was on the martyrdom of her grandfather : she received him in the great drawing-room of Buckingham-house seated in a chair of state in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr.

It will be a proper close to the history of those curious ladies to mention the anecdote of Pope relative to them. Having drawn his famous character of Atossa, he communicated it to each duchess, pretending it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him : the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself—and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it—And yet he left the copy behind him !

Bishop Burnet, from absence of mind, had drawn as strong a picture of herself to the duchess of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the duchess after the duke's disgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Belisarius—"But how," said she, "could so great a general be so abandoned?"—"Oh! madam," said the bishop, "do not you know what a brimstone of a wife he had?"

Perhaps you know this anecdote, and perhaps several others that I have been relating—No matter—they will go under the article of my dotage—and very properly—I began with tales of my nursery, and prove that I have been writing in my second childhood.

January 13th, 1789.

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES.

Sehah Baham ne comprenoit jamais bien que les choses absurdes & hors de toute vraisemblance.

LE SOPHA, p. 5.

HEROIC TALE

[illegible]

P R E F A C E.

AS the invaluable present I am making to the world may not please all tastes, from the gravity of the matter, the solidity of the reasoning, and the deep learning contained in the ensuing sheets, it is necessary to make some apology for producing this work in so trifling an age, when nothing will go down but temporary politics, personal satire, and idle romances. The true reason then for my surmounting all these objections was singly this: I was apprehensive lest the work should be lost to posterity; and though it may be condemned at present, I can have no doubt but it will be treated with due reverence some hundred ages hence, when wisdom and learning shall have gained their proper ascendant over mankind, and when men shall only read for instruction and improvement of their minds. As I shall print an hundred thousand copies, some, it may be hoped, will escape the havoc that is made of moral works, and then this jewel will shine forth in its genuine lustre. I was in the greater hurry to consign this work to the press, as I foresee that the art of printing will ere long be totally lost, like other useful discoveries well known to the ancients. Such were the art of dissolving rocks with hot vinegar, of teaching elephants to dance on the slack rope, of making malleable glass, of writing epic poems that any body would read after they had been published a month, and the stupendous invention of new religions, a secret of which illiterate Mahomet was the last person possessed.

Notwithstanding this my zeal for good letters, and the ardour of my universal citizenship (for I declare I design this present for all nations), there are

some small difficulties in the way, that prevent my conferring this my great benefaction on the world completely and all at once. I am obliged to produce it in small portions, and therefore beg the prayers of all good and wise men that my life may be prolonged to me, till I shall be able to publish the whole work, no man else being capable of executing the charge so well as myself, for reasons that my modesty will not permit me to specify. In the mean time, as it is the duty of an editor to acquaint the world with what relates to himself as well as his author, I think it right to mention the causes that compel me to publish this work in numbers. The common reason of such proceeding is to make a book dearer for the ease of the purchasers, it being supposed that most people had rather give twenty shillings by sixpence a fortnight, than pay ten shillings once for all. Public-spirited as this proceeding is, I must confess my reasons are more and merely personal. As my circumstances are very moderate, and barely sufficient to maintain decently a gentleman of my abilities and learning, I cannot afford to print at once an hundred thousand copies of two volumes in folio, for that will be the whole mass of Hieroglyphic Tales when the work is perfected. In the next place, being very asthmatic, and requiring a free communication of air, I lodge in the uppermost story of a house in an alley not far from St. Mary Axe; and as a great deal of good company lodges in the same mansion, it was by a considerable favour that I could obtain a single chamber to myself; which chamber is by no means large enough to contain the whole impression, for I design to vend the copies myself, and, according to the practice of other great men, shall sign the first sheet myself with my own hand.

Desirous as I am of acquainting the world with many more circumstances relative to myself, some private considerations prevent my indulging their curiosity any farther at present; but I shall take care to leave so minute an account of myself to some public library, that the future commentators and editors of this work shall not be deprived of all necessary lights. In the mean time I beg the reader to accept the temporary compensation of an account of the author whose work I am publishing.

The Hieroglyphic Tales were undoubtedly written a little before the creation of the world, and have ever since been preserved, by oral tradition, in the mountains of Gramperaggiri, an uninhabited island, not yet discovered. Of these few facts we could have the most authentic attestations of several clergy-

men, who remember to have heard them repeated by old men long before they, the said clergymen, were born. We do not trouble the reader with these attestations, as we are sure every body will believe them as much as if they had seen them. It is more difficult to ascertain the true author. We might ascribe them with great probability to Kemanrlegorpikos, son of Quat; but besides that we are not certain that any such person ever existed, it is not clear that he ever wrote any thing but a book of cookery, and that in heroic verse. Others give them to Quat's nurse, and a few to Hermes Trismegistus, though there is a passage in the latter's treatise on the harpsichord which directly contradicts the account of the first volcano in the 114th of the Hieroglyphic Tales. As Trismegistus's work is lost, it is impossible to decide now, whether the discordance mentioned is so positive as has been asserted by many learned men, who only guess at the opinion of Hermes from other passages in his writings, and who indeed are not sure whether he was speaking of volcanos or cheesebakes; for he drew so ill, that his hieroglyphics may often be taken for the most opposite things in nature; and as there is no subject which he has not treated, it is not precisely known what he was discussing in any one of them.

This is the nearest we can come to any certainty with regard to the author. But whether he wrote the Tales six thousand years ago, as we believe, or whether they were written for him within these ten years, they are incontestably the most ancient work in the world; and though there is little imagination, and still less invention in them, yet there are so many passages in them exactly resembling Homer, that any man living would conclude they were imitated from that great poet, if it was not certain that Homer borrowed from them, which I shall prove two ways: first, by giving Homer's parallel passages at the bottom of the page; and secondly, by translating Homer himself into prose, which shall make him so unlike himself, that nobody will think he could be an original writer: and when he is become totally lifeless and insipid, it will be impossible but these Tales should be preferred to the Iliad; especially as I design to put them into a kind of style that shall be neither verse nor prose; a diction lately much used in tragedies and heroic poems, the former of which are really heroic poems from want of probability, as an antico-moderno epic poem is in fact a mere tragedy, having little or no change of scene, no incidents but a ghost and a storm, and no events but the deaths of the principal actors.

HIEROGLYPHIC

T t 2

I will

I will not detain the reader longer from the perusal of this invaluable work; but I must beseech the public to be expeditious in taking off the whole impression, as fast as I can get it printed; because I must inform them that I have a more precious work in contemplation; namely, a new Roman history, in which I mean to ridicule, detect and expose all ancient virtue and patriotism, and show from original papers which I am going to write, and which I shall afterwards bury in the ruins of Carthage and then dig up, that it appears by the letters of Hanno the Punic ambassador at Rome, that Scipio was in the pay of Hannibal, and that the dilatoriness of Fabius proceeded from his being a pensioner of the same general. I own this discovery will pierce my heart; but as morality is best taught by showing how little effect it had on the best of men, I will sacrifice the most virtuous names for the instruction of the present wicked generation; and I cannot doubt but when once they have learnt to detest the favourite heroes of antiquity, they will become good subjects of the most pious king that ever lived since David, who expelled the established royal family, and then sung psalms to the memory of Jonathan, to whose prejudice he had succeeded to the throne.

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES.

T A L E I.

A new Arabian Night's Entertainment.

AT the foot of the great mountain Hirgonqúu was anciently situated the kingdom of Larbidel. Geographers, who are not apt to make such just comparisons, said it resembled a football just going to be kicked away: and so it happened; for the mountain kicked the kingdom into the ocean, and it has never been heard of since.

One day a young princess had climbed up to the top of the mountain to gather goat's eggs, the whites of which are excellent for taking off freckles.—Goat's eggs!—Yes—naturalists hold that all beings are conceived in an egg. The goats of Hirgonqúu might be oviparous, and lay their eggs to be hatched by the sun. This is my supposition; no matter whether I believe it myself or not. I will write against and abuse any man that opposes my hypothesis. It would be fine indeed if learned men were obliged to believe what they assert.

The other side of the mountain was inhabited by a nation of whom the Larbidellians knew no more than the French nobility do of Great Britain, which

which they think is an island that some how or other may be approached by land. The princess had strayed into the confines of Cucurucu, when she suddenly found herself seized by the guards of the prince that reigned in that country. They told her in few words that she must be conveyed to the capital, and married to the giant their lord and emperor. The giant, it seems, was fond of having a new wife every night, who was to tell him a story that would last till morning, and then have her head cut off—Such odd ways have some folks of passing their wedding-nights! The princess modestly asked, why their master loved such long stories? The captain of the guard replied, his majesty did not sleep well.—Well! said she, and if he does not?—Not but I believe I can tell as long stories as any princess in Asia. Nay, I can repeat Leonidas by heart; and your emperor must be wakeful indeed if he can hold out against that.

By this time they were arrived at the palace. To the great surprise of the princess, the emperor, so far from being a giant, was but five feet one inch in height; but being two inches taller than any of his predecessors, the flattery of his courtiers had bestowed the name of *giant* on him; and he affected to look down upon any man above his own stature. The princess was immediately undressed and put to bed, his majesty being impatient to hear a new story.

Light of my eyes, said the emperor, what is your name? I call myself the princess Gronovia, replied she; but my real appellation is the frow Gronow. And what is the use of a name, said his majesty, but to be called by it? And why do you pretend to be a princess, if you are not? My turn is romantic, answered she, and I have ever had an ambition of being the heroine of a novel. Now there are but two conditions that entitle one to that rank; one must be a shepherdess or a princess. Well, content yourself, said the giant; you will die an empress, without being either the one or the other! But what sublime reason had you for lengthening your name so unaccountably? It is a custom in my family, said she: all my ancestors were learned men, who wrote about the Romans. It sounded more classic, and gave a higher opinion of their literature, to put a Latin termination to their names. All this is Japanese to me, said the emperor; but your ancestors seem to have been a parcel of mountebanks. Does one understand any thing the better for corrupting one's name? Oh, said the princess, but it showed taste too. There was a time when

when in Italy the learned carried this still farther; and a man with a large forehead, who was born on the fifth of January, called himself Quintus Januarius Fronto. More and more absurd, said the emperor. You seem to have a great deal of impertinent knowledge about a great many impertinent people; but proceed in your story: whence came you? Mynheer, said she, I was born in Holland—The deuce you was? said the emperor, and where is that? It was no where, replied the princess spritelily, till my countrymen gained it from the sea.—Indeed, moppet! said his majesty; and pray who were your countrymen, before you had any country? Your majesty asks a very shrewd question, said she, which I cannot resolve on a sudden; but I will step home to my library, and consult five or six thousand volumes of modern history, an hundred or two dictionaries, and an abridgement of geography in forty volumes in folio, and be back in an instant. Not so fast, my life, said the emperor, you must not rise till you go to execution: it is now one in the morning, and you have not begun your story.

My great grandfather, continued the princess, was a Dutch merchant, who passed many years in Japan—On what account? said the emperor. He went thither to abjure his religion, said she, that he might get money enough to return and defend it against Philip II. You are a pleasant family, said the emperor; but though I love fables, I hate genealogies. I know in all families, by their own account, there never was any thing but good and great men from father to son; a sort of fiction that does not at all amuse me. In my dominions there is no nobility but flattery. Whoever flatters me best is created a great lord, and the titles I confer are synonymous to their merits. There is Kiss-my-breech-Can, my favourite; Adulation-Can, lord treasurer; Prerogative-Can, head of the law; and Blasphemy-Can, high-priest. Whoever speaks truth corrupts his blood, and is ipso facto degraded. In Europe you allow a man to be noble because one of his ancestors was a flatterer. But every thing degenerates, the farther it is removed from its source. I will not hear a word of any of your race before your father: what was he?

It was in the height of the contests about the bull Unigenitus—I tell you, interrupted the emperor, I will not be plagued with any more of those people with Latin names: they were a parcel of concombs, and seem to have infected you with their folly. I am sorry, replied Gronovia, that your sublime highness is so little acquainted with the state of Europe, as to take a papal ordinance

fluence for a person. Unigenitus is Latin for the Jesuits—And who the devil are the Jesuits? said the giant. You explain one nonsensical term by another, and wonder I am never the wiser. Sir, said the princess, if you will permit me to give you a short account of the troubles that have agitated Europe for these last two hundred years, on the doctrines of grace, free-will, predestination, reprobation, justification, &c. you will be more entertained, and will believe less, than if I told your majesty a long story of fairies and goblins. You are an eternal prater, said the emperor, and very self-sufficient; but talk your fill, and upon what subject you like, till to-morrow morning: but I swear by the soul of the holy Jirigi, who rode to heaven on the tail of a magpie, as soon as the clock strikes eight, you are a dead woman. Well, who was the Jesuit Unigenitus?

The novel doctrines that had sprung up in Germany, said Gronovia, made it necessary for the church to look about her. The disciples of Loyola—Of whom? said the emperor, yawning—Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, replied Gronovia, was—A writer of Roman history, I suppose, interrupted the emperor: what the devil were the Romans to you, that you trouble your head so much about them? The empire of Rome and the church of Rome are two distinct things, said the princess; and yet, as one may say, the one depends upon the other, as the new testament does on the old. One destroyed the other, and yet pretends a right to its inheritance. The temporalities of the church—What's o'clock, said the emperor to the chief eunuch? It cannot sure be far from eight—This woman has gossiped at least seven hours. Do you hear, my to-morrow night's wife shall be dumb—Cut her tongue out before you bring her to our bed. Madam, said the eunuch, his sublime highness, whose erudition passes the sands of the sea, is too well acquainted with all human sciences to require information. It is therefore that his exalted wisdom prefers accounts of what never happened, to any relation either in history or divinity.—You lie, said the emperor; when I exclude truth, I certainly do not mean to forbid divinity—How many divinities have you in Europe, woman? The council of Trent, replied Gronovia, has decided—The emperor began to snore—I mean, continued Gronovia, that notwithstanding all father Paul has asserted, cardinal Palavicini affirms that in the three first sessions of that council—The emperor was now fast asleep; which the princess and the chief eunuch perceiving, clapped several pillows upon his face, and held them there till he expired. As soon as they were convinced he was dead, the princess, putting

on every mark of despair and concern, issued to the divan, where she was immediately proclaimed empress. The emperor, it was given out, had died of an hemorrhoidal colic; but to show her regard for his memory, her imperial majesty declared she would strictly adhere to the maxims by which he had governed. Accordingly she espoused a new husband every night, but dispensed with their telling her stories, and was graciously pleased also, upon their good behaviour, to remit the subsequent execution. She sent presents to all the learned men in Asia; and they in return did not fail to cry her up as a pattern of clemency, wisdom, and virtue: and though the panegyrics of the learned are generally as clumsy as they are fulsome, they ventured to assure her that their writings would be as durable as brass, and that the memory of her glorious reign would reach to the latest posterity.

T A L E II.

The King and his three Daughters.

THERE was formerly a king, who had three daughters—that is, he would have had three, if he had had one more—but some how or other the eldest never was born. She was extremely handsome, had a great deal of wit, and spoke French in perfection, as all the authors of that age affirm, and yet none of them pretend that she ever existed. It is very certain that the two other princesses were far from beauties; the second had a strong Yorkshire dialect, and the youngest had bad teeth and but one leg, which occasioned her dancing very ill.

As it was not probable that his majesty would have any more children, being eighty-seven years two months and thirteen days old when his queen died, the states of the kingdom were very anxious to have the princesses married. But there was one great obstacle to this settlement, though so important to the peace of the kingdom. The king insisted that his eldest daughter should be married first; and as there was no such person, it was very difficult to fix upon a proper husband for her. The courtiers all approved his majesty's resolution; but, as under the best princes there will always be a number of discontented, the nation was torn into different factions, the grumblers or patriots insisting that the second princess was the eldest, and ought to be declared heiress apparent to the crown. Many pamphlets were written pro and con; but the ministerial party pretended that the chancellor's argument was unanswerable, who affirmed, that the second princess could not be the eldest, as no princess-royal ever had a Yorkshire accent. A few persons who were attached to the youngest princess took advantage of this plea for whispering that *her* royal highness's pretensions to the crown were the best of all; for, as there was no eldest princess, and as the second must be the first if there was no first, and as she could not be the second if she was the first, and as the chan-

cellor

cellor had proved that she could not be the first, it followed plainly by every idea of law that she could be nobody at all; and then the consequence followed of course, that the youngest must be the eldest, if she had no elder sister.

It is inconceivable what animosities and mischiefs arose from these different titles; and each faction endeavoured to strengthen itself by foreign alliances. The court party, having no real object for their attachment, were the most attached of all, and made up by warmth for the want of foundation in their principles. The clergy in general were devoted to this, which was styled *the first party*. The physicians embraced the second; and the lawyers declared for the third, or the faction of the youngest princess, because it seemed best calculated to admit of doubts and endless litigation.

While the nation was in this distracted situation, there arrived the prince of Quifferiquimini, who would have been the most accomplished hero of the age, if he had not been dead, and had spoken any language but the Egyptian, and had not had three legs. Notwithstanding these blemishes, the eyes of the whole nation were immediately turned upon him, and each party wished to see him married to the princess whose cause they espoused.

The old king received him with the most distinguished honours; the senate made the most fulsome addresses to him; the princesses were so taken with him, that they grew more bitter enemies than ever; and the court ladies and petit-maitres invented a thousand new fashions upon his account—Every thing was to be à la Quifferiquimini. Both men and women of fashion left off rouge, to look the more cadaverous; their clothes were embroidered with hieroglyphics, and all the ugly characters they could gather from Egyptian antiquities, with which they were forced to be contented, it being impossible to learn a language that is lost; and all tables, chairs, stools, cabinets and couches were made with only three legs: the last, however, soon went out of fashion, as being very inconvenient.

The prince, who, ever since his death, had had but a weakly constitution, was a little fatigued with this excess of attentions, and would often wish himself at home in his coffin. But his greatest difficulty of all was to get rid of the youngest princess, who kept hopping after him wherever he went, and

was so full of admiration of his three legs, and so modest about having but one herself, and so inquisitive to know how his three legs were set on, that, being the best-natured man in the world, it went to his heart whenever in a fit of peevishness he happened to drop an impatient word, which never failed to throw her into an agony of tears; and then she looked so ugly that it was impossible for him to be tolerably civil to her. He was not much more inclined to the second princess—In truth, it was the eldest who made the conquest of his affections: and so violently did his passion increase one Tuesday morning, that, breaking through all prudential considerations (for there were many reasons which ought to have determined his choice in favour of either of the other sisters), he hurried to the old king, acquainted him with his love, and demanded the eldest princess in marriage. Nothing could equal the joy of the good old monarch, who wished for nothing but to live to see the consummation of this match. Throwing his arms about the prince skeleton's neck, and watering his hollow cheeks with warm tears, he granted his request, and added, that he would immediately resign his crown to him and his favourite daughter.

I am forced for want of room to pass over many circumstances that would add greatly to the beauty of this history, and am sorry I must dash the reader's impatience by acquainting him, that notwithstanding the eagerness of the old king and youthful ardour of the prince, the nuptials were obliged to be postponed; the archbishop declaring that it was essentially necessary to have a dispensation from the pope, the parties being related within the forbidden degrees; a woman that never was, and a man that had been, being deemed first cousins in the eye of the canon law.

Hence arose a new difficulty. The religion of the Quifferiquiminians was totally opposite to that of the papists. The former believed in nothing but grace; and they had a high-priest of their own, who pretended that he was master of the whole fee-simple of grace, and by that possession could cause every thing to have been that never had been, and could prevent every thing that had been from ever having been. "We have nothing to do," said the prince to the king, "but to send a solemn embassy to the high-priest of grace, with a present of a hundred thousand million of ingots, and he will cause your charming no-daughter to have been, and will prevent my having died, and then there will be no occasion for a dispensation from your old fool at Rome."

How!

—How! thou impious, atheistical bag of drybones, cried the old king; dost thou profane our holy religion? Thou shalt have no daughter of mine, thou three-legged skeleton—Go and be buried and be damned, as thou must be; for, as thou art dead, thou art past repentance: I would sooner give my child to a baboon, who has one leg more than thou hast, than bestow her on such a reprobate corpse.—You had better give your one-legged infant to the baboon, said the prince; they are fitter for one another. As much a corpse as I am, I am preferable to nobody; and who the devil would have married your no-daughter, but a dead body? For my religion, I lived and died in it, and it is not in my power to change it now if I would.—But for your part—A great shout interrupted this dialogue; and the captain of the guard, rushing into the royal closet, acquainted his majesty, that the second princess, in revenge of the prince's neglect, had given her hand to a drysalter, who was a common-councilman; and that the city, in consideration of the match, had proclaimed them king and queen, allowing his majesty to retain the title for his life, which they had fixed for the term of six months; and ordering, in respect of his royal birth, that the prince should immediately lie in state and have a pompous funeral.

This revolution was so sudden and so universal, that all parties approved, or were forced to seem to approve it. The old king died the next day, as the courtiers said, for joy; the prince of Quifferiquimini was buried in spite of his appeal to the law of nations; and the youngest princess went distracted, and was shut up in a madhouse, calling out day and night for a husband with three legs.

T A L E III.

The Dice Box : A Fairy Tale.

Translated from the French Translation of the Countess DAUNOIS, for the Entertainment of
Miss CAROLINE CAMPBELL¹.

THERE was a merchant of Damascus named Aboulcasem, who had an only daughter called Pissimissi, which signifies *the waters of Jordan*; because a fairy foretold at her birth that she would be one of Solomon's concubines. Azazel, the angel of death, having transported Aboulcasem to the regions of bliss, he had no fortune to bequeath to his beloved child but the shell of a pistachia-nut drawn by an elephant and a ladybird. Pissimissi, who was but nine years old, and who had been kept in great confinement, was impatient to see the world; and no sooner was the breath out of her father's body, than she got into the car, and, whipping her elephant and ladybird, drove out of the yard as fast as possible, without knowing whither she was going. Her coursers never stopped till they came to the foot of a brazen tower, that had neither doors nor windows, in which lived an old enchantress, who had locked herself up there with seventeen thousand husbands. It had but one single vent for air, which was a small chimney grated over, through which it was scarce possible to put one's hand. Pissimissi, who was very impatient, ordered her coursers to fly with her up to the top of the chimney; which, as they were the most docile creatures in the world, they immediately did: but unluckily the fore paw of the elephant lighting on the top of the chimney, broke down the grate by its weight, but at the same time stopped up the passage so entirely, that all the enchantress's husbands were stifled for want of air. As it was a collection she had made with great care and cost, it is easy to imagine her vexation and rage. She raised a storm of thunder and lightning

¹ Eldest daughter of lord William Campbell. She lived with her aunt the countess of Ailesbury.
that

that lasted eight hundred and four years; and having conjured up an army of two thousand devils, she ordered them to flay the elephant alive, and dress it for her supper with anchovy sauce. Nothing could have saved the poor beast, if, struggling to get loose from the chimney, he had not happily broken wind, which it seems is a great preservative against devils. They all flew a thousand ways, and in their hurry carried away half the brazen tower; by which means the elephant, the car, the ladybird, and Pissimissi got loose; but in their fall tumbled through the roof of an apothecary's shop, and broke all his bottles of physic. The elephant, who was very dry with his fatigue, and who had not much taste, immediately sucked up all the medicines with his proboscis; which occasioned such a variety of effects in his bowels, that it was well he had such a strong constitution, or he must have died of it. His evacuations were so plentiful, that he not only drowned the tower of Babel, near which the apothecary's shop stood, but the current ran fourscore leagues till it came to the sea, and there poisoned so many whales and leviathans, that a pestilence ensued, and lasted three years nine months and sixteen days. As the elephant was extremely weakened by what had happened, it was impossible for him to draw the car for eighteen months; which was a cruel delay to Pissimissi's impatience, who during all that time could not travel above a hundred miles a day; for, as she carried the sick animal in her lap, the poor ladybird could not make longer stages with no assistance. Besides, Pissimissi bought every thing she saw wherever she came; and all was crowded into the car, and stuffed into the seat. She had purchased ninety-two dolls, seventeen baby-houses, six cart-loads of sugar-plums, a thousand ells of gingerbread, eight dancing dogs, a bear and a monkey, four toyshops with all their contents, and seven dozen of bibs and aprons of the newest fashion. They were jogging on with all this cargo over mount Caucasus, when an immense humming-bird, who had been struck with the beauty of the ladybird's wings, that I had forgot to say were of ruby spotted with black pearls, fousing down at once upon her prey, swallowed ladybird, Pissimissi, the elephant, and all their commodities. It happened that the humming-bird belonged to Solomon; he let it out of its cage every morning after breakfast, and it constantly came home by the time the council broke up. Nothing could equal the surprise of his majesty and the courtiers, when the dear little creature arrived, with the elephant's proboscis hanging out of its divine little bill. However, after the first astonishment was over, his majesty, who to be sure was wisdom itself, and who understood natural philosophy that it was a charm to hear him discourse
of

of those matters, and who was actually making a collection of dried beasts and birds in twelve thousand volumes of the best fool's-cap paper, immediately perceived what had happened ; and taking out of the side-pocket of his breeches a diamond toothpick-case of his own turning, with the toothpick made of the only unicorn's horn he ever saw, he stuck it into the elephant's snout, and began to draw it out : but all his philosophy was confounded, when jammed between the elephant's legs he perceived the head of a beautiful girl, and between her legs a baby-house, which with the wings extended thirty feet, out of the windows of which rained a torrent of sugar-plums, that had been placed there to make room. Then followed the bear, who had been pressed to the bales of gingerbread and was covered all over with it, and looked but uncouthly ; and the monkey with a doll in every paw, and his pouches so crammed with sugar-plums that they hung on each side of him, and trailed on the ground behind like the duchess of *****'s beautiful breasts. Solomon, however, gave small attention to this procession, being caught with the charms of the lovely Piffimiffi : he immediately began the song of songs extempore ; and what he had seen—I mean, all that came out of the humming-bird's throat—had made such a jumble in his ideas, that there was nothing so unlike to which he did not compare all Piffimiffi's beauties. As he sung his canticles too to no tune, and God knows had but a bad voice, they were far from comforting Piffimiffi : the elephant had torn her best bib and apron, and she cried and roared, and kept such a squalling, that, though Solomon carried her in his arms and showed her all the fine things in the temple, there was no pacifying her. The queen of Sheba, who was playing at backgammon with the high-priest, and who came every October to converse with Solomon, though she did not understand a word of Hebrew, hearing the noise, came running out of her dressing-room ; and seeing the king with a squalling child in his arms, asked him peevishly, if it became his reputed wisdom to expose himself with his bastards to all the court ? Solomon, instead of replying, began singing ; which so provoked the Sheban princess, that, happening to have one of the dice-boxes in her hand, she without any ceremony threw it at his head. The enchantress, whom I mentioned before, and who, though invisible, had followed Piffimiffi, and drawn her into her train of misfortunes, turned the dice-box aside, and directed it to Piffimiffi's nose ; which being something flat, like madame de *****'s, it stuck there, and being of ivory, Solomon ever after compared his beloved's nose to the tower that leads to Damascus. The queen, though ashamed of her behaviour, was not in her heart sorry for the accident ;

dent; but when she found that it only increased the monarch's passion, her contempt redoubled; and calling him a thousand old fools to herself, she ordered her postchaise and drove away in a fury, without leaving sixpence for the servants; and nobody knows what became of her or her kingdom, which has never been heard of since.

FIFTH SCENE. The king of Kilkenny, the husband of the queen, and his daughter called Great A, and by corruption Great A, who being arrived at years of discretion, and perfectly initiated by her royal parents in the arts of government, the king monarch determined to resign his crown to her: having accordingly attended the senate, he declared his resolution to them, and having delivered his sceptre into the princess's hand, he obliged her to attend the throne; and to let the example was the first to his hand, and was crowned about the year 1711. The senators were ready to kiss the new queen with panegyrics and addresses; the people though they adored the old king, were transported with having a new sovereign; and the university, according to custom immemorial, presented her with a new mortar and pestle, every body had forgotten the event, with testimonies of the excessive sorrow and executive joy they felt on losing the monarch and getting another.

Her majesty was now in the fifth year of her age, and a prodigy of sense and goodness. In her first speech to the senate, which she lifted with infinite grace, she assured them that her heart was entirely Irish, and that she did not intend any longer to go in leading strings; as a proof of which she immediately declared her native prime-minister. The senate applauded this sage choice with even greater enthusiasm than the king, and voted a free gift to the queen of a million of sugar-plums, and to the favourite of twenty thousand bottles of nectar. Her majesty then jumping from her throne, declared it was her royal pleasure to play at blindman's-buff; but first a husband stole from the senators' pulling, and pressing, and squeezing, and punching one another, to endeavour to be the first blinded, that in the terrible her majesty

T A L E IV.

The Peach in Brandy. A Milesian Tale.

FITZ Scanlan Mac Giolla l'ha druig¹, king of Kilkenny, the thousand and fifty-seventh descendant in a direct line from Milesius king of Spain, had an only daughter called Great A, and by corruption Grata; who being arrived at years of discretion, and perfectly initiated by her royal parents in the arts of government, the fond monarch determined to resign his crown to her: having accordingly assembled the senate, he declared his resolution to them, and having delivered his sceptre into the princess's hand, he obliged her to ascend the throne; and, to set the example, was the first to kiss her hand, and vow eternal obedience to her. The senators were ready to stifle the new queen with panegyrics and addresses; the people, though they adored the old king, were transported with having a new sovereign; and the university, according to custom immemorial, presented her majesty, three months after every body had forgotten the event, with testimonials of the excessive sorrow and excessive joy they felt on losing one monarch and getting another.

Her majesty was now in the fifth year of her age, and a prodigy of sense and goodness. In her first speech to the senate, which she lisped with inimitable grace, she assured them that her * heart was entirely Irish, and that she did not intend any longer to go in leading-strings; as a proof of which she immediately declared her nurse prime-minister. The senate applauded this sage choice with even greater encomiums than the last, and voted a free gift to the queen of a million of sugar-plums, and to the favourite of twenty thousand bottles of usquebaugh. Her majesty then jumping from her throne, declared it was her royal pleasure to play at blindman's-buff; but such a hub-bub arose from the senators' pushing, and pressing, and squeezing, and punching one another, to endeavour to be the first blinded, that in the scuffle her majesty

was

was thrown down, and got a bump on her forehead as big as a pigeon's egg, which set her a-squalling, that you might have heard her to Tipperary. The old king flew into a rage, and snatching up the mace knocked out the chancellor's brains, who at that time happened not to have any; and the queen-mother, who sat in a tribune above to see the ceremony, fell into a fit and miscarried of twins, who were killed by her majesty's fright; but the earl of Bullaboo, great butler of the crown, happening to stand next to the queen, caught up one of the dead children, and, perceiving it was a boy, ran down to the king and wished him joy of the birth of a son and heir. The king, who had now recovered his sweet temper, called him a fool and blunderer; upon which Mr. Phelim O'Torture, a zealous courtier, started up with great presence of mind and accused the earl of Bullaboo of high treason, for having asserted that his late majesty had had any other heir than their present most lawful and most religious sovereign queen Grata. An impeachment was voted by a large majority, though not without warm opposition, particularly from a celebrated Kilkennian orator, whose name is unfortunately not come down to us, it being erased out of the journals afterwards, as the Irish author whom I copy says, when he became first lord of the treasury, as he was during the whole reign of queen Grata's successor. The argument of this Mr. Killmorackill, says my author, whose name is lost, was, that her majesty the queen-mother having conceived a son before the king's resignation, that son was indubitably heir to the crown, and consequently the resignation void, it not signifying an iota whether the child was born alive or dead: it was alive, said he, when it was conceived—Here he was called to order by Dr. O'Flaharty, the queen-mother's man-midwife and member for the borough of Corbelly, who entered into a learned dissertation on embryos; but he was interrupted by the young queen's crying for her supper, the previous question for which was carried without a negative; and then the house being resumed, the debate was cut short by the impatience of the majority to go and drink her majesty's health. This seeming violence gave occasion to a very long protest, drawn up by sir Archee Mac Sarcaism, in which he contrived to state the claim of the departed foetus so artfully, that it produced a civil war, and gave rise to those bloody ravages and massacres which so long laid waste the ancient kingdom of Kilkenny, and which were at last terminated by a lucky accident, well known, says my author, to every body, but which he thinks it his duty to relate for the sake of those who never may have heard it. These are his words:

It happened that the archbishop of Tuum (anciently called Meum by the Roman catholic clergy), the great wit of those times, was in the queen-mother's closet, who had the young queen in her lap³. His grace was suddenly seized with a violent fit of the cholic, which made him make such wry faces, that the queen-mother thought he was going to die, and ran out of the room to send for a physician, for she was a pattern of goodness, and void of pride. While she was stepped into the servants' hall to call somebody, according to the simplicity of those times, the archbishop's pains increased, when perceiving something on the mantle-piece, which he took for a peach in brandy, he gulped it all down at once without saying grace, God forgive him! and found great comfort from it. He had not done licking his lips before the queen-mother returned, when queen Grata cried out, "Mama, mama, the gentleman has eat my little brother!" This fortunate event put an end to the contest, the male line entirely failing in the person of the devoured prince. The archbishop, however, who became pope by the name of Innocent the third, having afterwards a son by his sister, named the child Fitzpatrick, as having some of the royal blood in its veins; and from him are descended all the younger branches of the Fitzpatricks of our time. Now the rest of the acts of Grata, and all that she did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Kilkenny?

NOTES ON TALE IV.

¹ Vide Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, in the Family of Fitzpatrick.

² Queen Anne in her first speech to the parliament said, her heart was entirely English.

³ Some commentators have ignorantly supposed that the Irish author is guilty of a great anachronism in this passage; for having said that the contested succession occasioned long wars, he yet speaks of queen Grata, at the conclusion of them, as still sitting in her mother's lap as a child. Now I can confute them from their own state of the question. *Like a child*, does not import that she actually was a child: she only sat *like a child*; and so she might though thirty years old. Civilians have declared at what period of his life a king may be of age before he is: but neither Grotius nor Puffendorffe, nor any of the tribe, have determined how long a king or queen may remain infants after they are past their infancy.

TALE

T A L E V.

MI LI. *A Chinese Fairy Tale.*

MI LI, prince of China, was brought up by his godmother the fairy Hih, who was famous for telling fortunes with a tea-cup. From that unerring oracle she assured him, that he would be the most unhappy man alive unless he married a princess whose name was the same with her father's dominions. As in all probability there could not be above one person in the world to whom that accident had happened, the prince thought there would be nothing so easy as to learn who his destined bride was. He had been too well educated to put the question to his godmother, for he knew when she uttered an oracle, that it was with intention to perplex, not to inform; which has made people so fond of consulting all those who do not give an explicit answer, such as prophets, lawyers, and any body you meet on the road, who, if you ask the way, reply by desiring to know whence you came. Mi Li was no sooner returned to his palace than he sent for his governor, who was deaf and dumb, qualities for which the fairy had selected him, that he might not instil any bad principles into his pupil; however, in recompence, he could talk upon his fingers like an angel. Mi Li asked him directly who the princess was whose name was the same with her father's kingdom? This was a little exaggeration in the prince, but nobody ever repeats any thing just as they heard it: besides, it was excusable in the heir of a great monarchy, who of all things had not been taught to speak truth, and perhaps had never heard what it was. Still it was not the mistake of *kingdom* for *dominions* that puzzled the governor. It never helped him to understand any thing the better for its being rightly stated. However, as he had great presence of mind, which consisted in never giving a direct answer, and in looking as if he could, he replied, it was a question of too great importance to be resolved on a sudden. How came you to know that? said the prince.—This youthful impetuosity told the governor that there was something more in the question than he

he had apprehended ; and though he could be very solemn about nothing, he was ten times more so when there was something he did not comprehend. Yet that unknown something occasioning a conflict between his cunning and his ignorance, and the latter being the greater, always betrayed itself, for nothing looks so silly as a fool acting wisdom. The prince repeated his question ; the governor demanded why he asked—the prince had not patience to spell the question over again on his fingers, but bawled it as loud as he could, to no purpose. The courtiers ran in, and catching up the prince's words, and repeating them imperfectly, it soon flew all over Peking, and thence into the provinces, and thence into Tartary, and thence to Muscovy, and so on, that the prince wanted to know who the princess was, whose name was the same as her father's. As the Chinese have not the blessing (for aught I know) of having family surnames as we have, and as what would be their christian-names, if they were so happy as to be christians, are quite different for men and women, the Chinese, who think that must be a rule all over the world because it is theirs, decided that there could not exist upon the square face of the earth a woman whose name was the same as her father's. They repeated this so often, and with so much deference and so much obstinacy, that the prince, totally forgetting the original oracle, believed that he wanted to know who the woman was who had the same name as her father. However, remembering there was something in the question that he had taken for royal, he always said *the king her father*. The prime minister consulted the red book or court-calendar, which was *his* oracle, and could find no such princess. All the ministers at foreign courts were instructed to inform themselves if there was any such lady ; but as it took up a great deal of time to put these instructions into cypher, the prince's impatience could not wait for the couriers setting out, but he determined to go himself in search of the princess. The old king, who, *as is usual*, had left the whole management of affairs to his son the moment he was fourteen, was charmed with the prince's resolution of seeing the world, which he thought could be done in a few days, the facility of which makes so many monarchs never stir out of their own palaces till it is too late ; and his majesty declared, that he should approve of his son's choice, be the lady who she would, provided she answered to the divine designation of having the same name as her father.

The prince rode post to Canton, intending to embark there on board an English man of war. With what infinite transport did he hear the evening before

fore he was to embark, that a sailor knew the identic lady in question. The prince scalded his mouth with the tea he was drinking, broke the old china cup it was in, and which the queen his mother had given him at his departure from Pekin, and which had been given to her great great great grand-mother queen Fi by Confucius himself, and ran down to the vessel and asked for the man who knew his bride. It was honest Tom O'Bull, an Irish sailor, who by his interpreter Mr. James Hall, the supercargo, informed his highness that Mr. Bob Oliver of Sligo had a daughter christened of both his names, the fair miss Bob Oliver¹. The prince by the plenitude of his power declared Tom a mandarin of the first class, and at Tom's desire promised to speak to his brother the king of Great Ireland, France and Britain, to have him made a peer in his own country, Tom saying he should be ashamed to appear there without being a lord as well as all his acquaintance.

The prince's passion, which was greatly inflamed by Tom's description of her highness Bob's charms, would not let him stay for a proper set of ladies from Pekin to carry to wait on his bride, so he took a dozen of the wives of the first merchants in Canton, and two dozen virgins as maids of honour, who however were disqualified for their employments before his highness got to St. Helena. Tom himself married one of them, but was so great a favourite with the prince, that she still was appointed maid of honour, and with Tom's consent was afterwards married to an English duke.

Nothing can paint the agonies of our royal lover, when on his landing at Dublin he was informed that princess Bob had quitted Ireland, and was married to nobody knew whom. It was well for Tom that he was on Irish ground. He would have been chopped as small as rice, for it is death in China to mislead the heir of the crown through ignorance. To do it knowingly is no crime, any more than in other countries.

As a prince of China cannot marry a woman that has been married before, it was necessary for Mi Li to search the world for another lady equally qualified with miss Bob, whom he forgot the moment he was told he must marry somebody else, and fell equally in love with somebody else, though he knew not with whom. In this suspense he dreamt, *"that he would find his destined spouse, whose father had lost the dominions which never had been his dominions, in a place where there was a bridge over no water, a tomb where nobody ever was buried nor ever would be buried, ruins that were*

more than they had ever been, a subterraneous passage in which there were dogs with eyes of rubies and emeralds, and a more beautiful menagerie of Chinese pheasants than any in his father's extensive gardens." This oracle seemed so impossible to be accomplished, that he believed it more than he had done the first; which shewed his great piety. He determined to begin his second search, and being told by the lord lieutenant that there was in England a Mr. Banks, who was going all over the world in search of he did not know what, his highness thought he could not have a better conductor, and sailed for England. There he learnt that the sage Banks was at Oxford, hunting in the Bodleian library for a MS. voyage of a man who had been in the moon, which Mr. Banks thought must have been in the western ocean, where the moon sets, and which planet if he could discover once more, he would take possession of in his majesty's name, upon condition that it should never be taxed, and so be lost again to this country like the rest of his majesty's dominions in that part of the world.

Mi Li took a hired post-chaise for Oxford, but as it was a little rotten it broke on the new road down to Henley. A beggar advised him to walk into general Conway's, who was the most courteous person alive, and would certainly lend him his own chaise. The prince travelled incog. He took the beggar's advice, but going up to the house was told the family were in the grounds, but he should be conducted to them. He was led through a venerable wood of beeches, to a menagerie² commanding a more glorious prospect than any in his father's dominions, and full of Chinese pheasants. The prince cried out in ecstasy, Oh! potent Hih! my dream begins to be accomplished. The gardener, who knew no Chinese but the names of a few plants, was struck with the similitude of the sounds, but discreetly said not a word. Not finding his lady there, as he expected, he turned back, and plunging suddenly into the thickest gloom of the wood, he descended into a cavern totally dark, the intrepid prince following him boldly. After advancing a great way into this subterraneous vault, at last they perceived light, when on a sudden they were pursued by several small spaniels, and turning to look at them, the prince perceived their eyes³ shone like emeralds and rubies. Instead of being amazed, as Fo-Hi, the founder of his race, would have been, the prince renewed his exclamations, and cried, I advance! I advance! I shall find my bride! Great Hih! though art infallible! Emerging into light, the imperturbed gardener conducted his highness to a heap of artificial⁴ ruins, beneath

neath which they found a spacious gallery or arcade, where his highness was asked if he would not repose himself; but, instead of answering, he capered like one frantic, crying out, I advance! I advance! Great Hih! I advance!—The gardener was amazed, and doubted whether he was not conducting a madman to his master and lady, and hesitated whether he should proceed;—but as he understood nothing the prince said, and perceiving he must be a foreigner, he concluded he was a Frenchman by his dancing. As the stranger too was so nimble and not at all tired with his walk, the sage gardener proceeded down a sloping valley, between two mountains clothed to their summits with cedars, firs, and pines, which he took care to tell the prince were all of his honour the general's own planting: but though the prince had learnt more English in three days in Ireland, than all the French in the world ever learnt in three years, he took no notice of the information, to the great offence of the gardener, but kept running on, and increased his gambols and exclamations when he perceived the vale was terminated by a stupendous bridge, that seemed composed of the rocks which the giants threw at Jupiter's head, and had not a drop of water beneath ⁵ it.—Where is my bride, my bride? cried Mi Li—I must be near her. The prince's shouts and cries drew a matron from a cottage that stood on a precipice near the bridge, and hung over the river.—My lady is down at Ford-house, ⁶ cried the good woman, who was a little deaf, concluding they had called to her to know. The gardener knew it was in vain to explain his distress to her, and thought that if the poor gentleman was really mad, his master the general would be the properest person to know how to manage him. Accordingly, turning to the left, he led the prince along the banks of the river, which glittered through the opening fallows, while on the other hand a wilderness of shrubs climbed up the pendant cliffs of chalk, and contrasted with the verdant meads and fields of corn beyond the stream. The prince, insensible to such enchanting scenes, galloped wildly along, keeping the poor gardener on a round trot, till they were stopped by a lonely ⁷ tomb, surrounded by cypresses, yews, and willows, that seemed the monument of some adventurous youth who had been lost in tempting the current, and might have suited the gallant and daring Leander. Here Mi Li first had presence of mind to recollect the little English he knew, and eagerly asked the gardener whose tomb he beheld before him? It is nobody's—Before he could proceed, the prince interrupted him: And will it never be anybody's?—Oh! thought the gardener, now there is no longer any doubt of his phrensy—and perceiving his master and the family approaching towards them, he endeavoured to get the start: but the prince, much younger, and borne too on the wings of love,

love, set out full speed the moment he saw the company, and particularly a young damsel with them. Running almost breathless up to lady Ailesbury, and seizing miss Campbell's hand—he cried, *Who she? who she?* Lady Ailesbury screamed, the young maiden squalled, the general, cool but offended, rushed between them, and, if a prince could be collared, would have collared him—Mi Li kept fast hold with one arm, but pointing to his prize with the other, and with the most eager and supplicating looks entreating for an answer, continued to exclaim, *Who she? who she?* The general, perceiving by his accent and manner that he was a foreigner, and rather tempted to laugh than be angry, replied with civil scorn, Why, *she* is miss Caroline Campbell, daughter of lord William Campbell, his majesty's late governor of Carolina—Oh, Hih! I now recollect thy words! cried Mi Li—And so she became princess of China.

NOTES ON TALE V.

* **THERE** really was such a person.

* Lady Ailesbury's.

* At Park-place there is such a passage cut through a chalk-hill: when dogs are in the middle, the light from the mouth makes their eyes appear in the manner here described.

* Consequently they seem to have been larger.

* The rustic bridge at Park-place was built by general Conway, to carry the road from Henley, and to leave the communication free between his grounds on each side of the road. Vide Anecdotes of Painting.

* The old woman who kept the cottage built by general Conway to command a glorious prospect. Ford-house is a farm-house at the termination of the grounds.

* A fictitious tomb in a beautiful spot by the river, built for a point of view: it has a small pyramid on it.

T A L E VI.

A true Love Story.

IN the height of the animosities between the factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, a party of Venetians had made an inroad into the territories of the Viscontis, sovereigns of Milan, and had carried off the young Orondates, then at nurse. His family were at that time under a cloud, though they could boast of being descended from Canis Scaliger, lord of Verona. The captors sold the beautiful Orondates to a rich widow of the noble family of Grimaldi, who, having no children, brought him up with as much tenderness as if he had been her son. Her fondness increased with the growth of his stature and charms, and the violence of his passions were augmented by the signora Grimaldi's indulgence. Is it necessary to say that love reigned predominantly in the soul of Orondates? or that in a city like Venice a form like that of Orondates met with little resistance?

The Cyprian Queen, not content with the numerous oblations of Orondates on her altars, was not satisfied while his heart remained unengaged. Across the canal, over-against the palace of Grimaldi, stood a convent of Carmelite nuns, the abbess of which had a young African slave of the most exquisite beauty, called Azora, a year younger than Orondates. Jet and japan were tawney and without lustre, when compared to the hue of Azora. Afric never produced a female so perfect as Azora; as Europe could boast but of one Orondates.

The signora Grimaldi, though no bigot, was pretty regular at her devotions; but as lansquenet was more to her taste than praying, she hurried over her masses as fast as she could, to allot more of her precious time to cards. This made her prefer the church of the Carmelites, separated only by a small bridge, though the abbess was of a contrary faction. However, as both ladies

ladies were of equal quality, and had had no altercations that could countenance incivility, reciprocal curtsies always passed between them, the coldness of which each pretended to lay on their attention to their devotions, though the signora Grimaldi attended but little to the priest, and the abbess was chiefly employed in watching and criticising the inattention of the signora.

Not so Orondates and Azora. Both constantly accompanied their mistresses to mass, and the first moment they saw each other was decisive in both breasts. Venice ceased to have more than one fair in the eyes of Orondates, and Azora had not remarked till then that there could be more beautiful beings in the world than some of the Carmelite nuns.

The seclusion of the abbess, and the aversion between the two ladies, which was very cordial on the side of the holy one, cut off all hopes from the lovers. Azora grew grave, and pensive, and melancholy; Orondates surly and intractable. Even his attachment to his kind patroness relaxed. He attended her reluctantly but at the hours of prayer. Often did she find him on the steps of the church ere the doors were opened. The signora Grimaldi was not apt to make observations. She was content with indulging her own passions, seldom restrained those of others; and though good offices rarely presented themselves to her imagination, she was ready to exert them when applied to, and always talked charitably of the unhappy at her cards, if it was not a very unlucky deal.

Still it is probable that she never would have discovered the passion of Orondates, had not her woman, who was jealous of his favour, given her a hint; at the same time remarking, under affectation of good will, how well the circumstances of the lovers were suited, and, that as her ladyship was in years, and would certainly not think of providing for a creature she had bought in the public market, it would be charitable to marry the fond couple, and settle them on her farm in the country.

Fortunately madame Grimaldi always was open to good impressions, and rarely to bad. Without perceiving the malice of her woman, she was struck with the idea of a marriage. She loved the cause, and always promoted it when it was honestly in her power. She seldom made difficulties, and never apprehended them. Without even examining Orondates on the state of his inclinations, without recollecting that madame Capello and she were of dif-

ferent parties, without taking any precautions to guard against a refusal, she instantly wrote to the abbess to propose a marriage between Orondates and Azora.

The latter was in madame Capello's chamber when the note arrived. All the fury that authority loves to console itself with for being under restraint, all the asperity of a bigot, all the acrimony of party, and all the fictitious rage that prudery adopts when the sensual enjoyments of others are concerned, burst out on the helpless Azora, who was unable to divine how she was concerned in the fatal letter. She was made to endure all the calumnies that the abbess would have been glad to have hurled at the head of madame Grimaldi, if her own character and the rank of that offender would have allowed it. Impotent menaces of revenge were repeated with emphasis ; and as nobody in the convent dared to contradict her, she gratified her anger and love of prating with endless tautologies. In fine, Azora was strictly locked up, and bread and water were ordered as sovereign cures for love. Twenty replies to madame Grimaldi were written and torn, as not sufficiently expressive of a resentment that was rather vociferous than eloquent ; and her confessor was at last forced to write one, in which he prevailed to have some holy cant inserted, though forced to compound for a heap of irony that related to the antiquity of her family, and for many unintelligible allusions to vulgar stories which the Ghibelline party had treasured up against the Guelfs. The most lucid part of the epistle pronounced a sentence of eternal chastity on Azora, not without some sarcastic expressions against the promiscuous amours of Orondates, which ought in common decorum to have banished him long ago from the mansion of a widowed matron.

Just as this fulminatory mandate had been transcribed and signed by the lady abbess in full chapter, and had been consigned to the confessor to deliver, the portress of the convent came running out of breath, and announced to the venerable assembly, that Azora, terrified by the abbess's blows and threats, had fallen in labour and miscarried of four puppies : for be it known to all posterity, that Orondates was an Italian greyhound, and Azora a black spaniel.

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T .

THE foregoing Tales are given for no more than they are worth : they are mere whimsical trifles, written chiefly for private entertainment ; and for private amusement half a dozen copies only are printed. They deserve at most to be considered as an attempt to vary the stale and beaten class of stories and novels, which, though works of invention, are almost always devoid of imagination. It would scarcely be credited, were it not evident from the Bibliothèque des Romans, which contains the fictitious adventures that have been written in all ages and all countries, that there should have been so little fancy, so little variety, and so little novelty, in writings in which the imagination is fettered by no rules, and by no obligation of speaking truth. There is infinitely more invention in history, which has no merit if devoid of truth, than in romances and novels, which pretend to none.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

P R O S E.

VOL. IV.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

P R O S E

A

P A R O D Y

OF

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

TO

H I S S O N.

INTRODUCTION.

IT can never be sufficiently lamented by philosophers, that the late earl of Chesterfield, who was so perfect a master of all the decorations of which the human mind or body is susceptible, should not have left us a system of education for a daughter as well as for a son: or rather may we not regret that his lordship's amours were not crowned with a perfect exemplar of each sex? No man, by his lordship's own account, was more intimately acquainted with the fairer part of the creation: and sensible as he seems to have been of their defects, who could have better chalked out a dispensatory of remedies? His whole study seems to have been to have imposed upon mankind by specious qualities—undoubtedly, for no reason, but because he thought external qualifications were all that mankind could judge of, or that could procure their esteem. As his appetite for fame and approbation was both intense and indefatigable, he would assuredly not have omitted all the virtues of the heart, had he not been convinced that virtue was never rewarded with public applause. He, who in forty years never uttered a word without stopping to search for a

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better,

better, could not have been so indolent as not to cultivate the duties of humanity, had he discovered that they tended to recommend the possessor. When he enjoins his pupil to be *aimable*, and *d'avoir des attentions*, is it not evident he knew that generosity, patriotism, charity, and friendship, were useless attributes? It is plain he thought so, for he has never mentioned them in the list of attractions. For friendship, he seems rather to have warned his disciple against it—a caution imbibed from ambassadors, the profession to which he dedicated his son, and who, being trained to be spies, are rather incompatible with friends. To hear and see, only to tell and betray, is not an intercourse proper for Orestes or Pylades.

To supply this want of a female education, whither can we go so judiciously as to the same source? Having perused his lordship's tractate as often as Rapin read over Livy before he composed his History of England (which is so unlike Livy), I am persuaded that his lordship's system will answer the purpose. Nay, I do not know whether it is not itself, *mutatis mutandis*, more properly a system of female than male education, and may not with some slight alterations serve as well to bring up a fine lady as a fine gentleman. *The Graces, the Graces!* on them alone is founded his lordship's whole plan. Are not the Graces as essential to a maid of honour or a duchess (I do not mean a pun) as to an ambassador or a senator? To write French letters, to speak languages, to be acquainted with ribbands, stars, orders of knighthood, religious orders, the ceremonies of the Romish church, to dance well, come into a room well, carve well, would fit as well on a woman of quality as on sir Joseph Y—— or sir Joseph M——. To tell fibs, to pick the nose or ears, to eructate, to be absent in company, to be as unhandy as lord Lyttelton, to write bad grammar or spell message-cards ill, would as little become the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting as the first minister. For a woman of fashion to intrigue with her footman is as disgraceful and as dangerous as a lad's frequenting common women. Drams and champagne disorder both sexes. Gallantry in both is genteel; and an affair with Mr. F—— may be as creditable as one with madame de Blot. When a daughter comes home from the boarding-school, would not a tender mother be as much shocked at the young lady's bursting into the room without a curtsy, as lord Chesterfield declared he should be if Mr. Stanhope's *premier abord*, on his return from his travels, was not graceful? Would it not give the signora madre an equal fever?

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Let us run a parallel a little farther. Elocution and style his lordship pronounces the chief ingredients of eloquence. Every body's matter, he declares, is the same. If words, style and manner are all, and matter is nothing, who can deny but under the character of a complete orator his lordship has drawn the portrait of an empty, loquacious, but agreeable woman? No matter what she says, if she says it politely.

As his lordship unquestionably sat for the picture he has drawn of a fine gentleman, may not his lordship's example be adopted into the system with the highest propriety; and with equal propriety be recommended to fine ladies? Ought not a matron, on such a precedent, to write to miss her daughter all the scandal she hears or invents? May she not depend upon her daughter's discretion for its being spread? or to her daughter's husband for its being published while the parties are living? Parental fondness and prudence will justify the propagation of any cruelty; as to furnish one's child with any instance of successful futility, will justify advising that child to copy the capital triflers of every age. No century can be barren in marshal Richelieus of the female sex.

This then is the plan I mean to pursue. Without deviating from the sacred text, I shall paraphrase every letter for the use of young ladies, making none but the necessary alterations—dilating the author's sense when too compressed; but never presuming to abridge the abundant repetitions, as it is impossible to beat the graces into a young head too often. If the version I have presumed to give of the three first letters should meet with success, I shall continue with equal fidelity to adapt the rest to the meanest capacities; and though the present age seems as it were by intuition to have educated itself on his lordship's plan, I shall still have the satisfaction of transmitting to posterity a faithful delineation of the system of education necessary to form a complete *Macaroness*.

THE
NEW WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN,

In a SERIES of LETTERS from a MOTHER to a DAUGHTER

BEING

A COUNTER-PART

TO

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S "System of Education."

LETTER I.

THEY tell me, miss, that you are disposed to travel, and that your first airing will be to Hammerfmith. Wherefore I think it my duty to wish you a good journey and fine weather. You will be so kind, I flatter myself, as to inform me of your arrival; and if you meet with any good buns or cheefecakes, pray bring me some.

Hammerfmith is a smaller town than Brentford, but not so ugly or dirty. In its neighbourhood are other villages; as Ealing, Acton, Kew, and Turnham Green. The latter carries on a great commerce in pigeons. They are better eating than turtle-doves, which only last in season during the honeymoon.

PARODY OF LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. 359

As Kew is governed by a king, there is generally in the lanes about Brentford a nation called gipsies, governed by a queen. They tell your fortune, and pick your pocket. Their faces are extremely brown, but their teeth are finer than those of ladies who wear white.

You are going to have a great many holidays; so pray, play your bellyfull. When you come back, you must stick closer to your horn-book than ever.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR CHILD,

AS you will all in good time read Dryden's Virgil and Pope's Homer, it is good in the first place to have some tincture of poetry, and to know in general the fibs to which poets often make allusion. You have heard the Bellman's verses at Christmas, and you have already perused Jack the Giant-killer and Mother Goose's Tales. You have heard of fairies, hobgoblins, ghosts, gods and goddesses, and jack o'lanthorns, and I hope you remember them. These are old stories, yet modern poets have never done with them; in particular, they always call upon Apollo and the Muses, though they are sure of never finding them at home, nor of having any notice taken of their visit. It is for this reason I send you the history of Apollo and the nine Muses; for, if you use yourself to leave your name for those who never visit you again, you will certainly never neglect those who are well bred and punctilious in returning visits. It is a charming thing to make visits and verses, and I hope you will have a talent for both. It is harder to make verses than visits; but the more difficult a thing is, the better: consequently, if you could do any thing that is impossible, it would be still more glorious.

Adieu.

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LETTER III.

APOLLO was the son of Jupiter and Latona, a god and a woman, who, as the heathens thought, breed as easily together as animals of different species. Latona was delivered of him in the isle of Delos without the assistance of a midwife; for a god's children always come into the world when people don't think of it. He is the god of day; and thence, when verses have more tinsel than sense, it is called phebous or clinquant. He had a famous temple at Delphi, which delivered oracles. An oracle is an ambiguous account of something that is to happen, and consequently has not happened, and therefore impossible to be known. A prophecy is more certain, because it is generally made after the event.

The Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Memory; that is, he remembered he had daughters, but forgot by whom. They are the goddesses of poetry, history, music, and of all the arts and sciences: of poetry, because it has nothing to do with memory, but with invention; of history, because they are ancient maidens, who always invent scandal or remember it; of music, because poetry is akin to sound; and of arts and sciences, because ladies who were invented, must have invented them likewise; for the ancients, who were wiser than we, never gave a reason, that could be a reason, for any thing.

The Muses have three mountains, two fountains, and one horse, which compose a territory about as large as that of a German prince.

GENERAL

LET-

GENERAL CRITICISM

ON

DR. JOHNSON'S WRITINGS.

DR. Johnson's works have obtained so much reputation, and the execution of them, from partiality to his abilities, has been rated so far above their merit, that, without detracting from his capacity or his learning, it may be useful to caution young authors against admiration of his *style* and *manner*; both of which are uncommonly vicious, and unworthy of imitation by any man who aims at excellence in writing his own language.

A marked *manner*, when it runs through all the compositions of any master, is a defect in itself, and indicates a deviation from nature. The writer betrays his having been struck by some particular tint, and his having overlooked nature's variety. It is true that the greatest masters of composition are so far imperfect, as that they always leave some marks by which we may discover their *hand*. He approaches the nearest to universality, whose works make it difficult for our quickness or sagacity to observe certain characteristic touches which ascertain the specific author.

Dr. Johnson's works are as easily distinguished as those of the most affected writer; for exuberance is a fault as much as quaintness. There is meaning in almost every thing Johnson says; he is often profound, and a just reasoner—I mean, when prejudice, bigotry, and arrogance do not cloud or debase his logic. He is benevolent in the application of his morality; dogmatically uncharitable in the dispensation of his censures; and equally so, when he differs with his antagonist on general truths or partial doctrines.

The first criterion that stamps Johnson's works for his, is the loaded style. I will not call it verbose, because verbosity generally implies unmeaning verbiage; a censure he does not deserve. I have allowed and do allow, that most

of his words have an adequate, and frequently an illustrating purport, the true use of epithets; but then his words are indiscriminately select, and too forceful for ordinary occasions. They form a hardness of diction and a muscular toughness that resist all ease and graceful movement. Every sentence is as high-coloured as any: no paragraph improves; the position is as robust as the demonstration; and the weakest part of the sentence (I mean, in the effect, not in the solution) is generally the conclusion: he illustrates till he fatigues, and continues to prove, after he has convinced. This fault is so usual with him, he is so apt to charge with three different set of phrases of the same calibre, that, if I did not condemn his laboured coinage of new words, I would call his threefold inundation of synonymous expressions, *triptology*.

He prefers learned words to the simple and common. He is never simple, elegant or light. He destroys more enemies with the weight of his shield than with the point of his spear, and had rather make three mortal wounds in the same part than one. This monotony, the grievous effect of pedantry and self-conceit, prevents him from being eloquent. He excites no passions but indignation: his writings send the reader away more fatiated than pleased. If he attempts humour, he makes your reason smile, without making you gay; because the study that his learned mirth requires, destroys cheerfulness. It is the clumsy gambol of a lettered elephant. We wonder that so grave an animal should have strayed into the province of the ape; yet admire that practice should have given the bulky quadruped so much agility.

Upon the whole, Johnson's style appears to me so encumbered, so void of ear and harmony, that I know no modern writer whose works can be read aloud with so little satisfaction. I question whether one should not read a page of equal length in any modern author, in a minute's time less than one of Johnson's, all proper pauses and accents being duly attended to in both.

His works are the antipodes of taste, and he a schoolmaster of truth, but never its parent; for his doctrines have no novelty, and are never inculcated with indulgence either to the forward child or to the dull one. He has set nothing in a new light, yet is as diffuse as if we had every thing to learn. Modern writers have improved on the ancients only by conciseness. Dr. Johnson, like the chymists of Laputa, endeavours to carry back what has been digested, to its pristine and crude principles. He is a standing proof that the Muses leave works unfinished, if they are not embellished by the Graces.

STRANGE OCCURRENCES:

BEING

A CONTINUATION OF BAKER'S CHRONICLE.

Dec. 28, 1782.

THERE are few men, who, if they live long, might not contribute something to the history of mankind. I do not mean here collective wisdom, or such remarks as might tend to assist in the improvement of the mind or conduct. On the contrary, I allude to such events as are foreign to the common march of causes and consequences. I mean such accidents as will probably always remain singular, and are rather deviations from, and exceptions to, the ordinary course of things, than the result of design and foresight. They answer in the moral world to the *lusus naturæ* in the natural; and as the latter are deposited in collections as curiosities, so the former are entitled to a place in an historical museum on the same foot.

That solemn recorder of prodigies and of celestial phenomena, which did, or were believed by devout credulity to happen, sir Richard Baker, wound up the conclusion of every reign with a catalogue of the battles that had been fought in the air, and of heavenly meteors, which, though conspicuous to half the globe, had no reference but to what had passed or was passing in England.

The extraordinary events I am going to relate, in imitation of sir Richard, shall have no applicatory comment—not but perhaps they did announce, or register, many of the wonderful revolutions that have happened in my time: but I think it is more generous, by not appropriating them, to leave every soothsayer or old gentlewoman to apply them as shall seem good to their religion, prejudices, or politics, the most infallible expounders of judgments.

A a a 2

Without

Without farther preface, I shall mention some half-dozen or more of those eccentric events that have fallen out within my own memory and observation. They are rather memorabilia than anecdotes, and, when once recorded, will probably sink to their proper place, the list of remarkable occurrences at the end of an almanac.

1st. George the first could speak no English; his prime minister, sir Robert Walpole, neither German nor French; they always conversed in Latin. It implied some parts to govern a prince in a dead language which neither spoke well; and which was little flexible to modern usages, and to a very intricate constitution, of which his majesty could have little idea when he did not even understand its language. It must have increased the minister's difficulties, and kept his abilities on the full stretch, that the duchess of Kendal the mistress, and the Hanoverian ministers, were his constant enemies.

2d. The first duke of Chandos built the superb palace of Canons at such an enormous expence, and inhabited it with such profuse state, that he wasted the prodigious fortune he had raised; and the pile itself, built for ages, was pulled down the moment he died, and the materials and scite were bought by Hallet the cabinet-maker, who built a house for himself on the spot.

3d. The descendants of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell^{*} married in the fourth generation;

Charles III.

Lady Falconberg,

Lady Litchfield

Lady Ruffel,

Earl of Litchfield

Sir Thomas Frankland,

Earl of Litchfield = Diana Frankland.

4th. The

^{*} Though the extraordinary circumstance I am going to mention did not happen in my time, but three or four years before my birth, it is worthy of entering into this list, and is as little likely to be paralleled in a similar way as any event here recorded.

Richard Cromwell, second protector, it is

well known, was produced as a witness at the age of near ninety, in Westminster-hall, in a civil suit. It is said that the counsel of the opposite party reviled the good old man with his father's crimes, but was reproved by the judge, who ordered a chair to be brought for the venerable ancient; and that queen Anne, to her honour,

4th. The baron de Neuhoff, a German gentleman and adventurer, was elected king of Corsica, was driven out by the Genoese, became a prisoner for debt in England, and recovered his liberty by giving up his effects to his creditors according to the act of insolvency; and all the effects he had to give up were his right to the kingdom of Corsica, which was registered accordingly for the benefit of his creditors.

5th and 6th. Wilkes and the female chevalier D'Eon were phenomena too. Niccolò Rienzi, Massaniello and others attained greater elevation than the first; but their precipitate catastrophes were the natural consequences of their folly, ignorance and intoxication. That Wilkes, after equal rashness, without the semblance of disguising a most profligate character, and after provoking and insulting the whole Scottish nation, should not only have escaped their various attempts to destroy him, but should, after emerging from a prison, have risen, still without any pretence to gravity and decorum, to all the steps of magistracy like the most sober citizen, and then to the first dignity of the city, and afterwards to its most lucrative employment—such a termination of such an outset baffles all reasoning, and will for ever discriminate Wilkes from other meteors of his class.

D'Eon, by the confusion of sexes, and who is certainly an hermaphrodite of a new kind, as nothing but the gender in her is feminine, is still more remarkable; nor can her history be complete, without taking in another extraordinary character, her master Louis Quinze. While she was insulting, and betraying, and exposing his most confidential ministers, the king kept up a private correspondence with her, and apprised her of all their plots for seizing her, and consequently of recovering the secrets in her power, which were his own secrets; and his fear of her disclosing which, might have been supposed the cause of his management. Shall we say, that he had more pleasure in disappointing his ministers than letting them serve him?

honour, commended the judge for his conduct. From Westminster-hall, Richard had the curiosity to go into the house of lords; and standing at the bar, and it being buzzed that so singular a personage was there, lord Bathurst, then one of the twelve new created peers, went to the bar

and conversed with Mr. Cromwell. Happening to ask how long it was since Mr. Cromwell had been in that house—"Never, my lord," answered Richard, "since I sat in that chair"—pointing to the throne.

The

The impunity of Wilkes and D'Eon is a striking contrast to the ages in which poison and assassination revenged the slightest offences, and were called in aid to the furtherance of the most trifling politics.

7th. The duke of Ripperda was a Dutchman, became prime minister of Spain, took refuge in England, learnt English in hopes of becoming prime minister here, went to Morocco, turned Mahometan, and died there in high credit.

8th and 9th. William Pitt, lord Chatham, was a second son, and became prime minister of England. His rival and antagonist was Henry Fox lord Holland, a second son likewise. Lord Holland's second son Charles Fox, and lord Chatham's second son William Pitt, are now rivals and antagonists: Fox has as great or greater parts than his father, with much better elocution, and equal power of reasoning. Mr. Pitt has not the dazzling commanding eloquence of his father, but argues much better. Perhaps there is not on record an instance of two statesmen who were rivals, being succeeded in equal rivalry by their sons—certainly not with so many concurrent circumstances.

10th. The two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton were long hostile and rivals for power in Scotland. At last the same woman married the two heads of those families, the dukes of Hamilton and Argyll, and has given an heir to each.

11th. This is the remarkable pedigree of lord Danby, eldest son of the present marquis of Carmarthen, only son of the present duke of Leeds:

1st Duke of Leeds, Lord Treas.	John Duke of Marlborough	Lord Treas. Godolphin,
2d Duke of Leeds, Lord Treas. Oxford	Henrietta Dfs. of Marlborough	= Lord Godolphin,
3d Duke of Leeds=daughter		Marshal Schomberg,
		Duke of Schomberg,
		Lords Holderness and Fitzwalter,
4th Duke of Leeds=Mary		Earl of Holderness.
Marquis of Carmarthen=Emily		
Lord Danby		
Now marquis of Carmarthen.		

So that lord Danby will be the representative of lord treasurer Leeds, of lord treasurer Godolphin, of the great duke of Marlborough, of marshal Schomberg, and of the earls of Holderness, and descends from lord treasurer Oxford too:—an extraordinary assemblage of descents from so many great men in a period of fourscore years.

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DETACHED

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DETACHED THOUGHTS.

IT is said that Congreve had too much wit in his comedies. It is a pity that no comic author has had the same fault.

A Gothic cathedral strikes one like the enthusiasm of poetry; St. Paul's, like the good sense of prose.

I would never dispute about any thing but at law; for there one has as much chance as another of getting the better without reason.

A dead language is the only one that lives long: and it is unlike the dead; for, by being dead, it avoids corruption.

In former ages, men were afraid of nothing but cowardice. Even riches, which now make men fond of life, and consequently timid, then made men brave; for every body was forced to defend his own property, or the stronger would have invaded it.

Of all the virtues, gratitude has the shortest memory.

There are playthings for all ages: the plaything of old people is to talk of the playthings of their youth.

Man is an aurivorous animal.

History is a romance that is believed; romance, a history that is not believed.

Montaigne

Montaigne pleased, because he wrote what he thought—other authors think what they shall write.

This world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

Our passions and our understandings agree so ill, that they resemble a Frenchman of quality and his wife, who, though they live in the same house together, have separate apartments, separate beds, go different ways, are seldom together, but are very civil to each other before company: and then the passions, like the lady, affect to have great deference for their husband the understanding.

It is idle to attempt to *talk* a young woman in love out of her passion: love does not lie in the ear.

Whoever expects pity by complaining to his physician, is as foolish as they who, having lost their money at cards, complain of their ill-luck to their companions the winners. If none were ill, or unfortunate, how would physicians or gamesters get money?

Beauty after five-and-thirty is like a forfeited peerage, the title of which is given by the courtesy of the well-bred to those who have no legal claim to it.

Albano's boy-angels and cupids are all so alike, that they seem to have been the children of the Flemish countess who was said to be delivered of three hundred and sixty-five at a birth.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

Many new pieces please on first reading—if they have more novelty than merit. The second time they do not please, for surprise has no second part.

An author without originality is like a courtier who is always dressed in the fashion: nobody minds the colour or make of his coat: if it is ill made, it is criticised; if not, what can be said on it? hundreds are dressed as well. Booksellers and salesmen lay up the book or the coat, the moment the fashion of it is passed, till they can sell either into the country.

If a man's eyes, ears, or memory decay, he ought to conclude that his understanding decays also; for the weaker it grows the less likely he is to perceive it.

Envy deserves pity more than anger, for it hurts nobody so much as itself. It is a distemper rather than a vice; for nobody would feel envy if he could help it. Whoever envies another, secretly allows that person's superiority.

When flatterers compliment kings for virtues that are the very reverse of their characters, they remind me of the story of a little boy who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their persons. One day a gentleman who had an extraordinarily large nose being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to say any thing of the gentleman's large nose. When he arrived, the child stared at him, and then, turning to his mother, said, "Mamma, what a pretty little nose that gentleman has!"

Experience becomes prescience.

Nothing is more vain than for a woman to deny her age; for she cannot deceive the only person that cares about it, herself. If a man dislikes a woman because he thinks her of the age she is, he will only dislike her the more for being told she is younger than she seems to be, and consequently looks older than she ought to do. The anno Domini of her face will weigh more than that of her register.

Censorious old women betray three things: one, that they have been galant; the next, that they can be so no longer; and the third, that they are always wishing they could be.

No woman ever invented a new religion; yet no new religion would ever have been spread but for women. Cool heads invent systems, warm heads embrace them.

Posterity always degenerates till it becomes our ancestors.

It is unfortunate to have no master but our own errors. If we profit ever

so much under them, the unjust public always recollect the master, more than they take notice of the improvement of the scholar.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

Warburton, in his ridiculous edition of Pope's works, quotes a passage from Winwood's Memorial, in which archbishop Abbot mentions Grotius with great contempt, who, being sent to England by the States, fatigued even that pedant-king James with his pedantry and babbling dissertations on Arminianism and other foolish theological questions. He was warned that he would tire the scholastic monarch; but to no purpose. Warburton laughs at the bishop of Ely, *who wondered what a man he had there*, and seems astonished that they were not charmed with such profusion of misplaced literature. Oxenstiern was so unlucky as to think like the bishop of Ely: but Mr. Warburton thought it very sensible in an ambassador to shock a prince and minister with whom he was to treat, and of course with whom he ought to have ingratiated himself, by venting all he knew or imagined about grace, free-will, and predestination! Let us suppose that Warburton was archbishop of Canterbury, and commissioned to treat with the ambassador of the States on entering into a league for the restitution of the Palatinate: Grotius might then have written the following letter to his masters:

High and mighty lords,

After having delivered my credentials, and been admitted to a private audience of the king, in which I complimented his majesty on his profound knowledge of the question of the irremissibility of super-efficient grace working to the non-effectivity of original sin, I received his majesty's commands to treat with my lord's grace of Canterbury on the several points of my commission. Accordingly, by appointment, I waited on his grace at Whitehall: and having slightly touched upon the disposition of your high mightinesses to concur under-hand with his majesty of Great Britain for the restoration of his son-in-law, I laid aside matters merely temporal; and, with all the ability I was master of, I began to sift his grace, what might be his opinions with regard to the late proceedings of the synod against the followers of Arminius. I am confident I talked a good two hours and half on the single point of

retro-active grace, and endeavoured to convince his grace, that St. Austin never understood that a saving faith was necessary *in ordine ad*, but only *in ordine ab*; a point which the English Separatists have always confounded. His grace heard me with singular pleasure and good will; and in his answer and my replies we wasted four hours more, or somewhat better. His grace is a man of notable acuteness and irrefrangibility; and, 'bating certain light and wanton gallicisms in his expressions, is a very Chrysostom; and though he be reckoned a man of aspiring towardness, he truly loves good literature, and readily passeth himself of such discourses as only tend to the settling of kingdoms, or dispatching of the intricacies of state-affairs. I can assure your high mightinesses, that if no good end comes of my embassy, yet at least the notions of grace and predestination will have been more amply discussed than they could have been even in a general council; and by the grace of God I trust, in convenient time after my return, to present your high mightinesses with the subject of our discourses reduced into such a method, as I may boast will tend to instruct and edify; the promulgation of good literature and abstract divinity being the sole end of all my labours, and the greatest piece of service which I think I can do my country.

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

HUGO GROTIUS.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

— WITH A SHORT HISTORY OF THE

ART OF PRINTING IN GREAT BRITAIN
FROM THE FIRST BEGINNINGS TO THE PRESENT
TIME. BY JOHN BARTON, ESQ. OF
THE MIDDLE TEMPLE. IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON: Printed by J. BARNES, at the
Sign of the Sun in Pall-mall; and by
J. HODGKINS, at the Sign of the Crown
in St. Dunstons Church-yard. 1786.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

THEY are simply called verses, because their author pretends not to be a poet: and though rhymes that do not rise to the merit of poetry want their chief recommendation, and consequently are not worth being preserved; those given here are added only because many of them have appeared in print, and that the author cannot now deny what he has once avowed; but means as much to submit them to censure, as to receive any small degree of approbation to what may appear to deserve it. For any pieces that now appear for the first time, he judges them not himself; but gives them up to be condemned or tolerated as his readers shall think fit.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LET me simply called verses, because their author pretends not to be a poet. And though it may be that the merit of poetry is not their chief recommendation, and consequently are not worth being preferred; the given here are added only because many of them have appeared in print, and that the author cannot now deny that he has once avowed; but means as much to submit them to censure, as to receive any small degree of approbation to what may appear to deserve it. For any poet that now appears for the first time, he judges them not himself; but gives them up to be condemned or tolerated at his reader's shall.

HOR. WALPOLE.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LIONESS:

A FABLE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.



THE savage nation plung'd in crimes,
 (As write the doctors of the times,
 Who know exact what passions move
 The breast supreme of angry Jove),
 The Thund'rer dipp'd his lightnings keen
 In vials of small-pox and spleen,
 And flew their gracious tawny queen.
 The widow'd monarch much was griev'd,
 Yet compliments in form receiv'd;
 And to acquit at once his duty
 To regal state and his dead beauty,

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C c c

A solemn

A solemn pomp of fun'ral rites
 He orders, and his peers invites,
 By sound of trump and heralds grave,
 To meet at the cathedral-cave.

So, fond of pageantry and fights,
 As his historic grandson writes,
 Prussia's first monarch vented sorrow
 In sighs to-day, in shows to-morrow.

Each shaggy baron with his dame
 From distant wood and highland came;
 And much they gossip of the queen,
 Of tickets, places, bombazeen;
 And much they press and crowd, to show
 At once their dignity and woe.

Well—Of the foresters alone
 The stag was never heard to groan;
 And he had reason, some folks say;
 His wife and son had fall'n a prey
 To her imperial highness' claws.
 His wife and son!—Was that a cause
 To stagger his allegiance? Then
 Were royal appetite in vain;
 And kings and queens of lion-blood
 Might hunger for delicious food,
 While subjects, calling life their own,
 To grass and herbs would flint the throne.

A flatterer (good Delawar,
 Such one has heard in courts there are)
 Dropp'd somewhere near the monarch's ears,
 That few had seen the stag in tears;
 Nay, that a smile, ill-stifled, own'd
 He joy'd for what the public groan'd.

Boh! What, not sorrow for the queen!
 Was ever such a traitor seen?

Call all my guards, my grenadiers,
Call my own regiment of bears!
He dies this hour, and, piece-meal torn,
Shall teach rebellion how to mourn.

The stag, who heard the thunder roll,
And death pronounc'd by royal growl,
With artful tale for grace implor'd:
Great fir, he added, prince ador'd,
Vain is the mockery of woe,
Nor what to faints and queens we owe,
Who, far remov'd from earthly cares,
Or know not, or deride our tears.
'Twas thus to my enraptur'd fight,
Her mane and whiskers streaming light,
Like fainted Francis, late appear'd
Your gracious spouse, our queen rever'd:
Her flapping tail and purr sedate
Bespoke her soul's Elysian state;
When thus she said: My friend, beware,
Left what the king's connubial care
Of pomp intends, betray thy eye
To drop the tear, or breast to sigh;
While my ecstatic soul, refin'd
From grosser cares of mortal kind,
Nor meditates the Libyan chace,
Nor mourns to leave my orphan race;
But, where Elysian waters glide,
With Clarke and Newton by my side,
Purrs o'er the metaphysic page,
Or ponders the prophetic rage
Of Merlin, who mysterious sings
Of men and lions, beasts and kings.

The crowd with shouts the welkin rent;
The monarch lion growl'd content,
Stood on four tiptoes, grasp'd his sword,
Strutted, prepar'd to be ador'd,

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

And gave the stag to kifs, the paw
He fancied held the world in awe.

The moral of the fable faith,
Flatt'ry will please, where truth is death.



V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1750.

CELIA now had completed some fifty campaigns,
 And for new generations was hammering chains;
 When, whetting those terrible weapons her eyes,
 To Jenny her handmaid in anger she cries,
 Careless creature, did mortal e'er buy such a glass?
 To see one in this, who would guess what I was?
 Lord, madam, says Jane, you're so hard to be pleas'd!
 Ev'ry glass-man in town I am sure I have teas'd;
 I've rummag'd each shop from Pall-mall to Cheapside,
 Both miss Carpenter's^a man and miss Banks's^a I've tried.
 Don't tell me of those girls—All I know, to my cost,
 Is, the looking-glass-art must be certainly lost!
 One us'd to have glasses so smooth and so bright,
 They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,
 And fresh roses diffus'd o'er one's bloom: but, alas!
 In the mirrors made now, one scarce knows one's own face;
 They pucker one's cheeks up, and furrow one's brow,
 And one's skin looks as yellow as that of miss —.

^a Afterwards countess of Egremont.^a Afterwards married to the hon. Henry Grenville, brother to earl Temple.

THE PARISH REGISTER OF TWICKENHAM.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1758.

WHERE silver Thames round Twit'nam meads
 His winding current sweetly leads;
 Twit'nam, the Muses' fav'rite seat,
 Twit'nam, the Graces' lov'd retreat;
 There polish'd Essex¹ went to sport,
 The pride and victim of a court!
 There Bacon² tun'd the grateful lyre
 To soothe Eliza's haughty ire;
 —Ah! happy had no meaner strain
 Than friendship's dash'd his mighty vein!
 Twit'nam, where Hyde³, majestic sage,
 Retir'd from folly's frantic stage,
 While his vast soul was hung on tenters
 To mend the world, and vex dissenters:
 Twit'nam, where frolic Wharton⁴ revel'd,
 Where Montague⁵ with locks dishevel'd
 (Conflict of dirt and warmth divine)
 Invok'd—and scandaliz'd the Nine;
 Where Pope in moral music spoke
 To th' anguish'd soul of Bolingbroke,
 And whisper'd, how true genius errs,
 Preferring joys that pow'r confers;
 Bliss, never to great minds arising
 From ruling worlds, but from despising:
 Where Fielding⁶ met his bunter muse,
 And, as they quaff'd the fiery juice,

¹ Robert Devereux, earl of Essex.² Sir Francis Bacon.³ Lord Clarendon.⁴ The duke of Wharton.⁵ Lady Mary Wortley Montague.⁶ Henry Fielding, author of Tom Jones, &c. &c.

Droll Nature stamp'd each lucky hit
 With unimaginable wit:
 Where Suffolk¹ fought the peaceful scene,
 Resigning Richmond to the queen,
 And all the glory, all the teasing,
 Of pleasing one not worth the pleasing:
 Where Fanny², ever-blooming fair,
 Ejaculates the graceful pray'r,
 And, 'scap'd from sense, with nonsense smit,
 For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's³ wit:
 Amid this choir of founding names
 Of statesmen, bards, and beauteous dames,
 Shall the last trifler of the throng
 Enroll his own such names among?
 —Oh! no—Enough if I consign
 To lasting types their notes divine:
 Enough, if Strawberry's humble hill
 The title-page of fame shall fill.

POSTSCRIPT,

ADDED I 1784.

HERE Genius in a later hour
 Selected its sequester'd bow'r,
 And threw around the verdant room
 The blushing lilac's chill perfume.
 So loose is flung each bold festoon,
 Each bough so breathes the touch of noon;
 The happy pencil⁴ so deceives,
 That Flora, doubly jealous, cries,
 "The work's not mine—yet trust these eyes,
 "'Tis my own Zephyr waves the leaves."

¹ Henrietta Hobart, countess of Suffolk.² Lady Fanny Shirley.³ Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield.⁴ Of lady Diana Beauclerc.

Countess TEMPLE appointed POET LAUREATE to the KING of
the FAIRIES.

Written at the desire of Lady SUFFOLK, January 3, 1763.

BY these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces;
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith;
Declare—and thus your monarch faith:

Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals countess Temple's name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill;

* Anna Chamber, countess Temple, a collection of whose poems were printed at Strawberry-hill.

A chaplet of immortal bays
 Shall crown her brows, and guard her lays;
 Of nectar-sack, an acorn cup
 Be at her board each year fill'd up;
 And, as each quarter feast comes round,
 A silver-penny shall be found
 Within the compass of her shoe—
 And so we bid you all adieu.

Given at our palace of Cowslip-castle, the shortest night
 of the year.

OBERON.

PORTRAIT DE MADAME LA MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

1766.

WHERE do Wit and Memory dwell?
 Where is Fancy's favourite cell?
 Where does Judgment hold her court,
 And dictate laws to Mirth and Sport?
 Where does Reason—not the dame
 Who arrogates the sage's name,
 And, proud of self-conferr'd degree,
 Esteems herself Philosophy!
 But the Reason that I mean,
 Slave of Truth, and Passion's queen,
 Who doubts, not dictates, seeks the best,
 And to Presumption leaves the rest:
 With whom resides the winning Fair?
 With Rousseau?—No; nor with Voltaire;
 Nor where leaf-gold of eloquence,
 Adorning less than veiling sense,

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D d d

Dazzles

Dazzles the passions it can heat,
 And makes them party to the cheat.
 Where does Patience (tell who know)
 Bear irremediable woe;
 And, though of life's best joy bereft,
 Smile on the little portion left?

Lastly, tell where boundless flows
 The richest stream that Friendship knows?
 That neither laves the shores of Love,
 Nor bathes the feet of Pride above;
 But, rolling 'twixt disparted coasts,
 Impartial glides through rival hosts;
 And, like St. Charity, divides
 To Gaul and Albion equal tides?

Together all these virtues dwell:
 St. Joseph's convent¹ is their cell:
 Their sanctuary, Du Deffand's mind——
 Censure, be dumb! she's old² and blind.

¹ The convent at Paris, within whose precincts the marquise du Deffand had apartments.

² In the year 1766 she was 65 years old. She died at the age of 83.

To Lady ———, when about Five Years old, with a Present
of Shells. 1772.

O NYMPH, compar'd with whose young bloom
Hebe's herself an ancient fright;
May these gay shells find grace and room
Both in your baby-house and sight!
Shells! What are shells? you ask, admiring
With stare half pleasure half surprize;
And fly with nature's art, enquiring
In dear mamma's all-speaking eyes.
Shells, fairest Anne, are playthings, made
By a brave god call'd Father Ocean,
Whose frown from pole to pole's obey'd,
Commands the waves, and stills their motion.
From that old fire a daughter came,
As like mamma, as blue to blue;
And, like mamma, the sea-born dame
An urchin bore, not unlike you.
For him fond grand-papa compels
The floods to furnish such a state
Of corals and of cockleshells,
Would turn a little lady's pate.
The chit has tons of bawbles more;
His nurs'ry's stuff'd with doves and sparrows;
And litter'd is its azure floor
With painted quivers, bows, and arrows.
Spread, spread your frock; you must be friends;
His toys shall fill your lap and breast:
To-day the boy this sample sends,
—And some years hence he'll send the rest.

THE THREE VERNONS'.

HENRIETTA's serious charms
 Awe the breast her beauty warms.
 See, she blushes; Love presumes—
 See, she frowns; he drops his plumes.
 Dancing, lighter o'er the ocean
 Was not Cytherea's motion:
 Speaking, Art repines to see
 The triumph of Simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
 Humid with Hyblean gleanings;
 Eyes that glitter into wit;
 Wanton mirth with fancy smit;
 Arch naïveté, that wanders
 In each dimpling cheek's meanders,
 Shedding roses, shifting graces
 Through a face that's twenty faces;
 Sweet assemblage! all combine
 In pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
 Modest as the cloister'd fair;
 Patient till new springs disclose
 The bud of promis'd beauty's rose;
 Waving praise's perfum'd breath
 Ensures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three! whose future reign
 Shall sing some younger, sweeter swain;

! Daughters of Richard Vernon, esq. by lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of John Fitzpatrick first earl of Upper Ossory.

For me suffice, in Ampthill's¹ groves,
Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
I first announc'd in artless page
The glories of a rising age,
And promis'd, where my Anna² shone,
Three Offorys as bright as one.

E P I T A P H

ON TWO PIPING-BULLFINCHES OF LADY OSSORY'S, BURIED UNDER
A ROSE-BUSH IN HER GARDEN.

ALL flesh is grass, and so are feathers too:
Finches must die, as well as I and you.
Beneath a damask rose, in good old age,
Here lies the tenant of a noble cage.
For forty moons he charm'd his lady's ear,
And pip'd obedient oft as she drew near,
Though now stretch'd out upon a clay-cold bier.
But when the last shrill flageolet shall sound,
And raise all dickybirds from holy ground,
His little corpse again its wings shall plume,
And sing eternally the self-same tune,
From everlasting night to everlasting noon.

¹ Ampthill-park in Bedfordshire, the seat of (youngest brother of the duke of Bedford),
the earls of Offory. At this time, besides the each about five years old. H. W.
Vernons, were there, lady Anne Fitzpatrick, the ² Anne Liddel countess of Offory, wife of
earl's only child, and lord William Ruffel John the second earl.

ON THE OTHER BULLEFINCH, BURIED IN THE SAME PLACE.

BENEATH the same bush rests his brother—
What serves for one will serve for t'other.

In case this little jeu d'esprit should subject the author to misrepresentation, as touching with unbecoming levity upon serious subjects, an extract of a letter from Mr. Walpole to Mr. Mason, who it seems had thus misconceived his meaning, is here subjoined. It not only completely vindicates the innocent playfulness of his muse, but is a serious profession of serious opinions, which, it is presumed, all his readers will see with pleasure. E.

To Mr. MASON.

Nov. 1783.

——— You amaze me by even supposing that the epitaph I sent you could allude to the immortality of the soul. Believe me, I think it as serious a subject as you do; nor, I am sure, did you ever hear me drop a hint of doubting it. The three last lines, which reasonably offended you, if you so interpreted them, were intended to laugh at that absurd idea of the beatified sitting on golden thrones, and chanting eternal hallelujahs to golden harps. When men ascribe their own puerile conceptions to the Almighty Author of every thing, what do they,

but prove that their system is of human invention?—What can be more ridiculous, than to suppose that Omnipotent Goodness and Wisdom created and selected the most virtuous of its creatures to sing his praises to all eternity? It is an idea that I should think could never have entered but into the head of a king, who might delight to hear them chant birth-day odes for ever.

Pray be assured that I never trifle on so solemn and dear an interest as the immortality of the soul, though I do not subscribe to every childish or fantastic employment that silly people have chalked out for it. There is no word in any language expressive enough of the adoration and gratitude we owe to the Author of all Good. An eternity of praises and thanks is due to him—but thence are we to infer, that that is the sole tribute in which he will delight, and the sole occupation he destines for beings on whom he has bestowed thought and reason?

The epitaph did not deserve half a line to be said on it; but your criticism, indeed misconception of it, will excuse my saying so much in my own justification.——

A CARD TO LADY BLANDFORD.

WHERE silver Thame from Twitnam's emerald-meads
To Teddington his winding current leads;
Where at an obelisk three highways meet,
There stands an ancient ivy-mantled feat,
Yet still less ancient than its ancient lord
(If Raftor true and Catherine Clive record).
With storied windows is the mansion dight,
That half enrich and half exclude the light:
Shields, fabres, spears of Saxons, Goths and Gauls,
Trophies of better days, adorn the walls;
With many a portrait fav'd from time and flames,
Of sages, warriors, and their beauteous dames;
Fair dames, who govern'd those who govern'd all.
Within this castle's antiquated hall,
On Monday next, when Phœbus sinks beneath
The western boundary of Hounslow-heath,
Will meet five matrons of unspotted fame,
Of gentle blood, and lovers of the game
Of cribbage. First, of hapless Monmouth's race,
Jane, aunt and daughter of Buceleugh his grace;
Next, Margaret, Northampton's high-born daughter:
Three victims then to hymeneal slaughter,
By prose-men widows hight: of these, the first,
In Ireland wedded, though in England nurs'd,
To Strafford's noble blood asserts her claim,
And drew from royal Anne her christian name.
The fourth, twice clad in Hymen's saffron gown,
Whom men once Farmor call'd, and now call Browne.

The

The last, not least, but of the castle niece,
 And pleas'd her uncle and his guests to please,
 Would feel her joys in number six complete,
 If lady Blandford would these ladies meet¹.

Strawberry-hill,
 Aug. 15, 1778.

¹ This was written for the diversion of Maria Catherina de Jonghe, widow of the marquis of Blandford, only son of Henrietta duchess of Marlborough. The marchioness was then 84. The other ladies were, lady Jane Scott, lady Margaret Compton, lady Anne Conolly, eldest daughter of Thomas Wentworth earl of Strafford and widow of William Conolly, esq. Hester Edwards, widow of George Cholmondeley viscount Malpas, eldest son of George earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary daughter of sir Robert Walpole; and Frances Sheldon, first married to Mr. Farmor and afterwards to sir George Browne. Mrs. Clive and Mr. Raftor, comedians, lived in a house belonging to Mr. Walpole, near Strawberry-hill, and came thither the year after him, and were witnesses to his buildings in the Gothic style there. H. W.

THE ADVICE:

A SONG.

I.

THE business of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure;
 And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
 Oh! for love we're all ready, you cry—Very true;
 Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
 Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
 And dips in the amorous transport his dart,
 'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate,
 Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
 And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
 Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
 Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
 That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
 To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
 In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
 Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

SONG.

I.

WHAT a rout do you make for a single poor kiss!
 I seiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it:
 May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think 'twas amiss!
 But for me, I thank dear Cytherea, who sent it.

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E e e

II. You.

II.

You may pout, and look prettily cross; but I pray,
 What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
 If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
 Saints, resist if ye can; but for me, I'm too weak.

III.

But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end;
 Nor will I by force what you gave not, retain:
 By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend—
 If you say that I stole it, why take it again.

T O L O V E.

The Idea suggested by the second Sonnet of PETRARCH.

I.

O H! 'tis no triumph to subdue
 A heart so apt to yield as mine:
 And mighty conquerors like you
 Should higher feats, O Love! design.

II.

No nymph, if moderately fair,
 But sets my glowing breast on flame:
 An eye can fill me with despair;
 A neck—with what I dare not name.

III.

Then why before my ravish'd sight
 Present Clorinda's angel-form?
 Oh! steel my bosom for the fight,
 Or the cold maid with passion warm.

IV.

A vanquish'd wretch can fall no lower;
Defenceless foes no hero braves:
In arms Clorinda dares your power;
Subdue her—and make both your slaves.

TO LADY C—. 1778.

WITH eyes black as floss, and a beautiful nose,
And with lips that would make folly charming,
Shall Chloe be taught by the bright god of thought
To make all those arrows more harming?

Shall the Muses combine to aid her to shine

Against time half her beauties effaces?

No: we ne'er can be free, slaves for life we shall be

If the Muses succeed to the Graces.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

FROM no French model breathes the muse to-night ;
 The scene she draws is horrid, not polite.
 She dips her pen in terror. Will ye shrink?
 Shall foreign critics teach you how to think?
 Had Shakespeare's magic dignified the stage,
 If timid laws had school'd th' insipid age?
 Had Hamlet's spectre trod the midnight round?
 Or Banquo's issue been in vision crown'd?
 Free as your country, Britons, be your scene!
 Be Nature now, and now Invention, queen!
 Be Vice alone corrected and restrain'd.
 Can crimes be punish'd by a bard enchain'd?
 Shall the bold censor back be sent to school,
 And told, This is not nice; That is not rule?
 The French no crimes of magnitude admit;
 They seldom startle, just alarm the pit.
 At most, when dire necessity ordains
 That death should fluice some king's or lover's veins,
 A tedious confidant appears, to tell
 What dismal woes behind the scenes befell.

Chill'd with the drowsy tale, his audience fret,
While the starv'd piece concludes like a gazette.

The tragic Greeks with nobler licence wrote;
Nor veil'd the eye, but pluck'd away the mote.
Whatever passion prompted, was their game;
Not delicate, while chastisement their aim.
Electra now a parent's blood demands;
Now parricide distains the Theban's hands,
And love incestuous knots his nuptial bands.
Such is our scene; from real life it rose;
Tremendous picture of domestic woes.
If terror shake you, or soft pity move,
If dreadful pangs o'ertake unbridled love;
Excuse the bard, who from your feelings draws
All the reward he aims at, your applause.

EPILOGUE, to be spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

OUR bard, whose head is fill'd with Gothic fancies,
And teems with ghosts and giants and romances,
Intended to have kept your passions up,
And sent you crying out your eyes, to sup.
Would you believe it—though *mine* all the vogue,
He meant his nun should speak the epilogue.
His nun! so pious, pliant and demure—
Lord! you have had enough of her, I'm sure!
I storm'd—for, when my honour is at stake,
I make the pillars of the green-room shake.
Heroes half-drest, and goddeses half-lac'd,
Avoid my wrath, and from my thunders haste.
I vow'd by all the gods of Rome and Greece,
'Twas I would finish his too doleful piece.

I, flush'd

I, flush'd with comic roguery—said I,
 Will make 'em laugh, more than you make 'em cry.
 Bless me! said he—among the Greeks, dear Kat'rine,
 Of smutty epilogues I know no pattern.
 Smutty! said I—and then I stamp'd the stage
 With all a turkey-cock's majestic rage—
 When did you know in public—or in private,
 Doubles entendres my strict virtue drive at?
 Your muses, sir, are not more free from ill
 On mount Parnassus—or on Strawb'rry-hill.
 And though with her repentance you may hum one,
 I would not play your countess—to become one.
 So *very* guilty, and so *very* good,
 An angel, with such errant flesh and blood!
 Such sinning, praying, preaching—I'll be kist,
 If I don't think she was a methodist!

Saints are the produce of a vicious age:
 Crimes must abound, ere sectaries can rage.
 His mask no canting confessor assumes;
 With acted zeal no flaming bigot fumes;
 Till the rich harvest nods with swelling grain,
 And the sharp sickle can assure his gain.
 But soon shall hypocrites their slights deplore,
 Nor grim enthusiasts vex Britannia more.
 Virtue shall guard her daughters from their arts,
 Shine in their eyes, and blossom in their hearts.
 They need no lectures in fanatic tone:
 Their lesson lives before them—on the throne.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE, on her quitting the Stage,
April 24, 1769.

WITH glory satiate, from the bustling stage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age—
Imperial Charles (if Robertson says true).
Retiring, bid the jarring world adieu!

Thus I, long honour'd with your partial praise,
A debt my swelling heart with tears repays,
—Scarce can I speak—forgive the grateful pause—
Resign the noblest triumph, your applause.
Content with humble means, yet proud to own
I owe my pittance to your smiles alone;
To private shades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation brave, and sensible, and free—
Poor Charles! how little, when compar'd to me!
His mad ambition had disturb'd the globe,
And sanguine, which he quitted, was the robe.

Too blest, could he have dar'd to tell mankind,
When Pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
That, conscious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made them laugh.

Ill was that mind with sweet retirement pleas'd:
The very cloister that he sought, he teas'd;

And:

And sick at once both of himself and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome ease.

Here ends the parallel—My generous friends,
My exit no such tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic seize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and please you.

INSCRIPTION under a VASE erected in the Garden of
the Villa of Mrs. CATHERINE CLIVE, near Twickenham.

YE Smiles and Jests, still hover round!
This is Mirth's consecrated ground,
Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive her name.
The Comic Muse with her retir'd,
And shed a tear when she expir'd.

EPILOGUE to BRAGANZA, written in February 1775.

IS it permitted, in this age severe,
For female softness to demand a tear?
Is it allowed, in such censorious days,
For female virtue to solicit praise?
Dares manly sense, beneath a tender form,
Presume to dictate, and aspire to wars?

And

May

May so unnatural a being venture
As a true heroine on the stage to enter?
No, says a wit¹, made up of French grimaces,
Yet self-ordain'd the high-priest of the Graces:
Women are playthings for our idle hours,
Their souls unfinish'd, and confin'd their pow'rs;
Loquacious, vain, by slight attentions won,
By flattery gain'd, and by untruths undone.
Or should some grave great plan engage their minds,
The first caprice can give it to the winds;
And the chief stateswoman of all the sex
Grows nervous, if a fop or pimple vex.

Injurious flanders!—In Louisa's air
Behold th' exemplar of a perfect fair;
Just, though aspiring; merciful, though brave;
Sincere, though politic; though fond, no slave;
In danger calm, and smiling in success,
But as securing ampler means to blefs.

Nor think, as Zeuxis, for a faultless piece,
Cull'd various charms from various nymphs of Greece,
Our bard has centred in one beauteous whole
The rays that gleam through many a separate soul.
On Britain's and Ierne's shores he saw
The models of the fair he dar'd to draw:
True virtue in these isles has fix'd her throne,
And many a bright Louisa is our own.

¹ Lord Chesterfield.

EPILOGUE to The TIMES, a Comedy, by Mrs. GRIFFITH,
October 1779.

A WIFE so very bad—and yet so chaste!
So easily reform'd—though drunk with taste!
Her spouse so fashionable—yet so tender
That he had rather starve himself, than mend her!
An old rich knight, as upright as a steeple,
Yet melting for the woes of younger people!
—Strange times, good folks!—and whence our author drew,
I'll take my oath I know no more—than you.

It could not be from this dear town, where vice
If with one virtue stain'd will bear no price.
Loose as the buxom air, the youth from College
Comes fraught with all Newmarket's solid knowledge;
Pants to have lost th' estate—not yet his own—
And, ere his beard is grown, be quite undone.
Then when to foreign climes he spreads the sail,
'Tis not t' enlarge his mind, but 'scape a jail.

Our sex—but shall I load the weaker kind?
Or can she fail to stray, whose guide is blind?
Let men reform themselves; let holy truth
And orient honour stamp each glowing youth:
Let sage œconomy restrain his waste,
Discretion rule his pleasures, sense his taste:
Let him the gamester like the coward shun,
Nor hug a Jew, though to avoid a dun:
Be he to England's cause and freedom's true,
Nor, fashion-led, with like indifference view
The venal many, and the virtuous few.

Then will soft woman, easy mould, receive
Each just impression he shall deign to give;

Will

Will aim by correspondent arts to gain
The virtuous heart in which she fighs to reign;
And, taught by no domestic faults to roam,
Shall find, and fix, enjoyment all at home.

EPIGRAMS.

On the new Archbishop of CANTERBURY. March 1758.

THE bench hath oft 'posed us, and fet us a-scoffing,
By signing Will. London, John Sarum, John Roffen.;
But *this* head of the church no expounder will want,
For his grace signs his own proper name, Thomas *Cant*.

Left on the Duchefs of QUEENSBERRY'S Toilet, the Author
finding her from Home.

TO many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Retains it for an age.

On the TRANSLATION of ANACREON.

ON gay Anacreon's joy-inspiring line
 Pour'd all his juice the glowing god of wine.
 But in the poet's bowl his tame translator
 Has mix'd such suffocating draughts of water,
 That yawn to yawn and nod to nod succeeds,
 And Drunkenness grows sober as she reads.

WHEN Theseus from the fair he ruin'd fled,
 The nymph accepted Bacchus in his stead.
 The allegory, to my humble thinking,
 Means, that deserted ladies take to drinking.

R I D D L E S.

T O - D A Y.

BEFORE my birth I had a name;
 But soon as born I chang'd the same;
 And when I'm laid within the tomb,
 I shall my father's name assume.
 I change my name three days together,
 Yet live but one in any weather.

Q

A LOOKING-

A LOOKING-GLASS.

I COUNTERFEIT all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies give shadows, shadows give me one.
Lov'd for another's sake, that person yet
Is my chief enemy whene'er we meet;
Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth;
And, like a monarch, hates my speaking truth.

A SUN-DIAL.

THOUGH made by art, 'tis nature gives me voice.
I answer all, yet never speak by choice.
One only language I can talk, yet should
In every country be understood.
Unless peculiarly inspir'd—I'm dumb,
Yet know not what is past, or what's to come.
What I said yesterday, to-day is new,
And will be so to-morrow, yet be true.

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to Miss MARY and Miss

AGNES —. 1788.

TO Mary's lips has ancient Rome
Her purest language taught;
And from the modern city home
Agnes its pencil brought.

Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace sings nor paints—
He only can—admire.

Still would his press their fame record,
So amiable the pair is!
But, ah! how vain to think *his* word
Can add a straw to B——!

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to his Royal Highness
WILLIAM DUKE of CLARENCE. 1790.

SIR,

WHEN you condescend to grace
An ancient printer's dwelling,
He such a moment must embrace
Your virtues to be spelling.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

407

Your naval talents, spirit, zeal
 Shall other types record:
 He but one sentiment can feel,
 —And Gratitude's the word.

Condemn not, sir, the truths he speaks,
 Though homely his address:
 A prince of Brunswic never checks
 The freedom of the press.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS. 1792.

A N estate and an earldom at seventy-four !
 Had I fought them or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear more,
 That of making a countess when almost four-score.
 But Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
 Though unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason;
 And whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try
 In the plain simple style I have liv'd in, to die;
 For ambition too humble, for meanness too high.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

Your naval telegraph, I think, read
Shall other types record?
He but one fragment of the
And Gaudin's the words of the
Gaudin's not in the poem, he speaks
Through many a hissing
A piece of business, not a poem
The freedom of the poem.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS

A. M. estate and an earthenware of twenty-four
I thought them as well as them, I would add one more
I am making a contract when almost four years
But I thought, who knows her gift out of season
Though nothing to my mind, has still left me my reason
And whether the lower or higher, I'll try
In the plain simple style I have lived in, to die
For nothing, no trouble, for meanness too high.

WHEN I WAS A BOY

When I was a boy, I was a boy
When I was a boy, I was a boy
When I was a boy, I was a boy
When I was a boy, I was a boy

L E T T E R S

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR 1735 TO THE YEAR 1742:

WITH

SOME LETTERS IN ANSWER

FROM MR. WEST.

Vol. IV.

G g g

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALTON

TO

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR 1793 TO THE YEAR 1811

SOME LETTERS IN ANSWER

FROM MR. WEST.

Vol. 17

Vol. 17

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

AND

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

From the Year 1735 to the Year 1742.

L E T T E R I.

DEAR WEST¹,

YOU expect a long letter from me, and have said in verse all that I intended to have said in far inferior prose. I intended filling three or four sides with exclamations against an university life, but you have showed me how strongly they may be expressed in three or four lines. I can't build without straw; nor have I the ingenuity of the spider to spin fine lines out of dirt: a master of a college would make but a miserable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge sophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-run with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a punctum, *cujus nulla est pars*:

Their time a moment, and a point their space.

¹ Richard West was the only son of the right honourable Richard West, lord chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Burnet bishop of Salisbury.

When this correspondence commences, Mr. West was nineteen years old, and Mr. Walpole one year younger. E.

412 LETTERS BETWEEN THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
 Describent radio, et surgentia fidera dicent :
 Tu coluisse novem musas, Romane, memento ;
 Hæ tibi erunt artes.—

We have not the least poetry stirring here ; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram. Tydeus¹ rose and set at Eton : he is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmales and Almanzor are just the same ; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato improves every day : so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time—though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance² : that was a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A short account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

My dear West,

Your faithful friend,

King's College,

Nov. 9, 1735.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

POETRY, I take it, is as universally contagious as the small-pox ; every one catches it once in their life at least, and the sooner the better ; for methinks an old rhymester makes as ridiculous a figure as Socrates dancing at fourscore. But I can never agree with you that most of us succeed alike ; at least I'm sure few do like you : I mean not to flatter, for I despise it heartily ; and I think I know you to be as much above flattery, as the use of it is beneath every honest, every sincere man. Flattery to men of power is analogous with hypocrisy to God, and both are alike mean and contemptible ; nor is the one more an instance of respect, than the other is a proof of de-

¹ Tydeus, Orosmales, Almanzor and Plato, were names which had been given by them to some of their Eton school-fellows. E.

² Thus as boys they had called the intimacy formed at Eton between Walpole, Gray, West, and Asheton. E.

votion.

votion. I perceive I am growing serious, and that is the first step to dulness: but I believe you won't think that in the least extraordinary, to find me dull in a letter, since you have known me so often dull out of a letter.

As for poetry, I own, my sentiments of it are very different from the vulgar taste. There is hardly any where to be found (says Shaftesbury) a more insipid race of mortals, than those whom the moderns are contented to call poets—but methinks the true legitimate poet is as rare to be found as Tully's orator, *qualis adhuc nemo fortasse fuerit*. Truly, I am extremely to blame to talk to you at this rate of what you know much better than myself: but your letter gave me the hint, and I hope you will excuse my impertinence in pursuing it. It is a difficult matter to account why, but certain it is that all people, from the duke's coronet to the thresher's flail, are desirous to be poets: Penelope herself had not more suitors, though every man is not Ulysses enough to bend the bow. The poetical world, like the terraqueous, has its several degrees of heat from the line to the pole—only differing in this, that whereas the temperate zone is most esteemed in the terraqueous, in the poetical it is the most despised. Parnassus is divisible in the same manner as the mountain Chimæra.

—————mediis in partibus hircum,
Pectus & ora leæ, caudam serpentis habebat.

The medium between the rampant lion and the creeping serpent is the filthy goat—the justest picture of a middling poet, who is generally very bawdy and lascivious, and, like the goat, is mighty ambitious of climbing up the mountains, where he does nothing but browse upon weeds. Such creatures as these are beneath our notice. But whenever some wondrous sublime genius arises, such as Homer or Milton, then it is that different ages and countries all join in an universal admiration. Poetry (I think I have read somewhere or other) is an imitation of Nature: the poet considers all her works in a superior light to other mortals; he discerns every secret trait of the great mother, and paints it in its due beauty and proportion. The moral and the physical world all open fairer to his enthusiastic imagination: like some clear-flowing stream, he reflects the beauteous prospect all around, and, like the prism-glass, he separates and disposes nature's colours in their justest and most delightful appearances. This sure is not the talent of every dauber: art, genius, learning, taste, must all conspire to answer the full idea I have of a poet; a character

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character which seldom agrees with any of our modern miscellany-mongers—
But

Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem insania mutat?

I am got into enchanted ground, and can hardly get out again time enough to finish my letter in a decent and laudable manner. Dear sir, excuse and pardon all this rambling criticism—I writ it out of pure idleness; and I can assure you, I wish you idle enough to read it through.

I am, my dear Walpole,

Yours most sincerely,

R. WEST.

I wish you a happy new year.

Christchurch,

Jan. 12, 1736-7.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR WALPOLE,

IT seems so long to me since I heard from Cambridge, that I have been reflecting with myself what I could have done to lose any of my friends there. The uncertainty of my silly health might have made me the duller companion, as you know very well; for which reason Fate took care to remove me out of your way: but my letters, I am sure, at least carry sincerity enough in them to recommend me to any one that has a curiosity to know something concerning me and my amusements. As for Asheton, he has thought fit to forget me entirely; and for Gray, if you correspond with him as little as I do (wherever he be, for I know not), your correspondence is not very great.—Full in the midst of these reflections came your agreeable letter. I read it, and wished myself among you. You can promise me no diversion, but the novelty of the place, you say, and a renewal of intimacies. Novelty, you must know, I am sick of; I am surrounded with it, I see nothing else. I could tell you strange things, my dear Walpole, of anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. I have seen Learning drest in

old frippery, such as was in fashion in Duns Scotus' days: I have seen Taste in changeable, feeding like the chameleon on air: I have seen Stupidity in the habit of Sense, like a footman in the master's clothes: I have seen the phantom mentioned in The Dunciad, with a brain of feathers and a heart of lead: it walks here, and is called Wit. Your other inducement you suggested had all its influence with me; and I had before indulged the thought of visiting you all at Cambridge this next spring—But Fata obstant—I am unwillingly obliged to follow much less agreeable engagements. In the mean time I shall pester you with quires of correspondence, such as it is: but remember, you were two letters in my debt—though indeed your last letter may fully cancel the obligation. You may recollect my last was a sort of a criticism upon poetry; and this will present you with a sort of poetry¹ which nobody ever dreamt of but myself.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

R. WEST.

Christchurch,
February 27, 1736-7.

LETTER IV.

DEAR WEST,

Aug. 1736.

GRAY is at Burnham, and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton. Could you live so near it without seeing it? That dear scene of our quadruple alliance would furnish me with the most agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is since sprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge. You seem to be the eldest son, by having got a whole inheritance to yourself; while the manor of Granta is to be divided between your three younger brothers, Thomas of Lancashire², Thomas of London³, and Horace. We don't wish you dead to enjoy your seat,

¹ This poetry does not appear.

² Thomas Asheton. He was afterwards fellow of Eton-college, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate-street, and preacher to the Society of

Lincoln's-inn. It is to him Mr. Walpole addressed a poetical epistle from Florence, first published in Doddsley's collection of poems. E.

³ Thomas Gray, the poet.

but

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but your seat dead to enjoy you. I hope you are a mere elder brother, and live upon what your father left you, and in the way you were brought up in, poetry: but we are supposed to betake ourselves to some trade, as logic, philosophy, or mathematics. If I should prove a mere younger brother, and not turn to any profession, would you receive me, and supply me out of your stock, where you have such plenty? I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of alma mater. Sober cloth of syllogism colour suits me ill; or, what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no colour at all. If the Muses coelique vias & sidera monstrant, and quâ vi maria alta tumescant; why accipiant: but 'tis thrashing, to study philosophy in the abstruse authors. I am not against cultivating these studies, as they are certainly useful; but then They quite neglect all polite literature, all knowledge of this world. Indeed such people have not much occasion for this latter; for they shut themselves up from it, and study till they know less than any one. Great mathematicians have been of great use: but the generality of them are quite unconvertible; they frequent the stars, sub pedibusque vident nubes, but they can't see through them. I tell you what I see: that by living amongst them, I write of nothing else; my letters are all parallelograms, two sides equal to two sides; and every paragraph an axiom, that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost knows. By the way, your letters come under this description; for they contain nothing but what almost every mortal knows too, that knows you—that is, they are extremely agreeable, which they know you are capable of making them:—no one is better acquainted with it than

Your sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

King's College,
August 17, 1736.

LETTER V.

MY DEAREST WALPOLE,

Aug. 1736.

YESTERDAY I received your lively—agreeable—gilt—epistolary—parallelogram, and to-day I am preparing to send you in return as exact a one as my little *compass* can afford you. And so far, sir, I am sure we and our letters bear

some resemblance to parallel lines, that, like them, one of our chief properties is, seldom or never to meet. Indeed, lately my good fortune made some *inclination* from your university to mine; but whether I can reciprocate or no, I leave you to judge, from hence—

I sent Asheton word that I should more than probably make an expedition to Cambridge this August; but Prinsep, who was to have been my fellow-traveller, and would have gone with me to Cambridge, though not to King's, is unhappily disappointed; and therefore my measures are broke, and I am very much in the spleen—else by this time I had flown to you with all the wings of impatience,

Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

But now, alas! as Horace said on purpose for me to apply it,

Sextilem totum mendax desideror—

This melancholy reflection would certainly infect all the rest of my letter, if I were not revived by the sal volatile of your most entertaining letter. I am afraid the younger brother will make much the better gentleman, and so far verify the proverb: and indeed all my brothers are so very forward, that, like the first and heaviest element, I shall have nothing but mere dirt for my share:—and really such is the case of most of your landed elder brothers, while the younger run away with the more fine and delicate elements. As for my patrimony of poetry, my dearest Horace, ut semper eris derisor! what little I have I borrowed from my friends, and, like the poor ambitious jay in the trite fable, I live merely on the charity of my abounding acquaintance. Many a feather in my stock was stolen from your treasures; but at present I find all my poetical plumes moulting apace, and in a small time I shall be nothing further than, what nobody can be more, or more sincerely,

Your humble servant and obliged friend,

R. WEST.

Gray at Burnham, and not see Eton? I am Asheton's ever, and intend him an answer soon. I beg pardon for what's over leaf; but as I am moulting my poetry, it is very natural to send it you, from whom and my other friends it originally came. I translated, and now I have ventured to imitate the divine lyric poet.

VOL. IV.

H h h

ODE.

ODE. TO MARY MAGDALENE.

SAINT of this learned awful grove,
While flow along thy walks I rove,
The pleasing scene, which all that see
Admire, is lost to me.

The thought, which still my breast invades,
Nigh yonder springs, nigh yonder shades,
Still, as I pass, the memory brings
Of sweeter shades and springs.

Lost and inwrought in thought profound,
Absent I tread Etonian ground;
Then starting from the dear mistake,
As disenchanting, wake.

What though from sorrow free, at best
I'm thus but negatively blest:
Yet still, I find, true joy I miss;
True joy's a social bliss.

Oh! how I long again with those,
Whom first my boyish heart had chose,
Together through the friendly shade
To stray, as once I stray'd!

Their presence would the scene endear,
Like paradise would all appear,
More sweet around the flowers would blow,
More soft the waters flow.

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER VI.

DEAR WEST,

YOU figure us in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find¹: cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas indeed are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating maigre: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which in some parts beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights, and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Moliere's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the Avare to-night: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the place de Louis le grand (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden-square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the duke de Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish-church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Celestins, where is his family vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as we went to see the church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any except St. Denis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Celestins' church is a votive column to Francis II. which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalized, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart for his wife. After this long digression I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

—friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This goodly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this

¹ Mr. Walpole left Cambridge towards the end of the year 1738, and in March 1739 began his travels, by going to Paris, accompanied by Mr. Gray. E.

morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with fallads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at Venus's toilette, and some at the fucking cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it¹. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the duke de Gesvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Thuilleries; but we have seen almost every thing else that is worth seeing in Paris, though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarine at the Sorbonne and the College de quatre nations are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play, and speak the language readily. There are many English here: lord Holderness, Conway and Clinton, and

¹ It is to be lamented that this disgraceful circumstance is no longer peculiar to France.

lord

lord George Bentinck; Mr. Brand, Offley, Frederic, Frampton, Bonfoy, &c. Sir John Cotton's son and a Mr. Vernon of Cambridge passed through Paris last week. We shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway for two or three months. When you have nothing else to do, we shall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unless it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Paris,
April 21, N. S. 1739.

To-morrow we go to the Cid. They have no farces, but petites pieces like our Devil to Pay.

LETTER VII.

DEAR WEST,

From Paris, 1739.

I SHOULD think myself to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter you seem to want amusement, that is, you want spirits: I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exercise is more suitable to your complaint. If you would promise me to read them in the Temple garden, I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to dispatch to Dick's the first opportunity. —Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Versailles le grand! —But no: it fell so short of my idea of it, mine, that I have resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They say I am to like it better next Sunday; when the sun is to shine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghost are to be installed! Ever since Wednesday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but dispute about it. They say, we did not see it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, saw the garden en passant, and slubbered over Trianon. I say, we saw nothing. However, we had time to see that the great front is a lumber of littlenesses, composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all small, except the great gallery,

gallery, which is noble, but totally wainscoted with looking-glasses. The garden is littered with statues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary god of fire solaces himself in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who disport themselves much in squirting up cascadelins. In short, 'tis a garden for a great child. Such was Louis quatorze, who is here seen in his proper colours, where he commanded in person, unassisted by his armies and generals, and left to the pursuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We saw last week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than any thing I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniencies, or rather (if there was such a word) all the *adaptments* are assembled here, that melancholy, meditation, selfish devotion, and despair would require. But yet 'tis pleasing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming solitude. It stands on a large space of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through some dark passages, you pass into a large obscure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for some hellish council. The large cloister surrounds their burying-ground. The cloisters are very narrow, and very long, and let into the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himself Dom Victor. We have promised to visit him often. Their habit is all white: but besides this, he was infinitely clean in his person; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any assistance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has several canary-birds disposed in a pretty manner in breeding-cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers and fruit-trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to strangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to see was the small cloister, with the history of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur. It consists of twenty-two pictures, the figures a good deal less than life. But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome¹, but these pictures excel all I have

¹ Lord Orford always continued to think that in these pictures Le Sœur had rivalled, if not excelled, Raphael. E.

seen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead man who spoke at his burial, contains all the strongest and horriest ideas, of ghastliness, hypocrisy discovered, and the height of damnation; pain and cursing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the same time, said to me of this picture: *C'est une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois*. Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expressed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been speaking of are ill preserved, and some of the finest heads defaced, which was done at first by a rival of *Le Sœur's*.—Adieu! dear West, take care of your health; and some time or other we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them.

Yours ever.

L E T T E R VIII.

DEAR WEST,

Rheims¹, June 18, 1739, N. S.

HOW I am to fill up this letter is not easy to divine. I have consented that Gray shall give you an account of our situation and proceedings; and have left myself at the mercy of my own invention—a most terrible resource, and which I shall avoid applying to, if I can possibly help it. I had prepared the ingredients for a description of a ball, and was just ready to serve it up to you, but he has plucked it from me. However, I was resolved to give you an account of a particular song and dance in it, and was determined to write the words and sing the tune just as I folded up my letter: but as it would, ten to one, be opened before it gets to you, I am forced to lay aside this thought, though an admirable one. Well, but now I have put it into your head, I suppose you won't rest without it. For that individual one, believe me, 'tis nothing without the tune and the dance; but to stay your stomach, I will send you one of their vaudevilles or ballads², which they sing at the comedy after their petites pieces.

¹ Mr. Walpole was now removed to Rheims, principally to acquire the French language. E. where, with his cousin Henry Seymour Conway and Mr. Gray, he resided three months,

² This ballad does not appear.

You

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You must not wonder if all my letters resemble dictionaries, with French on one side, and English on t'other; I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning till night. This has put my mouth a little out of tune at present; but I am trying to recover the use of it, by reading the news-papers aloud at breakfast, and by chewing the title-pages of all my English books. Besides this, I have paraphrased half the first act of your new *Gustavus*, which was sent us to Paris: a most dainty performance, and just what you say of it. Good night, I am sure you must be tired: if you are not, I am.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

DEAR WALPOLE,

Temple, June 21, 1739.

YOUR last letter puts me in mind of some good people, who, though they give you the best dinner in the world, are never satisfied with themselves, but—wish they had known sooner—quite ashamed—a little unprepared—hope you'll excuse, and so forth: for you tell me, you only send me this to stay my stomach against you are better furnished, and at the same time you treat me, *ut nunquam in vitâ melius*. Nor is it now alone I have room to say so, but 'tis always: and I know I had rather gather the crumbs that fall from under your table, than be a prime guest with most other people. Sincerely, sir, nobody in Great Britain, nor, I believe, in France, keeps a more elegant table than yourself: mistake me not, I mean a metaphorical one, for else I should lie confoundedly; for you know you did not use to keep a very extraordinary one, at least when I had the honour to dine with you:—boiled chickens and roast legs of mutton were your highest effort. But, with the metaphor, the case is quite altered: 'tis no longer *chapon toujours bouilli*: 'tis *varium & mutabile semper* enough, I am sure: 'tis *Italo perfusus aceto*: 'tis *tota merum sal*: you see too, it has a particularity, which perhaps you did not know before, that it is of all genders, and is masculine, feminine, or neuter, which you please. Your feasts are like Plato's: one feeds upon them for two or three days together, & *è convivio sapientiores resurgimus quàm accubuimus*. So it is with me;

me; and I never receive any of your tables, or *tabulæ*, for you know 'tis the same thing, but I exclaim to myself,

Dî magni! salicippium disertum!

If you don't understand this line, you must consult with doctor Bentley's nephew, who thinks nobody can understand it without him; when after all it does not signify a brass farthing whether you understand it or no. But, sir, this is not all: you not only treat me with a whole bushel of attic salt, and a gallon of Italian vinegar, but you give me some English-French music—a vaudeville in both languages!

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ—

But now I talk of music at a feast; I'll tell you of a feast and music too. About a fortnight ago, walking through Leicester-fields, I ran full-butt against somebody. Upon examination, who should it be but Mr. A——? I mean the nephew of the lord of ———. So we saluted very amicably, and I engaged to sup with him Thursday next. To his lodgings I went on Thursday, and there I found Plato, Puffendorf, and Prato (can't you guess who they be?) A very good supper we had, and Plato gave your health. I believe he is in love. Did you ever hear of Nanny Blundel? But I forget our music. We had, sir, for an hour or two, an Ethiopian, belonging to the duchess of Athol, who played to us upon the French-horn. A—— made me laugh about him very much. I said, I suppose you give this Ethiopian something to drink? Upon which he ordered him half a crown. I said, So *much*? Oh! he's only a Black, answered he. Puffendorf (who you know says good things sometimes) said, not amiss, Oh, sir, if he had been a White, he'd have given him a crown. I don't pretend to compare our supper with your *partie de cabaret* at Rheims; but at least, sir, our materials were more sterling than yours. You had a *gouté* forsooth, composed of *des fraises, de la crème, du vin, des gateaux, &c.* We, sir, we supped à l'Angloise. *Imprimis*, we had buttock of beef, and Yorkshire ham; we had chickens too, and a gallon bowl of fallad, and a gooseberry pye as big as any thing. Now, sir, notwithstanding (Do you know what this notwithstanding relates to? I'll mark the cue for you—'tis —notwithstanding, I say, I am neither *solers citharæ, neque musæ deditus ulli,*

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as you are ; yet, as I am very vain, and apt to have a high opinion of my own poetry, I have a mind to treat you as elegantly as you have treated me—as you remember a certain doctor at King's college did the duke of Devonshire—and so have prepared you a little sort of musical accompagnamento for your entertainment. 'Tis true, I said to myself very often——

An quodcunque facit Mæcenæ, Te quoque verum est,
Tanto diffimilem, & tanto certare minorem?

Then I reflected——

Ut gratas inter menfas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt ; poterat duci quia cœna sine illis ;
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulum summo discessit, vergit ad imum.

Yet in spite of these two long quotations (which I made no other use of than what you see) I still determined to scrape a little, and accordingly have sent you, in lieu of your vaudeville, a miserable elegy^{*}.

I dare say, you wish you could shake the pen out of my hand. But I don't know how it is ; I am at present in a vein to make up for the dryness of most of my former letters, since you have been abroad ; and I can't tell but I may fill up this sheet, if not another, with more such trumpery. I forget all this while to thank for the packet, which I have received, and which was more welcome to me than an Amiens-pye ; for I can't help running on upon the metaphor I set out with ; and you know I always was a *heluo librorum*. The first thing I pitched upon was Crebillon's love-letters, allured by the gar- nishing, I fancy ; that is, the red leaves and the blue silk kalendar. 'Tis an ingenious account of the progress of love in a very virtuous lady's heart, and how a fine gentleman may first gain her approbation, then her esteem, then her heart, and then her——you know what. But don't you think it ends a little too tragically ? For my part, I protest, I was very sorry the last letter made me cry. But the passions are charmingly described all through, and the

^{*} This elegy does not appear.

language is fine. After this I would have read the *Amusement Philosophique*; but Asheton has run away with it—

Callidus, quicquid placuit jocosus
Condere furto.

Very jocosus indeed to rob a body! So I ha'n't seen it since. Gustave is no bad thing, as far as I can judge. One may see the author was young when he wrote it, and it looks to me like a first play of an author. But the language is natural, and in many places poetical. The plot is very entertaining, only I don't like the conclusion. It ends abrupt, and Leonor comes in at last too much like an apparition. The rest of the pieces I have not read; but from what I can discover by a transient view, I fancy they are better seen than read.

I am now at the eighth page: 'tis time to have done, and with you adieu. I hear sir Robert is very well. My lord Conway is reckoned one of the prettiest persons about town.

Yours ever,

R. WEST.

LETTER X.

Rheims, July 20, 1739.

GRAY says, Indeed you ought to write to West. Lord, child, so I would, if I knew what to write about. If I were at London and he at Rheims, I would send him volumes about peace and war, Spaniards, camps and conventions; but d'ye think he cares sixpence to know who is gone to Compiègne, and when they come back, or who won and lost four livres at quadrille last night at Mr. Cockbert's?—No, but you may tell him what you have heard of Compiègne; that they have balls twice a week after the play, and that the count d'Eu gave the king a most flaming entertainment in the camp, where the Polygone was represented in flowering shrubs. Dear West, these are the things I must tell you; I don't know how to make 'em look significant, unless you will be a Rhemois for a little momentⁱ. I wonder you can stay out of the

ⁱ The three following paragraphs are a literal translation of French expressions to the same import. E.

city so long, when we are going to have all manner of diversions. The comedians return hither from Compiègne in eight days, for example; and in a very little of time one attends the regiment of the king, three battalions, and an hundred of officers; all men of a certain fashion, very amiable, and who know their world. Our women grow more gay, more lively from day to day in expecting them; mademoiselle la Reine is brewing a wash of a finer dye, and brushing up her eyes for their arrival. La Barone already counts upon fifteen of them; and madame Lelu, finding her linen robe conceals too many beauties, has bespoke one of gauze.

I won't plague you any longer with people you don't know, I mean French ones; for you must absolutely hear of an Englishman that lately appeared at Rheims. About two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner; from all which you may conclude we dine at two o'clock, as we were picking our teeth round a littered table, and in a crumby room, Gray in an undress, Mr. Conway in a morning grey coat, and I in a trim white night-gown, and slippers, very much out of order, with a very little cold; a message discomposed us all of a sudden, with a service to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleased, he would wait on him. We scuttle up stairs in great confusion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three glasses, and the dropping a slipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleaned out, and sent a very civil response to Mr. More, we began to consider who Mr. More should be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More, my lady Tenham's husband? No, it can't be he. A Mr. More then that lives in the Halifax family? No. In short, after thinking of ten thousand more Mr. Mores, we concluded it could be never a one of 'em. By this time Mr. More arrives; but such a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Irish, and learnt fortifications, which he does not understand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In short, he is a young swain of very uncouth phrase, inarticulate speech, and no ideas. This hopeful child is riding post into Lorrain, or any where else, he is not certain; for if there is a war he shall go home again: for we must give the Spaniards another drubbing, you know; and if the Dutch do but join us, we shall blow up all the ports in Europe; for our ships are our bastions, and our ravelines, and our hornworks; and there's a devilish wide

wide ditch for 'em to pass, which they can't fill up with things—Here Mr. Conway helped him to fascines. By this time I imagine you have laughed at him as much, and were as tired of him as we were: but he's gone. This is the day that Gray and I intended for the first of a southern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn and George Montagu design us a visit here, we have put off our journey for some weeks. When we get a little farther, I hope our memoirs will brighten: at present they are but dull, dull as

Your humble servant ever,

H. W.

P. S. I thank you ten thousand times for your last letter: when I have as much wit and as much poetry in me, I'll send you as good an one. Good night, child!

L E T T E R X I.

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy, Sept. 28, 1739, N. S.

PRECIPICES, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa—the pomp of our park and the meekness of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I staid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it; and that I should write it too! Lord, how potent that sounds! But I am to undergo many transmigrations before I come to “yours ever.” Yesterday I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all æthers; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this; 'tis my esteem for you: this is a common thought

430 LETTERS BETWEEN THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here; as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 30th.

WE are this minute come in here, and here's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. Oui, oui, oui. He has ordered us a radish soupe for supper, and has brought a chess-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see any thing like the prospect we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse; expected bad roads, and the finest convert in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity: they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, conferves, cheese, butter, grapes and figs, and pressed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, showed us little besides. They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others, we found two mottos of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of sir J—— D——, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Justum & tenacem*, altering the last line to *Mente quatit Cartusiana*. The second was of one D——, *Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia; & hic ventri indico bellum*. The Goth!—But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and halting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you?

Good night!

Geneva,

Geneva, Oct. 2.

By beginning a new date, I should begin a new letter; but I have seen nothing yet, and the post is going out: 'tis a strange tumbled dab, and dirty too, I am sending you; but what can I do? There is no possibility of writing such a long history over again. I find there are many English in the town; lord Brook, lord Mansel, lord Hervey's eldest son, and a son of——of Mars and Venus, or of Antony and Cleopatra, or in short, of——. This is the boy in the bow of whose hat Mr. Hedges pinned a pretty epigram: I don't know if you ever heard it: I'll suppose you never did, because it will fill up my letter:

Give but Cupid's dart to me,
Another Cupid I shall be;
No more distinguish'd from the other,
Than Venus would be from my mother.

Scandal says, Hedges thought the two last very like; and it says too, that she was not his enemy for thinking so.

Adieu! Gray and I return to Lyons in three days. Harry² stays here. Perhaps at our return we may find a letter from you: it ought to be very full of excuses, for you have been a lazy creature; I hope you have, for I would not owe your silence to any other reason.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Turin, Nov. 11, 1739, N. S.

SO, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for, on the very highest precipice of mount Cenis, the devil of discord in the similitude of four wine had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting,

² Mr. Conway.

with

with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks and such uncomely inhabitants! my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen! and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep, and rough as O—— father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hob-nails in his shoes. But the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers is inconceivable; they run with you down steep and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could possibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants, and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel, of king Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of one of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sun-shine. It was shocking to see any thing one loved run away with to so horrid a death.

Just coming out of Chamberri, which is a little nasty old hole, I copied an inscription, set up at the end of a great road, which was practised through an immense solid rock by bursting it asunder with gun-powder: the Latin is pretty enough, and so I send it you.

Carolus Emanuel II. Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorē securiorēque viam regiam,

giam, naturâ occlusam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum repagulis, æquatâ montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus imminebant precipitia pedibus substernens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit. A. D. 1670.

We passed the Pas de Suze, where is a strong fortress on a rock, between two very neighbour mountains; and then, through a fine avenue of three leagues, we at last discovered Turin.

E l'un à l'autro mostra, & in tanto oblia
La noia, e'l mal de la passata via.

'Tis really by far one of the prettiest cities I have seen—not one of your large straggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty suburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's palace is not of the proudest without, but of the richest within; painted, gilt, looking-glassed, very costly, but very tawdry; in short, a very popular palace. We were last night at the Italian comedy—The devil of a house, and the devil of actors! Besides this, there is a sort of an heroic tragedy, called *La rappresentazione dell' anima dannata*. A woman, a sinner, comes in and makes a solemn prayer to the Trinity: enter Jesus Christ and the Virgin: he scolds, and exit: she tells the woman her son is very angry, but she don't know, she will see what she can do. After the play, we were introduced to the assembly, which they call the *Conversazione*: there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called taroc, with cards so *high*¹, to the number of seventy-eight. There are three or four English here; lord Lincoln, with Spence, your professor of poetry; a Mr. B——, and a Mr. C——, a man that never utters a syllable. We have tried all stratagems to make him speak. Yesterday he did at last open his mouth, and said *Bec*. We all laughed so at the novelty of the thing, that he shut it again, and will never speak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you. What a volume of trifles! I wrote just the fellow to it from Geneva; had it you? Farewell!

Thine,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ In the manuscript, the writing of this word is extraordinarily tall. E.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR WALPOLE,

BEG! for I have not spoke to-day, and therefore I am resolved to speak to you first. Asheton is of opinion you have read Herodotus; but I imagine no such thing, and verily believe the gentleman to be a Phœnician. I can't forgive Mont Cenis poor Tory's death! I can assure her I'll never sing her panegyric, unless she serves all her wolves as Edgar the Peaceable did. It did touch a little upon the traveller. What do you think it put me in mind of? Not a bit like, but it put me in mind of poor Mrs. Rider in Cleveland, where she's tore to pieces by the savages. I can't say I much like your Alps by the description you give; but still I have a strange ambition to be where Hannibal was: it must be a pretty thing to fetch a walk in the clouds, and to have the snow up to one's ears. But I am really surpris'd at your going two leagues in five hours: a'n't it prodigious quick, to go down such a terrible descent? The inscription you mention is very pretty Latin. I see already you like Italy better than France and all its works. When shall you be at Rome? Middleton, I think, says, you find there every thing you find every where else. I expect volume upon volume there. Do you never write folios as well as quartos? You know I am a heluo of every thing of that kind, and I am never so happy as when—*verbosa & grandis epistola venit*—We have strange news here in town, if it be but true: we hear of a sea-fight between six of our men of war and ten Spanish; and that we sunk one and took five. I should not forget that Mr. Pelham has lost two only children at a stroke: 'tis a terrible loss: they died of a sort of fore-throat. To muster up all sort of news: Glover has put out on this occasion a new poem, called London, or The progress of Commerce; wherein he very much extols a certain Dutch poet, called Janus Douza, and compares him to Sophocles: I suppose he does it to make interest upon 'Change. Plays we have none, or damned ones. Handel has had a concerto this winter. No opera, no nothing. All for war and admiral Haddock. Farewell and adieu!

Yours,

R. WEST.

Temple,
Dec. 13, 1739.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

From Bologna, 1739.

I DON'T know why I told Asheton I would send you an account of what I saw; don't believe it, I don't intend it. Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues! And then one should have that odious Curl get at one's letters, and publish them like Whitfield's Journal, or for a supplement to the Traveller's Pocket-companion. Dear West, I protest against having seen any thing but what all the world has seen; nay, I have not seen half that, not some of the most common things; not so much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you? Except pictures and statues, we are not very fond of fights; don't go a-staring after crooked towers and conundrum stair-cases. Don't you hate too a jingling epitaph of one Procul and one Proculus¹ that is here? Now and then we drop in at a procession, or a high-mass, hear the music, enjoy a strange attire, and hate the foul monkhood. Last week was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On the eve we went to the Franciscans' church to hear the academical exercises. 'There were moult and moult clergy, about two dozen dames, that treated one another with *illustrissima* and brown kisses, the vice-legate, the gonfalonier, and some senate. The vice-legate, whose conception was not quite so immaculate, is a young personable person, of about twenty, and had on a mighty pretty cardinal-kind of habit; 'twou'd make a delightful masquerade dress. We asked his name: Spinola. What, a nephew of the cardinal-legate? *Signor, no: ma credo che gli sia qualche cosa.* He sat on the right-hand with the gonfalonier in two purple fauteuils. Opposite was a throne of crimson damask, with the device of the Academy, the Gelati; and trimmings of gold. Here sat at a table, in black, the head of the academy, between the orator and the first poet. At two semicircular tables on either hand sat three poets and three; silent among many candles. The chief made a little introduction, the orator a long Italian vile harangue. Then the chief, the poet, the poets, who were a Franciscan, an Olivetan, an old abbé, and three lay, read their compositions; and to-day they are pasted up in all parts of the town. As we came out of the church, we found all the convent and neighbouring houses lighted all over with lanthorns of red and yellow paper, and two bonfires. But you are sick of this foolish ceremony;

¹ Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuisset,
Jam procul a Proculo Proculus ipse foret.

A. D. 1392.

Epitaph on the outside of the wall of the church of St. Proculo. E.

K k k 2

I'll

I'll carry you to no more: I will only mention, that we found the Dominicans' church here in mourning for the inquisitor; 'twas all hung with black cloth, furbelowed and festooned with yellow gauze. We have seen a furniture here in a much prettier taste; a gallery of count Caprara's: in the panels between the windows are pendent trophies of various arms taken by one of his ancestors from the Turks. They are whimsical, romantic, and have a pretty effect. I looked about, but could not perceive the portrait of the lady at whose feet they were indisputably offered. In coming out of Genoa we were more lucky; found the very spot where Horatio and Lothario were to have fought, "*west of the town a mile among the rocks.*"

My dear West, in return for your epigrams of Prior, I will transcribe some old verses too, but which I fancy I can show you in a sort of a new light. They are no newer than Virgil, and, what is more odd, are in the second Georgic. 'Tis, that I have observed that he not only excels when he is like himself, but even when he is very like inferior poets: you will say that they rather excel by being like him: but mind: they are all near one another:

Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam:

And the four next lines; are they not just like Martial? In the following he is as much Claudian;

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro.

Then who are these like?

—nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas & limina regum.
Hic petit excidiis urbem miserisque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, & Sarrano indormiat ostro.

Don't they seem to be Juvenal's?—There are some more, which to me resemble Horace; but perhaps I think so from his having some on a parallel subject. Tell me if I am mistaken; these are they:

Interea

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
Casta pudicitiam servat domus——

inclusively to the end of these:

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;
Hanc Remus & frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

If the imagination is whimsical; why at least 'tis like me to have imagined it. Adieu, child! We leave Bologna to-morrow. You know 'tis the third city in Italy for pictures: knowing that, you know all. We shall be three days crossing the Apennine to Florence; would it were over!

My dear West, I am yours from St. Peter's to St. Paul's!

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

Jan. 23, 1740.

IT thaws, it thaws, it thaws! A'n't you glad of it? I can assure you we are: we have been this four weeks a-freezing: our Thames has been in chains, our streets almost unpassable with snow, and dirt, and ice, and all our vegetables and animals in distress. Really, such a frost as ours has been is a melancholy thing. I don't wonder now that whole nations have worshipped the sun: I am almost inclined myself to be a Guebre: tell Orosmades¹. I believe you think I'm mad; but you would not if you knew what it was to want the sun as we do: 'tis a general frost delivery. Heaven grant the thaw may last! for 'tis a question.

Your last letter, my dear Walpole, is welcome. I thank you for its longitude, and all its parallel lines. You have rather transcribed too many lines out of Virgil: but your criticism I agree with, without any hesitation. Whimsical, quotha: 'tis just and new. You might have added Ovid——

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa——
and Statius:

At secura quies——

and what follows down to

Non absunt——

¹ Mr. Gray.

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But what do you think? Your observations have set me a-translating, and Asheton has told me it was worth sending¹. Excuse it, 'tis a tramontane. I shall certainly publish your letters. But now I think on't, I won't: I should make Pope quite angry. Addio, mio caro, addio! Dove sei? Ritorna, ritorna, amato bene!

Yours from St. Paul's to St. Peter's!

R. WEST.

I believe you must send my translation to the academy of the Gelati.

My love to Gray, and pray tell him from me—

Ψυχος δὲ λείπτω χρωτὶ πολέμιώτατον².

LETTER XVI.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, Jan. 24, 1740, N. S.

I DON'T know what volumes I may send you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but à force d'en avoir vû I have left off screaming, Lord! this! and Lord! that! To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than any thing I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel, the less I wonder at any thing: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same every where, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weaknesses, the same passions that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and show themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, Cicisbeos, and Corydon ardebat Alexins. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great

¹ This translation does not appear.

² "Cold is extremely inimical to thin habits of body."

A fragment of Euripides quoted by Cicero. Vide let. 8, lib. 16, Epist. ad Fam. E.

follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and in a year after taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife or the cicisbeo of any person, & voilà qui est fini. Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here! Methinks your Spanish war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spaniard. Adieu! Do you remember my maxim, that you used to laugh at? *Every body does every thing, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S——'s was not still better, *Well, 'gad, there is nothing in nothing.* You see how I distill all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that after travelling three years brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and every thing in the world: after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a saraband. There is a fairy tale for you. If I had any thing as good as your old song, I would send it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive still plainer the sameness that reigns here; for I find I have said the same things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Florence, February 27, 1740, N. S.

WELL, West, I have found a little unmasked moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then? No, then I was masked too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in masque to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods, how I have danced!* The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzy-bella* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro*. There are but three days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper: they sup first, to eat gras, and not encroach upon Ash-wednesday. What makes masquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk gross bawdy to a woman of quality. I found the other day by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a sort of Carnival even since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if she could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.—After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondness I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's, word was brought by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth,

birth, entered, and informed the British minister that one Martin an English painter had left a challenge for him at his house, for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to enquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel; the instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo; 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but cross, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a flouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say "Your servant, Mr. Martin," and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory, or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures; but 'twas a pleasant fight, as we knew the poor painter was safe. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to see it.

I have this instant received your letter. Lord! I am glad I thought of those parallel passages, since it made you translate them. 'Tis excessively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very easy too.—It snows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. What is the history of the theatres this winter?

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LETTER XVIII.

DEAR WEST,

Siena, March 22d, 1740, N. S.

PROBABLY now you will hear something of the Conclave; we have left Florence, and are got hither on the way to a pope. In three hours time we have seen all the good contents of this city: 'tis old, and very smug, with very few inhabitants. You must not believe Mr. Addison about the wonderful Gothic nicety of the dome: the materials are richer, but the workmanship and taste not near so good as in several I have seen. We saw a college of the Jesuits, where there are taught to draw above fifty boys: they are disposed in long chambers in the manner of Eton, but cleaner. N. B. We were not *bolstered*¹, so we wished you with us. Our Cicerone, who has less classic knowledge and more superstition than a collegier, upon showing us the she-wolf, the arms of Siena, told us that Romulus and Remus were nursed by a wolf, *per la volonta di Dio, si può dire*; and that one might see by the arms, that the same founders built Rome and Siena. Another dab of Romish superstition, not unworthy of presbyterian divinity, we met with in a book of drawings: 'twas the Virgin standing on a tripod composed of Adam, Eve and the Devil, to express her immaculate conception.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and tipped with villas or convents. We left unseen the Great Duke's villas and several palaces in Florence till our return from Rome: the weather has been so cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys, and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wrists, and the women have portable stoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedness, and carry silver shovels in their pockets, with which their Cicisbeos stir them—Hush! by them, I mean their stoves. I have nothing more to tell you; I'll carry my letter to Rome and finish it there.

¹ An Eton phrase.

Rè di Coffano, March 23, where lived one of the three kings.

THE king of Coffano carried presents of myrrh, gold, and frankincense: I don't know where the devil he found them, for in all his dominions we have not seen the value of a shrub. We have the honour of lodging under his roof to-night. Lord! such a place, such an extent of ugliness! A lone inn upon a black mountain, by the side of an old fortress! no curtains or windows, only shutters! no testers to the beds! no earthly thing to eat but some eggs and a few little fishes! This lovely spot is now known by the name of Radicofani. Coming down a steep hill with two miserable hackneys, one fell under the chaise; and while we were disengaging him, a chaise came by with a person in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and black hat: we thought it a fat old woman; but it spoke in a shrill little pipe, and proved itself to be Senesini.

I forgot to tell you an inscription I copied from the portal of the dome of Siena:

Annus centenus Romæ semper est jubilenus;
Crimina laxantur si poenitet ista donantur;
Sic ordinavit Bonifacius et roboravit.

Rome, March 26.

WE are this instant arrived, tired and hungry! O! the charming city—I believe it is—for I have not seen a syllable yet, only the Pons Milvius and an obelisk. The Cassian and Flaminian ways were terrible disappointments; not one Rome tomb left; their very ruins ruined. The English are numberless. My dear West, I know at Rome you will not have a grain of pity for one; but indeed 'tis dreadful, dealing with school-boys just broke loose, or old fools that are come abroad at forty to see the world, like sir Wilful Witwou'd. I don't know whether you will receive this, or any other I write: but though I shall write often, you and Asheton must not wonder if none come to you; for, though I am harmless in my nature, my name has some mystery in it*. Good-night! I have no more time or paper. Asheton, child, I'll write to you next post. Write us no treasons, be sure!

* He means the name of Walpole at Rome, where the Pretender and many of his adherents then resided. E.

LETTER XIX.

Rome, April 16, 1740, N. S.

I'LL tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad, every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surpris'd, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Westminster-abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees every thing particularized there, it would appear transcribing, to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when any body served me so that was travelling.—Well, I will tell you something, if you will love me: You have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining; and in one, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling with paintings in grotesque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen-garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists: before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth:—the man that showed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*. The cardinal Corsini has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned

reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day; eighteen pence: there are some extend their expence to five pauls, or half a crown: cardinal Albani is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princesses and duchesses particularly lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the countesses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

In short, child, after sunset one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! And then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal garnished with thirty abbés roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the chapel of Versailles. I heard one of them say t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale*. One asked of course how he liked it—*Ab! il y a assez de belles choses.*

Tell Asheton I have received his letter, and will write next post; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately——

NOT so delicate; nor indeed would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received de vos nouvelles, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it; which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and every body does it (and I suppose every body says the same thing); else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. A-propos du Colisée, if you don't know what it is, the prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for: "They say 'twas for Christians to fight with tigers in." We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter's.

In

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In the same place, and on the same occasion last night, Walpole saw a poor creature naked to the waist discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you, that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appears through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air. All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breast, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like every thing else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Asheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the admiral. Adieu!

Ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XX.

DEAR WEST,

Rome, May 7, 1740, N. S.

'TWOUD be quite rude and unpardonable in one not to wish you joy upon the great conquests that you are all committing all over the world. We heard the news last night from Naples, that admiral Haddock had met the Spanish convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thousand men, three colonels, and a Spanish grandee. We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan majesty mentioned it at dinner. We are going thither in about a week to wish him joy of it too. 'Tis with some apprehensions we go too, of having a pope chosen in the interim: that would be cruel, you know. But, thank our stars, there is no great probability of it. Feuds and contentions run high among the Eminences. A notable one happened this week. Cardinal

dinal Zinzendorff and two more had given their votes for the general of the Capucins: he is of the Barberini family, not a cardinal, but a worthy man. Not effecting any thing, Zinzendorff voted for Coscia, and declared it publicly. Cardinal Petra reproved him; but the German replied, he thought Coscia as fit to be pope as any of them. It seems, his pique to the whole body is, their having denied a daily admission of a pig into the conclave for his eminence's use; who being much troubled with the gout, was ordered by his mother to bathe his leg in pig's blood every morning.

Who should have a vote t'other day but the *Cardinalino* of Toledo? Were he older, the queen of Spain might possibly procure more than one for him, though scarcely enough.

Well, but we won't talk politics; shall we talk antiquities? Gray and I discovered a considerable curiosity lately. In an unfrequented quarter of the Colonna garden lie two immense fragments of marble, formerly part of a frieze to some building; 'tis not known of what. They are of Parian marble; which may give one some idea of the magnificence of the rest of the building, for these pieces were at the very top. Upon enquiry, we were told they had been measured by an architect, who declared they were larger than any member of St. Peter's. The length of one of the pieces is above sixteen feet. They were formerly sold to a stone-cutter for five thousand crowns; but Clement XI. would not permit them to be sawed, annulled the bargain, and laid a penalty of twelve thousand crowns upon the family if they parted with them. I think it was a right judged thing. Is it not amazing that so vast a structure should not be known of, or that it should be so entirely destroyed? But indeed at Rome this is a common surprize; for, by the remains one sees of the Roman grandeur in their structures, 'tis evident that there must have been more pains taken to destroy those piles than to raise them. They are more demolished than any time or chance could have effected. I am persuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth seeing; 'tis less so now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying; the few ruins cannot last long; and the statues and private collections must be sold, from the great poverty of the families. There are now selling no less than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni: the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the conclave. I must give you an instance of his generosity, or rather ostentation. When
lord

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lord Carlisle was here last year, who is a great virtuoso, he asked leave to see the cardinal's collection of cameos and intaglios. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my lord admired most. My lord admired many: they were all sent him the next morning. He sent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. Voila qui est fini! Had my lord produced more golden repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

Adieu, my dear West! You see I write often and much, as you desired it. Do answer one now and then with any little job that is done in England. Good-night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR WEST,

Naples, June 14, 1740; N. S.

ONE hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of the subterraneous town? a whole Roman town with all its edifices remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves; which is a caution we are not told they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the king has a villa. This under-ground city is perhaps one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance about a year and half ago. They began digging, they found statues; they dug farther, they found more. Since that they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed

hollowed as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together; on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick plastered over, and painted with architecture: almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner; and what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the stairs, of white marble, and the seats are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found among other things some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the king's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted; and 'tis difficult to see them—but we shall. I forgot to tell you, that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs. Besides scrutinizing this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:

Pompeia was not then discovered.

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Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egerit iras,
Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.
Mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,
Infra urbes populosque premi?

Sylv. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, July 31, 1740, N. S.

I HAVE advised with the most notable antiquarians of this city on the meaning of *Thur gut Luetis*. I can get no satisfactory interpretation. In my own opinion 'tis Welsh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will trust you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwallador, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency, by her express order, to the memory of her lord, and that the inscription *Thur gut Luetis* means no more than *her dear Lewis or Llewellyn*.

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device a horse; the motto, *Equitas regni*. This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is, a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting; the motto, *Se ipsissimo*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.

Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the tak-
ing

ing Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon will shine in our medallic history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthage, and the taking Chagre. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the squadron under sir John Norris: we are told the Duke is to be of the expedition; is it true? All the letters too talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be obliged to return through Germany.

The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by breaking into two popes; they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more; the Camerlingo having engaged his faction to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect. I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying.

On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the ladies P—— and W—— are to be joined by the lady M—— W—— M——. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance: we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear West!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Though far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed pour barbouiller une page de 7 pouces et demie en hauteur, et 5 en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany: the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a prince called Great-duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus O, and the motto *Nihilissimo*, which

M m m 2

I take

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I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore fessi venimus ad larem nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto :
Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.
O quid solutis est beatius curis?

We shall never come home again ; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out ; all outlets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you, that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? Have you learned to say Ha ! ha ! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble captain!

T. GRAY.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, Oct. 2, 1740, N. S.

T'OTHER night as we (you know who *we* are) were walking on the charming bridge, just before going to a wedding assembly, we said, " Lord, I wish, just as we are got into the room, they would call us out, and say, West is arrived ! We would make him dress instantly, and carry him back to the entertainment. How he would stare and wonder at a thousand things, that no longer strike us as odd !" Would not you? One agreed that you should have come directly by sea from Dover, and be set down at Leghorn, without setting foot in any other foreign town, and so land at *Us*, in all your first full amaze ; for you are to know, that astonishment rubs off violently ; we did not cry out Lord ! half so much at Rome as at Calais, which to this hour I look upon as one of the most surprising cities in the universe. My dear child, what if you
were

were to take this little sea-jaunt? One would recommend fir John Norris's convoy to you, but one should be laughed at now for supposing that he is ever to sail beyond Torbay. The Italians take Torbay for an English town in the hands of the Spaniards, after the fashion of Gibraltar, and imagine 'tis a wonderful strong place, by our fleet's having retired from before it so often, and so often returned.

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming feast: a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the sugar-plums of Florence. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and stuff their pockets and every creek and corner about them. You would be as much amazed at us as at any thing you saw: instead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of course to be sure I would be, we are in all the idlenesses and amusements of the town. For me, I am grown so lazy, and so tired of seeing sights, that, though I have been at Florence six months, I have not seen Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, or Pistoia; nay, not so much as one of the Great Duke's villas. I have contracted so great an aversion to inns and postchaises, and have so absolutely lost all curiosity, that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see a jot more of a foreign land; and trust me, when I return, I will not visit Welsh mountains, like Mr. Williams. After Mount Cenis, the Boccheto, the Giogo, Radicofani, and the Appian Way, one has mighty little hunger after travelling. I shall be mighty apt to set up my staff at Hyde-park-corner: the alehouse-man there at Hercules's Pillars¹ was certainly returned from his travels into foreign parts.

Now I'll answer your questions.

I have made no discoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions, and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are. I am very well acquainted with doctor Cocchi; he is a good sort of man, rather than a great man; he is a plain honest creature with quiet

¹ The sign of the Hercules' Pillars remained part of the ground now occupied by the houses of Mr. Drummond Smith and his brother. E.

knowledge,

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knowledge, but I dare say all the English have told you, he has a very particular understanding: I really don't believe they meant to impose on you, for they thought so. As to Bondelmonti, he is much less; he is a low mimic; the brightest cast of his parts attains to the composition of a sonnet: he talks irreligion with English boys, sentiments with my sister¹, and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will transcribe you a little song that he made t'other day; 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into English; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Asheton into Greek. Here 'tis:

Spesso amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno e col rancor.

In pietade ei si trasforma,
Par trastullo e par dispetto;
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto,
Sempre egli è l'istesso amor.

Risit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
Et bene composita veste fefellit amor:
Mox irae assumpsit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus & in lacrymas:
Sudentem fuge; nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;
Idem est diffimili semper in ore deus.

Love often in the comely mien
Of friendship fancies to be seen;
Soon again he shifts his dress,
And wears disdain and rancour's face.

To gentle pity then he changes;
Thro' wantonness, thro' piques he ranges;
But in whatever shape he move,
He's still himself, and still is love.

¹ Margaret Rolle, wife of Robert Walpole, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, created Lord Walpole during the lifetime of his father. E.

See how we trifle! but one can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for one must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bedstaff; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are so many old fools, and so few young ones.

Now I proceed in my answers.

I made but small collections, and have only bought some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures: one of my busts is to be mentioned; 'tis the famous Vespasian in touch-stone, reckoned the best in Rome except the Caracalla of the Farnese: I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is as great a curiosity: 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in brass; this reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or small medallion, and the only one with this reverse known in the world: 'twas found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for sixpence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it seven guineas and an half: but to virtuosi 'tis worth any sum.

As to Tartini's musical compositions, ask Gray: I know but little in music.

But for the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in company with it: 'tis all disjointed. Madam —, who, though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalized with the other two dames, especially with Moll Worthless, who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with lady W. for a certain Mr. —, whom perhaps you knew at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you: he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution; a shallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. He fell into sentiments with my lady W. and was happy to catch her at Platonic love: but as she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses, when she shall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naught. Lady Mary is so far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her antagonist, she literally took him out to dance country dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at princess Craon's, where she cheats horse and
2 foot.

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knowledge, but I dare say all the English have told you, he has a very particular understanding: I really don't believe they meant to impose on you, for they thought so. As to Bondelmonti, he is much less; he is a low mimic; the brightest cast of his parts attains to the composition of a sonnet: he talks irreligion with English boys, sentiments with my sister¹, and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will transcribe you a little song that he made t'other day; 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into English; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Aethon into Greek. Here 'tis:

Spesso amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno e col rancor.

In pietade ei si trasforma,
Par trastullo e par dispetto;
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto,
Sempre egli è l'istesso amor.

Risit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
Et bene composita veste fefellit amor:
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus & in lacrymas:
Sudentem fuge; nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;
Idem est diffimili semper in ore deus.

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But in whatever shape he move,
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foot.

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foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish; I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of lady P—— to Mr. —, who asked her if she did not approve Platonic love? Lord, sir, says she, I am sure any one that knows me, never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it; pointing to her two daughters.

So I have given you a sketch of our employments, and answered your questions, and will with pleasure as many more as you have about you.

Adieu! Was ever such a long letter? But 'tis nothing to what I shall have to say to you. I shall scold you for never telling us any news, public or private, no deaths, marriages, or mishaps; no account of new books: Oh, you are abominable! I could find in my heart to hate you, if I did not love you so well; but we will quarrel now, that we may be the better friends when we meet: there is no danger of that, is there? Good night, whether friend or foe! I am most sincerely

Yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIV.

From Florence, Nov. 1740.

CHILD, I am going to let you see your shocking proceedings with us. On my conscience, I believe 'tis three months since you wrote to either Gray or me. If you had been ill, Asheton would have said so; and if you had been dead, the gazettes would have said it. If you had been angry,—but that's impossible; how can one quarrel with folks three thousand miles off? We are neither divines nor commentators, and consequently have not hated you on paper. 'Tis to show that my charity for you cannot be interrupted at this distance, that I write to you; though I have nothing to say, for 'tis a bad time for small news; and when emperors and czarinas are dying all up and down Europe, one can't pretend to tell you of any thing that happens within our sphere. Not but that we have our accidents too. If you have had a great wind in England, we have had a great water at Florence. We have been trying to fet

cut

out every day, and pop upon you' ***** It is fortunate that we staid, for I don't know what had become of us! Yesterday, with violent rains, there came flouncing down from the mountains such a flood, that it floated the whole city. The jewellers on the Old Bridge removed their commodities, and in two hours after the bridge was cracked. The torrent broke down the quays, and drowned several coach-horses, which are kept here in stables under ground. We were moated into our house all day, which is near the Arno, and had the miserable spectacles of the ruins that were washed along with the hurricane. There was a cart with two oxen not quite dead, and four men in it drowned: but what was ridiculous, there came tiding along a fat hay-cock, with a hen and her eggs, and a cat. The torrent is considerably abated; but we expect terrible news from the country, especially from Pisa, which stands so much lower and nearer the sea. There is a stone here, which when the water overflows, Pisa is entirely flooded. The water rose two ells yesterday above that stone. Judge!

For this last month we have passed our time but dully; all diversions silenced on the emperor's death, and every body out of town. I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of cicisbeos. I have literally seen so much love and pharaoh since being here, that I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't believe I should know seven o'clock in the morning again, if I was to see it. But I am returning to England, and shall grow very solemn and wise! Are you wise? Dear West, have pity on one, who have done nothing of gravity for these two years, and do laugh sometimes. We do nothing else, and have contracted such formidable ideas of the good people of England, that we are already nourishing great black eye-brows, and great black beards, and teasing our countenances into wrinkles. Then for the common talk of the times we are quite at a loss, and for the dress. You would oblige us extremely by forwarding to us the votes of the houses, the king's speech, and the magazines; or if you had any such thing as a little book called the Foreigner's Guide through the city of London and the liberties of Westminster; or a Letter to a Freeholder; or the Political Companion: then 'twould be an infinite obligation if you would neatly bandbox-up a baby dressed after the newest Temple fashion now in use at both play-houses. Alack-a-day! We shall just arrive in the tempest of elections!

As our departure depends entirely upon the weather, we cannot tell you to

* A line of the manuscript is here torn away. E.

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a day when we shall say, Dear West, how glad I am to see you! and all the many questions and answers that we shall give and take. Would the day were come! Do but figure to yourself the journey we are to pass through first! But you can't conceive Alps, Apennines, Italian inns and postchaises. I tremble at the thoughts. They were just sufferable while new and unknown, and as we met them by the way in coming to Florence, Rome, and Naples; but they are passed, and the mountains remain! Well, write to one in the interim; direct to me addressed to monsieur Selwyn, *chez monsieur Alexandre, rue St. Apolline à Paris*. If Mr. Alexandre is not there, the street is, and I believe that will be sufficient. Adieu, my dear child!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR WEST,

Reggio, May 10, 1741, N.S.

I HAVE received the end of your first act, and now will tell you sincerely what I think of it. If I was not so pleased with the beginning as I usually am with your compositions, believe me the part of Pausanias has charmed me. There is all imaginable art joined with all requisite simplicity; and a simplicity, I think, much preferable to that in the scenes of Cleodora and Argilius.

The first act of a tragedy called Pausanias, begun by Mr. West. We see the fate of this first act, all that was probably ever written, in a subsequent letter. Of the transcript he sent to Mr. Walpole, as only the latter part is to be found, it was judged not expedient to print what could only be considered as the fragment of a fragment, and which beside is certainly liable to all the criticisms of his friend, while it seems hardly to deserve the praise his partiality bestows upon it. It was accompanied by a letter from Mr. West, in which he thus expresses himself on the subject of his tragedy: E.

My dear Walpole, March 29, 1740.

SINCE I had finished the first act, I send you now the rest of it. Whether I shall go on with

it is to me a doubt. I find you all make the same objections to my style: but change my manner now I can't, for it would not be all of a piece, and to begin afresh goes against my stomach; so I believe I must even break it off and bequeath it to my grand-children to be finished with other old pieces of family work. I have another objection to it, and that is, the unlucky affair of an impeachment in the play. For, supposing the thing public, which it was never intended to be, every blockhead of the faction would swear Pausanias was Greek for sir Robert, though it may as well stand for Bolingbroke. But the truth is, the Greek word signifies neither one nor t'other, as you may find in Scapula, Suidas, and other lexicographers.

Forgive

Forgive me, if I say they do not talk laconic but low English; in her, who is Persian too, there would admit more heroic. But for the whole part of Pausanias, 'tis great and well worked up, and the art that is seen seems to proceed from his head, not from the author's. As I am very desirous you should continue, so I own I wish you would improve or change the beginning: those who know you not so well as I do, would not wait with so much patience for the entrance of Pausanias. You see I am frank; and if I tell you I do not approve the first part, you may believe me as sincere when I tell you I admire the latter extremely.

My letter has an odd date. You would not expect I should be writing in such a dirty little place as Reggio: but the fair is charming; and here come all the nobility of Lombardy, and all the broken dialects of Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, &c. You never heard such a ridiculous confusion of tongues. All the morning one goes to the fair undressed, as to the walks at Tunbridge: 'tis just in that manner, with lotteries, raffles, &c. After dinner all the company return in their coaches, and make a kind of corso, with the ducal family, who go to shops, where you talk to 'em, from thence to the opera, in mask if you will, and afterwards to the ridotto. This five nights in the week. Fridays there are masquerades, and Tuesdays balls at the Rivalta, a villa of the duke's. In short, one diverts oneself. I pass most part of the opera in the duchess's box, who is extremely civil to me and extremely agreeable. A daughter of the regent's*, that could please him, must be so. She is not young, though still handsome, but fat; but has given up her gallantries cheerfully, and in time, and lives easily with a dull husband, two dull sisters of his, and a dull court. These two princesses are wofully ugly, old maids and rich. They might have been married often; but the old duke was whimsical and proud, and never would consent to any match for them, but left them much money, and pensions of three thousand pounds a year apiece. There was a design to have given the eldest to this king of Spain, and the duke was to have had the Parmesan princess; so that now he would have had Parma and Placentia, joined to Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, and Massa. But there being a prince of Asturias, the old duke Rinaldo broke off the match, and said his daughter's children should not be younger brothers: and so they mope old virgins.

* Philip duke of Orleans.

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I am going from hence to Venice, in a fright lest there be a war with France, and then I must drag myself through Germany. We have had an imperfect account of a sea-fight in America; but we are so out of the way, that one can't be sure of it. Which way soever I return, I shall be soon in England, and there you will find me again

As much as ever yours,

H. W.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR WALPOLE,

I HAVE received your letter from Reggio, of the 10th of May, and have heard since that you fell ill there, and are now recovered and returning to England through France. I heard the bad and good news both together; and so was afflicted and comforted both in a breath. My joy now has got the better, and I live in hopes of seeing you here again. The author of the first act of Pausanias desires his love to you; and, in return for your criticism, which seems so severe to him in some parts; and so prodigious favourable in others, that if he were not acquainted with your unprejudiced way of thinking, he should not know what to say to it, has ordered me to acquaint you with an accident that happened to him lately, on a little journey he made. It seems, he had put all his writings, whether in prose or rhyme, into a little box, and carried them with him. Now, somebody imagining there was more in the box than there really was, has run away with them; and, though strict inquiry has been made, the said author has learnt nothing yet, either concerning the person suspected, or the box. Since I am engaged in talking of this author, and as I know you have some little value for him, I beg leave to acquaint you with some particulars relating to him, which perhaps you will not be so averse to hear.

You must know then, that from his cradle upwards he was designed for the law, for two reasons: first, as it was the profession which his father followed, and succeeded in, and consequently there was a likelihood of his gaining many friends in it: and secondly, upon account of his fortune, which was

so inconsiderable, that it was impossible for him to support himself without following some profession or other. Nevertheless, like a rattle as he is, he has hitherto fixed on no profession; and for the law in particular, upon trial he has found in himself a natural aversion to it: in the mean while, he has lost a great deal of time, to the great diminution of his narrow fortune, and to the no little scandal of his friends and relations. At length, upon serious consideration, he has resolved that something was to be done, for that poetry and Pausanias would never be sufficient to maintain him. And what do you think he has resolved upon? Why, apprehending that a general war in Europe was approaching, and, therefore, that there might be some opportunity given, either of distinguishing himself, or being knock'd of the head; being convinced besides, that there was little in life to make one over fond of it; he has chosen the army; and being told that it was a much cheaper way to procure a commission by the means of a friend, than to buy one, to do which he must strip himself of what fortune he has left, he desired me to use what little interest I had with my friends, to procure him what he wanted.

At first I objected to him the weakness of his constitution, which might render him incapable of military service, and several other things; but all to no purpose. He told me, he was neither knave nor fool enough to run in debt; and that he must either abscond from mankind, or do something to enable him to live as he would upon a decent rank, and with dignity; and that what he chose was this¹.

I perceived there was nothing to reply; so I submitted: and as I have some sort of regard for the man, I promised him I would use what interest I had, and frankly told him, I would venture to ask for him what I should hardly ask for myself.

Excuse my freedom, dear Walpole; and whether I succeed or not, assure yourself, that I shall always be

Yours most affectionately,

R. WEST.

LONDON,
June 22, 1741.

¹ The answer to this letter does not appear; but Mr. West's increasing bad health must probably have obliged him to drop all thought of going into the army. E.

462 LETTERS BETWEEN THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR WEST,

London, May 4, 1742.

YOUR letter made me quite melancholy¹, till I came to the postscript of fine weather. Your so suddenly finding the benefit of it, makes me trust you will entirely recover your health and spirits with the warm season: nobody wishes it more than I: nobody has more reason, as few have known you so long.

Don't be afraid of your letters being dull. I don't deserve to be called your friend, if I were impatient at hearing your complaints. I do not desire you to suppress them till their causes cease; nor should I expect you to write cheerfully while you are ill. I never design to write any man's life as a stoic, and consequently should not desire him to furnish me with opportunities of assuring posterity what pains he took not to show any pain.

If you did amuse yourself with writing any thing in poetry, you know how pleased I should be to see it; but for encouraging you to it, d'ye see, 'tis an age most unpoetical! 'Tis even a test of wit, to dislike poetry; and though Pope has half a dozen old friends that he has preserved from the taste of last century, yet I assure you, the generality of readers are more diverted with any paltry prose answer to old Marlborough's Secret history of queen Mary's robes. I do not think an author would be universally commended for any production in verse, unless it were an ode to the secret committee, with rhymes of liberty and property, nation and administration.

Wit itself is monopolized by politics; no laugh but would be ridiculous if it were not on one side or t'other. Thus Sandys thinks he has spoken an epigram, when he crinkles up his nose, and lays a smart accent on *ways and means*.

We may indeed hope a little better now to the declining arts. The reconciliation between the royalties is finished, and 50,000*l.* a year more added to the heir apparent's revenue. He will have money now to tune up Glover, and Thomson, and Dodsley again.

¹ This letter from Mr. West does not appear.

Et

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.

Asheton is much yours. He has preached twice at Somerset-chapel with the greatest applause. I do not mind his pleasing the generality, for you know they ran as much after Whitfield as they could after Tillotson; and I do not doubt but St. Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul. But I am sure you would approve his compositions, and admire them still more when you heard him deliver them. He will write to you himself next post, but is not mad enough with his fame to write you a sermon. Adieu, dear child! Write me the progress of your recovery*, and believe it will give me a sincere pleasure; for I am

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* Mr. West died in less than a month from the date of this letter, in the 26th year of his age. E.

Et spes et ratio fluitant in Caelum tantum.

Admission is much yours. He has preached twice at Somerset-chapel with the
greatest applause. I do not mind his preaching the generality, for you know
how much he has to say after Whitfield as they could after Tillotson; and I do not
doubt but St. Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul. But I
am sure you would approve his compositions, and admire them still more
when you heard him deliver them. He will write to you himself next post,
but is not much enough with his time to write you a sermon. Adieu, dear
child. Write me the progress of your recovery, and believe it will give me
a future pleasure; for I am

Yours ever,

MOR. WALPOLE.

Mr. West died in less than a month from the date of this letter, in the 25th year of his age. H.

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